THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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DRAWN BY
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THE SUB-DEB—By Mary Roberts Rinehart

THE AVERAGE AMERICAN AND THE ARMY
By Herbert Quick

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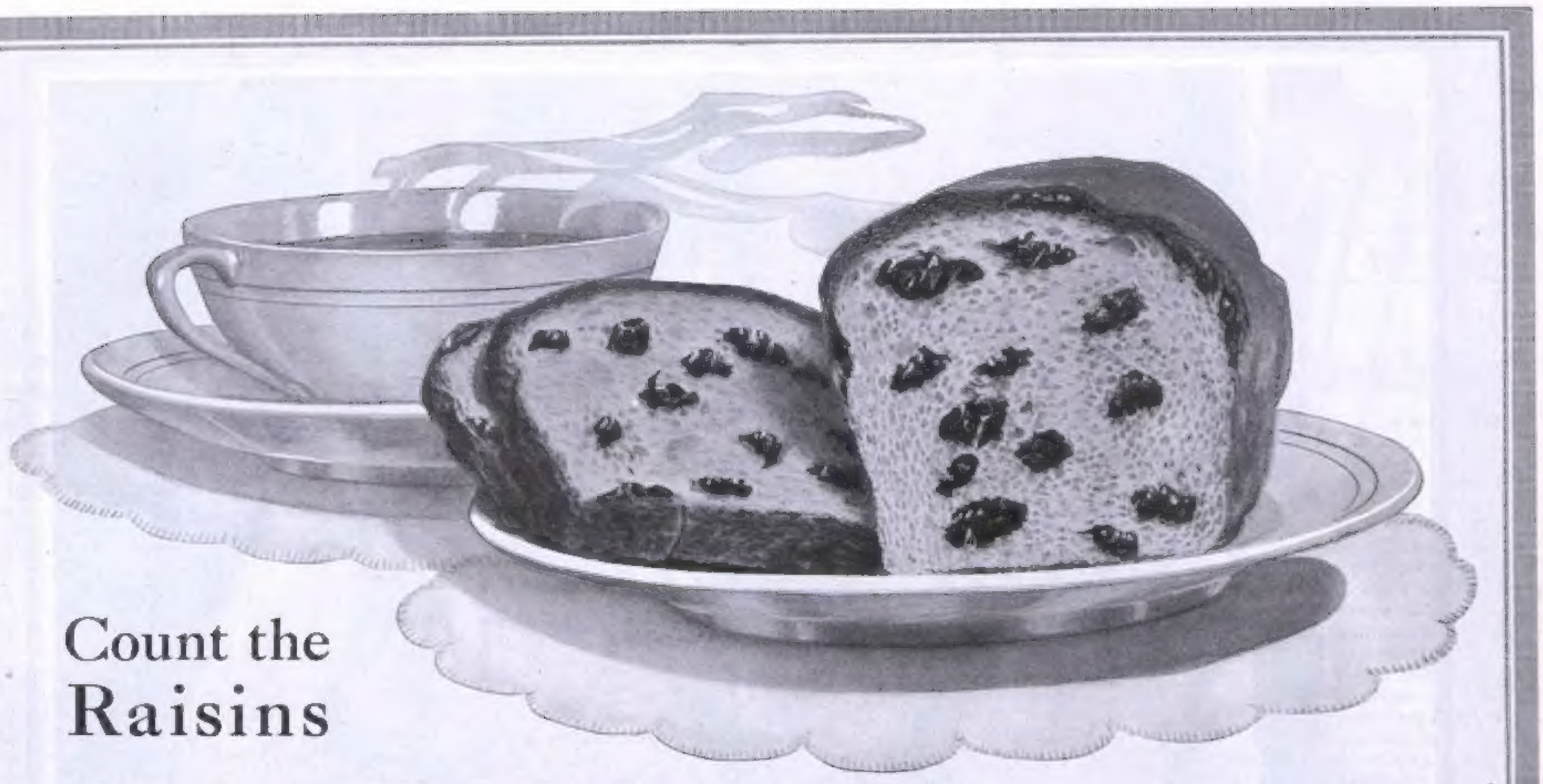

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THE SUB-DEB

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

THEME: Written and submitted in literature class by Barbara Putnam Archibald, 1917.

DEFINITION OF A THEME: A theme is a piece of writing, either true or made up by the author, and consisting of Introduction, Body and Conclusion. It should contain Unity, Coherence, Emphasis, Perspecuity, Vivacity, and Presision. It may be ornamented with dialogue, discription and choice quotations.

SUBJECT OF THEME: An interesting Incident of My Christmas Holidays.

INTRODUCTION:

"A tyrant's power in rigor is exprest."—DRYDEN.

I have decided to relate with Presision what occurred during my recent Christmas holiday. Although I was away from this school only four days, returning unexpectedly the day after Christmas, a number of Incidents occurred which I believe I should narate.

It is only just and fair that the Upper House, at least, should know of the injustice of my exile, and that it is all the result of Circumstances over which I had no controll.

I Was Obliged to Silently Sit By, While My Rage and Misery Were Exposed

For I make this apeal, and with good reason. Is it any fault of mine that my sister Leila is 20 months older than I am? Naturaly, no.

Is it fair also, I ask, that in the best society, a girl is a Sub-Deb the year before she comes out, and although mature in mind, and even maturer in many ways than her older sister, the latter is treated as a young lady, enjoying many privileges, while the former is treated as a mere child, in spite, as I have observed, of only 20 months difference? I wish to place myself on record that it *is not* fair.

I shall go back, for a short time, to the way things were at home when I was small. I was very strictly raised. With the exception of Tommy Gray, who lives next door and is a year younger than I am, I was never permitted to know any of the Other Sex.

Looking back, I am sure that the present way society is organized is really to blame for everything. I am being frank, and that is the way I feel. I was too strictly raised. I always had a governess taging along. Until I came here to school I had never walked to the corner of the next street unattended. If it wasn't Mademoiselle it was mother's maid, and if it wasn't either of them, it was mother herself, telling me to hold my toes out and my shoulder blades in. As I have said, I never knew any of the Other Sex, except the miserable little beasts at dancing school. I used to make faces at them when Mademoiselle was putting on my slippers and pulling out my hair bow. They were totaly uninteresting, and I used to put pins in my sash, so that they would get scratched.

Their pumps mostly squeaked, and nobody noticed it, although I have known my parents to dismiss a butler who creaked at the table.

When I was sent away to school, I expected to learn something of life. But I was disapointed. I do not desire to criticize this Institution of Learning. It is an excelent one, as is shown by the fact that the best famillies send their daughters here. But to learn life one must know something of both sides of it, Male and Female. It was, therefore, a matter of deep regret to me to find that, with the exception of the Dancing Master, who has three children and the Gardner, there were no members of the sterner sex to be seen.

The Athletic Coach was a girl! As she has left now to be married, I venture to say that she was not what Lord Chesterfield so uphoniously termed "*Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re.*"

When we go out to walk we are taken to the country, and the three matinees a year we see in the city are mostly Shakespeare, arranged for the young. We are allowed only certain magazines, the Atlantic Monthly and one or two others, and Barbara Armstrong was penalised for having a framed photograph of her brother in running clothes.

At the school dances we are compelled to dance with each other, and the result is that when at home at Holiday parties I always try to lead, which annoys the boys I dance with.

Notwithstanding all this it is an excellent school. We learn a great deal, and our dear Principle is a most charming and erudite person. But we see very little of life. And if school is a preperation for life, where are we?

Being here alone since the day after Christmas, I have had time to think everything out. I am naturally a thinking person. And now I am no longer indignant. I realize that I was wrong, and that I am only paying the penalty that I deserve although I consider it most unfair to be given French translation to do. I do not object to going to bed at nine o'clock, although ten is the hour in the Upper House, because I have time then to look back over things, and to reflect, to think.

"There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so."

SHAKESPEARE.

BODY OF THEME:

I now aproach the narative of what happened during the first four days of my Christmas Holiday.

For a period before the fifteenth of December, I was rather worried. All the girls in the school were getting new clothes for Christmas parties, and their famillies were sending on invitations in great numbers, to various festivaties that were to occur when they went home.

Nothing, however, had come for me, and I was worried. But on the 16th mother's Secretary sent on four that I was to accept, with tiped acceptances for me to copy and send. She also sent me the good news that I was to have two party dresses, and I was to send on my measurements for them.

One of the parties was a dinner and theater party, to be given by Carter Brooks on New Year's Day. Carter Brooks is the well-known Yale Center.

It is tragic to think that, after having so long anticapated that party, I am now here in sackcloth and ashes, which is a figure of speech for the Peter Thompson uniform of the school, with plain white for evenings and no jewellry.

It was with anticapatory joy, therefore, that I sent the acceptances and the desired measurements, and sat down to cheerfully while away the time in studies and the various duties of school life, until the Holidays.

However, I was not long to rest in piece, for in a few days I received a letter from Carter Brooks, as follows:

Dear Barbara: It was sweet of you to write me so promptly, although I confess to being rather astonished as well as delighted at being called "Dearest." The signature too was charming, "Ever thine." But, dear child, won't you write at once and tell me why the waist, bust and hip measurements? And the request to have them really low in the neck?

Ever thine,
CARTER.

It will be perceived that I had sent him the letter to mother, by mistake.

I was very unhappy about it. It was not an auspisious way to begin the Holidays, especially the low neck. Also I disliked very much having told him my waist measure which is large owing to basket ball.

As I have stated before, I have known very few of the Other Sex, but some of the girls had had more experience, and in the days before we went home, we talked a great deal about things. Especially love. I felt that it was rather over-done, particularly in fiction. Also I felt and observed at divers times that I would never marry. It was my intention to go upon the stage, although modified since by what I am about to relate.

The other girls say that I look like Julia Marlowe.

Sis Was Trimmed Up With a Bouquet of Violets as Large as a Dishpan

Some of the girls had boys who wrote to them, and one of them—I refrain from giving her name—had a code. You read every third word. He called her "Cousin" and he would write like this.

Dear Cousin: I am well. Am just about crazy this week to go home. See notice enclosed you football game.

And so on and on. Only what it really said was "I am crazy to see you."

(In giving this code I am betraying no secrets, as they have quarreled and everything is now over between them.)

As I had nobody, at that time, and as I had visions of a Career, I was a man-hater. I acknowlege that this was a pose. But after all, what is life but a pose?

"Stupid things!" I always said. "Nothing in their heads but football and tobacco smoke. Women," I said, "are only their playthings. And when they do grow up and get a little intelligence they use it in making money."

There has been a story in the school—I got it from one of the little girls—that I was disapointed in love in early youth, the object of my atachment having been the tenor in our church choir at home. I daresay I should have denied the soft impeachment, but I did not. It was, although not appearing so at the time, my first downward step on the path that leads to destruction.

"The way of the Transgresser is hard"—Bible.

I come now to the momentous day of my return to my dear home for Christmas. Father and my sister Leila, who from now on I will term "Sis," met me at the station. Sis was very elegantly dressed, and she said:

"Hello, Kid," and turned her cheek for me to kiss.

She is, as I have stated, but 20 months older than I, and depends altogether on her clothes for her beauty. In the morning she is plain, although having a good skin. She was trimmed up with a bouquet of violets as large as a dishpan, and she covered them with her hands when I kissed her.

She was waved and powdered, and she had on a perfectly new Outfit. And I was shabby. That is the exact word. Shabby. If you have to hang your entire wardrobe in a closet ten inches deep, and put it over you on cold nights, with the steam heat shut off at ten o'clock, it does not make it look any better.

My father has always been my favorite member of the family, and he was very glad to see me. He has a great deal of tact, also, and later on he slipped ten dollars in my purse in the motor. I needed it very much, as after I had paid the porter and bought luncheon, I had only three dollars left and an I. O. U. from one of the girls for seventy-five cents, which this may remind her, if it is read in class, she has forgotten.

"Good heavens, Barbara," Sis said, while I hugged father, "you certainly need to be pressed."

"I daresay I'll be the better for a hot iron," I retorted, "but at least I shan't need it on my hair." My hair is curly while hers is straight.

"Boarding school wit!" she said, and stocked to the motor.

Mother was in the car and glad to see me, but as usual she managed to restrain her enthusiasm. She put her hands over some Orchids she was wearing when I kissed her. She and Sis were on their way to something or other.

"Trimmed up like Easter hats, you two!" I said.

"School has not changed you, I fear, Barbara," mother observed. "I hope you are studying hard."

"Exactly as hard as I have to. No more, no less," I regret to confess that I replied. And I saw Sis and mother exchange glances of significance.

We dropped them at the reception and father went to his office and I went on home alone. And all at once I began to be embittered. Sis had everything, and what had I? And when I got home, and saw that Sis had had her room done over, and ivory toilet things on her dressing table, and two perfectly huge boxes of candy on a stand and a ball gown laid out on the bed, I almost wept.

My own room was just as I had left it. It had been the night nursery, and there was still the dent in the mantel where I had thrown a hair brush at Sis, and the ink spot on the carpet at the foot of the bed, and everything.

Mademoiselle had gone, and mother's maid came to help me off with my things. I slammed the door in her face, and sat down on the bed, and *raged*.

They still thought I was a little girl. They *patronized* me. I would hardly have been surprised if they had sent up a bread and milk supper on a tray. It was then and there that I made up my mind to show them that I was no longer a child. That the time was gone when they could shut me up in the nursery and forget me. I was seventeen years and eleven days old, and Juliet, in Shakespeare, was only sixteen when she had her well-known affair with Romeo.

I had no plan then. It was not until the next afternoon that the thing sprung (sprang?) full-pannoplied from the head of Jove.

The evening was rather dreary. The family was going out, but not until nine thirty, and mother and Leila went over my clothes. They sat, Sis in pink chiffon and mother in black and silver, and mother's maid, Hannah, took out my things and held them up. I was obliged to silently sit by, while my rags and misery were exposed.

"Why this open humiliation?" I demanded at last. "I am the family Cinderella, I admit it. But it isn't necessary to lay so much emphasis on it, is it?"

"Don't be sarcastic, Barbara," said mother. "You are still only a child, and a very untidy child at that. What do you do with your elbows to rub them through so? It must have taken patience and aplication."

"Mother," I said," am I to have the party dresses?"

"Two. Very simple."

"Low in the neck?"

"Certainly not. A small v, perhaps."

"I've got a good neck."

She rose impressively.

"You amaze and shock me, Barbara," she said coldly.

"I shouldn't have to wear tulle around my shoulders, to hide the bones!" I retorted. Sis is rather thin.

"You are a very sharp-tongued little girl," mother said, looking up at me. I am four inches talier than she is. "Unless you learn to curb yourself, there will be no parties for you, and no party dresses."

This was the speech that broke the camel's back. I could endure no more.

"I think," I said, "that I shall get married and end everything."

Need I explain that I had no serious intention of taking the fatal step? But it was not deliberate mendasity. It was Despair.

Mother actually went white. She clutched me by the arm and shook me.

"What are you saying?" she demanded.

"I think you heard me, mother," I said, very politely. I was however thinking hard.

"Marry whom? Barbara, answer me."

"I don't know. Anybody."

"She's trying to frighten you, mother," Sis said. "There isn't anybody. Don't let her fool you."

"Oh, isn't there?" I said darkly.

Mother gave me a long look, and went out. I heard her go into father's dressing room. But Sis sat on my bed and watched me.

"Who is it, Bab?" she asked. "The dancing teacher? Or your riding master? Or the school plumber?"

"Guess again."

"You're just enough of a little simpleton to get tied up to some wretched creature and disgrace us all."

I wish to state here that until that moment I had no intention of going any further with the wretched business. I am naturaly truthful, and Deception is hateful to me. But when my sister uttered the above dispariging remark I saw that, to preserve my own dignity, which I value above precious stones, I would be compelled to go on.

"I'm perfectly mad about him," I said. "And he's crazy about me."

"I'd like very much to know," Sis said, as she stood up and stared at me, "how much you are making up and how much is true."

None the less, I saw that she was terrified. The family kitten, to speak in allegory, had become a lion and showed its clause.

When she had gone out I tried to think of some one to hang a love affair to. But there seemed to be nobody. They knew perfectly well that the dancing master had one eye and three children, and that the clergyman at school was elderly, with two wives. One dead.

I searched my past, but it was blameless. It was empty and bare, and as I looked back and saw how little there had been in it but imbibing wisdom and playing basket-ball and tennis, and typhoid fever when I was fourteen and almost having to have my head shaved, a great wave of bitterness agitated me.

"Never again," I observed to myself with firmness. "Never again, if I have to invent a member of the Other Sex."

At that time, however, owing to the appearance of Hannah with a mending basket, I got no further than his name.

It was Harold. I decided to have him dark, with a very small black mustache, and passionate eyes. I felt, too,

"I Wish You Would Tell Me Some Good Reason Why I Should Not Hand You Over to the Police"

that he would be jealous. The eyes would be of the smouldering type, showing the green-eyed monster beneath.

I was very much cheered up. At least they could not ignore me any more, and I felt that they would see the point. If I was old enough to have a lover—especialy a jealous one with the aformentioned eyes—I was old enough to have the necks of my frocks cut out.

While they were getting their wraps on in the lower hall, I counted my money. I had thirteen dollars. It was enough for a plan I was beginning to have in mind.

"Go to bed early, Barbara," mother said when they were ready to go out.

"You don't mind if I write a letter, do you?"

"To whom?"

"Oh, just a letter," I said, and she stared at me coldly.

"I daresay you will write it, whether I consent or not. Leave it on the hall table, and it will go out with the morning mail."

"I may run out to the box with it."

"I forbid your doing anything of the sort."

"Oh, very well," I responded meekly.

"If there is such haste about it, give it to Hannah to mail."

"Very well," I said.

She made an excuse to see Hannah before she left, and I knew *that I was being watched.* I was greatly excited, and happier than I had been for weeks. But when I had settled myself in the Library, with the paper in front of me, I could not think of anything to say in a letter. So I wrote a poem instead.

"*To H——*

"*Dear love: you seem so*
far away,
I would that you were
near.
I do so long to hear you
say
Again, 'I love you,
dear.'

"*Here all is cold and*
drear and strange
With none who with
me tarry,
I hope that soon we
can arrange
To run away and
marry."

Then That Lanky Eddie Perkins Brought Me a Toy Baloon, and I Had to Dance, With My Heart Crushed

The last verse did not scan, exactly, but I wished to use the word "marry" if possible. It would show, I felt, that things were really serious and impending. A love affair is only a love affair, but marriage is marriage, and the end of everything.

It was at that moment, 10 o'clock, that the Strange Thing occurred which did not seem strange at all at the time, but which developed into so great a mystery later on. Which was to actualy threaten my reason, and which, flying on winged feet, was to send me back here to school the day after Christmas and put my seed pearl necklace in the safe deposit vault. Which was very unfair, for what had my necklace to do with it? And just now, when I need comfort, it—the necklace—would help to relieve my exile.

Hannah brought me in a cup of hot milk, with a Valentine's malted milk tablet dissolved in it.

As I stirred it around, it occurred to me that Valentine would be a good name for Harold. On the spot I named him Harold Valentine, and I wrote the name on the envelope that had the poem inside, and addressed it to the town where this school gets its mail.

It looked well written out. "Valentine," also, is a word that naturaly connects itself with affairs *de cour.* And I felt that I was safe, for as there was no Harold Valentine, he could not call for the letter at the post office, and would therefore not be able to cause me any trouble, under any circumstances. And, furthermore, I knew that Hannah would not mail the letter anyhow, but would give it to mother. So, even if there was a Harold Valentine, he would never get it.

Comforted by these reflections, I drank my malted milk, ignorant of the fact that Destiny, "which never swerves, nor yields to men the helm"—Emerson, was stocking at my heels.

Between sips, as the expression goes, I addressed the envelope to Harold Valentine, and gave it to Hannah. She went out the front door with it, as I had expected, but I watched from a window, and she turned right around and went in the area way. So *that* was all right.

It had worked like a Charm. I could tear my hair now when I think how well it worked. I ought to have been suspicious for that very reason. When things go very well with me at the start, it is a sure sign that they are going to blow up eventualy.

Mother and Sis slept late the next morning, and I went out stealthily and did some shopping. First I bought myself a bunch of violets, with a white rose in the center, and I printed on the card.

"My love is like a white, white rose. H" and sent it to myself.

It was deception, I acknowledge, but having put my hand to the plough, I did not intend to steer a crooked course. I would go straight to the end. I am like that in everything I do. But, on delibarating things over, I felt that violets, alone and unsuported, were not enough. I felt that if I had a photograph, it would make everything more real. After all, what is a love affair without a picture of the beloved object?

So I bought a photograph. It was hard to find what I wanted, but I got it at last in a stationer's shop, a young man in a checked suit with a small mustache—the young man, of course, not the suit. Unluckily, he was rather blonde, and had a dimple in his chin. But he looked exactly as though his name ought to be Harold.

I may say here that I chose "Harold," not because it is a favorite name of mine, but because it is romantic in sound. Also because I had never known any one named Harold and it seemed only discrete.

I took it home in my muff and put it under my pillow where the maid would find it and probably take it to mother. I wanted to buy a ring too, to hang on a ribbon around my neck. But the violets had made a fearful hole in my thirteen dollars.

I borrowed a stub pen at the stationer's and I wrote on the photograph, in large, sprawling letters, "To *you* from *me.*"

"There," I said to myself, when I put it under the pillow. "You look like a photograph, but you are really a bomb-shell."

As things eventuated, it was. More so, indeed.

Mother sent for me when I came in. She was sitting in front of her mirror, having the vibrater used on her hair, and her manner was changed. I guessed that there had been a family Council over the poem, and that they had decided to try kindness.

"Sit down, Barbara," she said. "I hope you were not lonely last night?"

"I am never lonely, mother. I always have things to think about."

I said this in a very pathetic tone.

"What sort of things?" mother asked, rather sharply.

"Oh—things," I said vaguely. "Life is such a mess, isn't it?"

"Certainly not. Unless one makes it so."

"But it is so difficult. Things come up and—and it's hard to know what to do. The only way, I suppose, is to be true to one's belief in one's self."

"Take that thing off my head and go out, Hannah," mother snapped. "Now then, Barbara, what in the world has come over you?"

"Over me? Nothing."

"You are being a silly child."

"I am no longer a child, mother. I am seventeen. And at seventeen there are problems. After all, one's life is one's own. One must decide ——"

"Now Barbara, I am not going to have any nonsense. You must put that man out of your head."

"Man? What man?"

"You think you are in love with some drivelling young fool. I'm not blind, or an idiot. And I won't have it."

"I have not said that there is anyone, have I?" I said in a gentle voice. "But if there was, just what would you propose to do?"

"If you were three years younger I'd propose to spank you." Then I think she saw that she was taking the wrong method, for she changed her Tactics. "It's the fault of that silly school," she said. (Note: These are my mother's words, not mine.) "They are hotbeds of sickley sentamentality. They——"

And just then the violets came, addressed to me. Mother opened them herself, her mouth set.

"My love is like a white, white rose," she said. "Barbara, do you know who sent these?"

"Yes, mother," I said meekly. This was quite true. I did.

I am indeed sorry to record that here my mother lost her temper, and there was no end of a fuss. It ended by mother offering me a string of seed pearls for Christmas, and my party dresses cut V front and back, if I would, as she phrazed it, "put him out of my silly head."

"I shall have to write one letter, mother," I said, "to—to break things off. I cannot tear myself out of another's life without a word."

She sniffed.

"Very well," she said. "One letter. I trust you to make it only one."

I come now to the next day. How true it is, that "Man's life is but a jest, a dream, a shadow, bubble, air, a vapour at the best!"

I spent the morning with mother at the dressmakers and she chose two perfectly spiffing things, one of white chiffon over silk, made modified Empire, with little bunches of roses here and there on it, and when she and the dressmaker were hagling over the roses, I took the scizzors and cut the neck of the lining two inches lower in front. The effect was positively impressive. The other was blue over orchid, a perfectly passionate combination.

When we got home some of the girls had dropped in, and Carter Brooks and Sis were having tea in the den. I am perfectly sure that Sis threw a cigarette in the fire when I blew in. When I think of my sitting here alone, when I have done *nothing,* and Sis playing around and smoking cigarettes, and nothing said, all for a difference of 20 months, it makes me furious.

"Let's go in and play with the children, Leila," he said. "I'm feeling young today."

Which was perfectly silly. He is only twenty-two himself.

Well, they went into the drawing room. Nell Anstruther was there waiting for me, and Helen Abbott and Jane Raleigh. And I hadn't been in the room five minutes before I knew that they all *knew.* It turned out later that Hannah was engaged to the Abbott's butler, and she had told him, and he had told Helen's old governess, who is still

there and does the ordering, and Helen sends her stockings home for her to darn.

Sis had told Carter, too, I saw that, and among them they had rather a good time. Carter sat down at the piano and struck a few chords, chanting "My love is like a white, white rose."

"Only you know," he said, turning to me, "that's wrong. It ought to be a 'red, red rose.'"

"Certainly not. The word is 'white.'"

"Oh, is it?" he said, with his head on one side. "Strange that both you and Harold should have got it wrong."

I confess to a feeling of uneasiness at that moment.

Tea came, and Carter insisted on pouring.

"I do so love to pour!" he said. "Really, after a long day's shopping, tea is the only thing that keeps me going until dinner. Cream or lemon, Leila dear?"

"Both," Sis said absently, with her eyes on me. "Barbara, come into the den a moment. I want to show you mother's Christmas gift."

She stocked in ahead of me, and lifted a book from the table. Under it was the photograph.

"You wretched child!" she said. "Where did you get that?"

"That's not your affair, is it?"

"I'm going to make it my affair. Did he give it to you?"

"Have you read what's written on it?"

"Where did you meet him?"

"At school."

"Oh," she said slowly. "So you met him at school! What was he doing there? Teaching elocution?"

"Elocution!"

"This is Harold, is it?"

"Certainly." Well, he *was* Harold, if I chose to call him that, wasn't he? Sis gave a little sigh.

"You're quite hopeless, Babs. And, although I'm perfectly sure you want me to take the thing to mother, I'll do nothing of the sort."

She flung it into the fire. I was raging. It had cost me a dollar. It was quite brown when I got it out, and a corner was burned off. But I got it.

"I'll thank you to burn your own things," I said with dignity. And I went back to the drawing room.

The girls and Carter Brooks were talking in an undertone when I got there. I knew it was about me. And Jane came over to me and put her arm around me.

"You poor thing!" she said. "Just fight it out. We're all with you."

"I'm so helpless, Jane." I put all the despair I could into my voice. For after all, if they were going to talk about my private Affairs behind my back, I felt that they might as well have something to talk about. As Jane's second cousin once removed is in this school and as Jane will probably write her all about it, I hope this theme is read aloud in class, so she will get it all straight. Jane is imaginative and may have a wrong idea of things.

"Don't give in. Let them bully you. They can't really do anything. And they're scared. Leila is positively sick."

"I've promised to write and break it off."

"If he really loves you," said Jane, "the letter won't matter." There was a real thrill in her voice.

Some fresh muffins came in just then and I was starveing. But I waved them away, and stood staring at the fire.

I am writing all of this as truthfully as I can. I am not defending myself. What I did I was driven to, as any one can see. It takes a real shock to make the average family wake up to the fact that the youngest daughter is not the family baby at seventeen. All I was doing was furnishing the shock. If things turned out badly, as they did, it was because I rather overdid the thing. That is all. My motives were perfectly ireproachable.

Well, they fell on the muffins like pigs, and I could hardly stand it. So I wandered into the den, and it occurred to me to write the letter then. I felt that they all expected me to do something anyhow.

If I had never written the wretched letter things would be better now. As I say, I overdid. But everything had gone so smoothly all day that I was deceived. But the real reason was a new set of furs. I had secured the dresses and the promise of the necklace on a poem and a photograph, and I thought that a good love letter might bring a muff. It all shows that it does not do to be grasping.

Had I not written the letter, there would have been no tragedy.

But I wrote it and if I do say it, it was a *letter*. I commenced it "Darling," and I said I was mad to see him, and that I would always love him. But I told him that the family objected to him, and that this was to end everything between us. They had started the phonograph in the library, and were playing "The Rosary." So I ended with a verse from that. It was really a most affecting letter. I almost wept over it myself, because, if there had been a Harold, it would have broken his heart.

Of course I meant to give it to Hannah to mail, and she would give it to mother. Then, after the family had read it and it had got in its work, including the set of furs, they

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THE AVERAGE AMERICAN AND THE ARMY—By Herbert Quick

THERE are some ninety to a hundred millions of us Americans, depending on how much of our territory is taken in on the census returns. General Scott, Chief of Staff, is authority for the statement that we need an army, including trained reserves, of pretty well up to two million men. General Leonard Wood says two millions. Those who have studied the matter with any admission in their minds that we need any army at all are likely to concur. They believe this from the bottom of their hearts. We may as well begin with the assumption that the men responsible for our military affairs are patriots. They ask for the thing that by a good deal of study they are convinced we need, and they ask for no more.

On the other hand, knowing as they do the feeling of aloofness—not to say hostility—toward the army in Congress and among the citizenry, they feel that in asking for what they confidently believe we ought to have in the way of military strength, if the nation is to be safe, they subject themselves to all sorts of rebuffs, misconstructions and suspicions. No proud man operating in the field of his specialty likes these things; hence the army men would be glad to ask for less if they could reconcile such moderation with their sense of duty.

The Administration does not dare ask the nation for any such army as the army experts think we should have. Why? Perhaps it is because the Administration does not believe we need it. Perhaps—and this is probably the real reason—the Administration thinks that it will be extremely lucky if it gets through Congress a preparedness measure which will grant a quarter of what the War College experts sincerely believe we need. The average man, in the main, rules this country, and the average man is not enthusiastic about the army.

In his rooms in the House Office Building sits a congressman from an interior Southern State who is a member of the House Committee on Military Affairs. He is a Democrat, and is—or at last accounts, at least, was—supporting the Administration in its struggle to get a bill through for an increase in the army. In past years he has been something of a pacifist—a small-army man. His district is a small-army district. He has changed his mind since the world went mad in August, 1914, and now believes in a greater measure of preparedness; and, anyhow, he is an Administration man and wants to back up the Democratic policy. But on his desk is a pile of letters from the folks back home that cause a clammy sweat to moisten his brow as he reads them. They are mostly in cheap envelopes, with no printed returns. A good many of them are superscribed in pencil, and others in that semi-invisible blue ink which discloses the intimate domestic detail that mother's bluing can was raided for pigment wherewith to eke out the dust and flies' legs in the bottle that was half full of ink only last summer, when we wrote to Brother Anson's folks in Colorado. Quite a considerable sprinkling of these letters have R. F. D. returns on them.

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Attaching Cable to Balloon Preparatory to an Ascension

Such letters—make no error here—are sure of a mighty respectful and even a perspiratory reading on the part of any congressman who wants to come back; for they are written by people who are not in the habit of dictating a pile of mail to be dashed off by a stenographer by noon. They are written in much travail and with many protrusions of the tongue, by stiffened and chapped hands, in the penumbræ of kerosene lamps on kitchen tables at times when their writers would far rather be in bed after a hard day's work. They express the fixed opinions of hard-headed, even if wrong-headed, people.

And when they tell this congressman that he may as well resign if he supports this new policy of militarism which Wilson has been hornswoggled into by the munitions makers and the armor makers and the professional army and navy men, you may say that their writers are misguided, deluded, oblivious of a great national peril; but that doesn't make it any easier for this congressman. You are in favor of his voting as he thinks, or at least as he believes his people would if they knew what he knows; but the chances are that you have only one vote, and that the one you have will not be cast in his district, even if you remember to vote. Take it from one who knows, that congressman is in the exact center of a bad fix.

Why this variance in views? The variance would be far greater than it is if the Administration should ask for an army of a million and a half or two millions instead of four hundred thousand; for such an army as General Scott believes we actually need would take a lot of young men with whom you and I are personally acquainted. And this would be something new. It has been possible all these years of the past to recruit up to the strength of seventy-five or a hundred thousand by merely picking up the chaps whose departure from civil life creates no ripple.

They are floaters in the main—and that doesn't mean a thing to their discredit. It is not altogether their fault that they are floaters. They have been loosened from their moorings in our industrial organization, so called, by the fact that the life of the American who lives by manual labor is getting more and more precarious. In the South the negroes do the work and in the North it is done by Italians, Slovaks, Ruthenians, and the other peoples for which those names stand.

Let your beard grow and wear that suit you fished in last summer, and mingle a while with the applicants for enlistment about the nearest recruiting station. You may thus get acquainted with the boys who enlist in your army; for they are not an exclusive set nor at all difficult to meet. You will find that they do not enlist because of any thrill for service, but, in the main, because it gives them a safe harbor and a living. They enlist because it seems the best thing from a prudential viewpoint.

They are men of a better class than the army was able to get a few years ago; though the older officers sometimes are heard to mourn the less American and more servile soldier of yore. The army has been the salvation of some thousands of boys every year who cannot stand the competition of the foreign immigrant in the field of labor.

They are not the riffraff, the hobos or the down-and-outers, but they are, many of them, by way of becoming such; and the army saves them. They are required to have some education and must pass some test as to moral character. But, after all, the elimination from our business life of from fifteen to twenty thousand a year of such young men, who are willing to work for fifteen dollars a month and found, is not an affair that makes any impression upon the community. Once increase this demand to one hundred and thirty-three thousand a year, which is the basis of the proposed Continental Army, or six hundred thousand a year, which will be the number required under General Scott's estimate, and there is not a community in the United States that will not be affected in a distinctly perceptible way. You and I and our set will be no longer exempt from army service.

A visiting philosopher from Mars would surely be astonished at the lack of interest of the average man in the army, and the more or less common hostility thereto.

"Why," he would inquire, "should anybody feel anything but affection toward the army? Its existence all over the earth indicates that it performs a necessary function—to wit, the preservation of the national existence. Assuming that the national existence is worth preserving, why is it that the army is not loved? Surely, such lack of interest in—not to mention actual hostility to—the army argues that the people of the United States are among the most unintelligent of mankind."

The Martian philosopher's observations go to the very heart of the army crisis now on in Washington. Let us admit it: the army does not find a large place in the heart of the average man. If it did there would be no difficulty in getting the votes in Congress for any increase in which the army men themselves firmly believe. Congressmen and senators are thoroughly acquainted with the arguments of the advocates of preparedness. Former pacifists among them have been convinced by these arguments and by the overpowering logic of world conditions. It is the folks back home who stand between the Administration and the carrying out of this program.

Well, let us consider for a moment that these two million soldiers will be the boys of the folks back home; and also what a young man is before he enters the army, and what he becomes afterward. Theoretically in civil life he is just as good as anybody else. He enters every public place on a perfect equality with everyone else. While at his desk, or his lathe, or his plow, he is in civil life a subordinate, strictly amenable to discipline and completely under the authority of his superiors while on duty. Off duty he is theoretically and in all public places actually the social equal of those in authority over him. He glories in this equality; it is drilled into him from his birth as a part of the history of his country, the traditions of his family and the characteristics of his race. Nine Americans out of ten are born, go to school, marry, grow old and die, without being once made conscious through their relations with their fellowmen of any social inferiority.

Military Caste and American Spirit

THIS is the spirit of Americanism. This is the biggest and most outstanding spiritual fact in America. The failure of our institutions is consciously measured—by the masses of the American people—by their failure to embody in our economic and industrial life, as well as our social life, this theory of equality. All Americans recognize the necessity of discipline, of obedience, of docility, while on duty; but ninety-nine of them out of one hundred bitterly resent any call upon them to submit to these things when off duty.

Now what are the conditions that army life imposes on these young Americans? I have a letter from the editor of an influential Mid-Western paper who served a term of enlistment as a private soldier in the United States Army. "What is it," says he, "that makes army service irksome to young men? The restraint to which they are subjected, chiefly, and the absence of anything like social life. They are boys away from home and they long for the old home life, with its associations and its freedom. The uniform they wear is not an open-sesame. Far from it. They are made to feel like social outcasts. They are deprived of the society of respectable girls and women. They see the officers enjoying their home life with their womenfolk and they grow hungry for something in kind. The rank separating them from the officers is forced upon them every hour of the day, and as they brood upon their situation in their idleness and indolence they become discontented, restless and often bitter!"

Please note that practically every one of these causes of unhappiness is to be found in college life, except—let us give the college life the benefit of every doubt—the idleness and indolence and the social distinction between the officer and the common soldier.

Out of the kindness of his heart, when Uncle Toby dined alone he insisted on having Corporal Trim sit behind him at a small sideboard. This in consideration of the corporal's lame knee, "which sometimes gave him exquisite pain." The corporal, however, it will be remembered, protested strongly against this breach of convention; "for many a time when my Uncle Toby supposed the corporal's leg was at rest he would look back and detect him standing behind him with the most dutiful respect." Corporal Trim, however, was an Englishman; and, though Britons find it impossible to be slaves, they are perhaps the most submissive underlings in the world. The young American who is a real American would never have felt that he was doing Uncle Toby any disrespect by sitting in his presence. He would have followed Uncle Toby into the jaws of death when on duty, but he could not have found it in his heart to regard himself as made of a social clay inferior to that of the captain.

PHOTO. BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD, NEW YORK CITY

Dinner in the Open

A titled Englishwoman has—or at least had last summer—two sons in the British Army in Belgium. One was an officer, the other a private. Both were wounded at about the same time and sent home for convalescence. Lady Vere de Vere, their mother, was placed in a quite impossible position by their presence. As they gained in strength she very much desired to entertain people in their honor; but what could she do? It was quite utterly impossible for a private soldier in uniform and an officer in uniform to sit together at table, and the war rules required the wearing of the uniforms. It was a social impasse.

Actually, of course, these two young men were both gentlemen, both patriots, both well educated, both perfectly presentable; but as for sitting down together at any social function, that was quite entirely out of the question. It is not done, you know. Socially they were of the same caste; but military caste is more like that of the Hindu, who is polluted even by the shadow of one of the lower orders falling upon him.

This caste system is equally pronounced in the German Army. A private, let us suppose, is having his shoes shined by the Greek on the corner. On the arrival of a corporal the private steps out with one shoe shined, so as to accord the corporal the privilege of his superior rank. A sergeant comes along and the corporal is ranked out of his place in the chair. The sergeant yields in turn to a sublieutenant; and it is theoretically possible for a representative of every rank in the German Army, from a private soldier to the Kaiser himself, to be standing in line, each with one shoe shined, awaiting his turn at the hands of the perspiring Greek. And then, when royalty has been served, would follow what Mr. Dooley imagined as taking place at a royal dinner: "Out as ye come in—Mr. Hinnessey, Imp'ror, King, Prince, Jook, Baron, Count, landgrab, slob." Mind, I do not say that this has actually taken place at any shining stand in Germany; but it is theoretically possible.

But as for the French Army—that is something else again. A captain in our army was sent to France shortly before the war to study some military question, and was permitted to see the French Army maneuvers. He came back praising to the skies the magnificent efficiency of the French.

"But there's one thing I can't understand," said he; "and that is the shocking disregard of distinctions between ranks. After the maneuvers were over I observed an incident in a café that illustrates my point. A colonel sat at a table sipping his cognac. A private passed by, recognized the colonel and patted the officer on the back—actually patted him on the back! The colonel rose and actually patted the private on the back! Moreover, the private, full of enthusiasm, actually began bubbling over, telling the colonel of certain errors he thought they had made in the maneuvers—a private to a colonel! 'Sit down,' said the colonel, 'and have a glass of cognac with me, and I think I can show you that you are mistaken.' And they sat there, in uniform—a colonel and a private, in a public café—for half an hour, hobnobbing as equals; and, do you know, nobody thought anything of it! It is quite the common thing. How they can maintain discipline is beyond me!"

The American Army is a lineal descendant of the British. The habits, customs and conditions of service have been derived from the caste system of the British. Americans will volunteer in time of war—when, we are told, it is already too late—as freely as any people in the world; but they hate with a bitter hatred this caste system, by which a private must bear the badge of social inferiority to the officer. The American does not object to discipline either in the army or out of it. He knows as well as anyone the necessity of implicit obedience to authority—especially in war; but his social standards are French rather than British or German. His heart warms when he reads of the splendid military achievements of the French armies, knowing that there is no social distinction between the French officer and the common soldier under him.

In France no such dilemma could have existed as that of Lady Vere de Vere and her two sons. In France Corporal Trim would have sat in the presence of Uncle Toby with perfect respect on both sides. In France the common soldiers do not find "the rank separating them from the officers enforced on them every hour of the day," as it is in the regular army of the United States. And yet in France no one hears of any breaking down of discipline, and no one suggests that the army, as an army, is not fairly efficient. Not since the Battle of the Marne!

Can Soldiering be Made Popular?

IF WE are to take two millions or one million or four hundred thousand American boys and make an army of them, we must do it either by inducing them to enlist or by forcing them in. In either case they will be the sons of citizens of the United States; and the more there are of them, the more people there will be interested in army conditions. Army wages are low—about fifteen dollars a month for the private, with board, clothes, lodging and medical attendance. A few privates earn commissions, and at least two lieutenant generals in the army began life as privates; but these cases are not so plentiful that the chance of promotion will be taken into account. Anyhow, it is only for the professional soldier, and real Americans will not enlist in the United States Army for the wages, or promotion, in large numbers. They must, therefore, be induced to enlist either by patriotism or by something which army life gives that cannot be obtained in the more lucrative employments of civil life.

If any army officer does me the honor to read this, and thinks that I have laid too much stress on what I have called caste distinction of the army, I beg him to remember that he and I are both in favor of the same thing—an adequate army; that I am trying to uncover the reasons why the volunteer-army system seems to have little prospect of success, and compulsory service even less. I beg him to bear in mind that soldiering is an employment and that conditions of employment are controlling factors in getting men. No large army can be built up in the United States in the absence of a public enthusiasm for army service. No such enthusiasm can exist in the absence of any army life that is worth while to real men—men who expect when their term of service is completed to go out into civil life and win their share of its prizes.

It will, therefore, be wise, in my humble opinion, for the men who seek to build up a larger army in this country to

study the psychology of the common soldier, put themselves in his place, find out what he gets out of army life, find out what he loses in army life, balance the one against the other, and ask themselves whether they would be willing to have their sons enlist as privates in the army.

Incidentally I should like to know how many privates in the army are the sons of officers and how many of the number have been advised by their fathers to enlist as privates. The statement is hazarded that there is not one case of this sort. Why?

The Administration plan calls for the enlistment of one hundred and thirty-three thousand young men every year, to serve for three years—one with the colors and two in the reserves. These men in the reserves will be required to break their business year by serving four weeks each year in active military drill. The present writer, in talking with General Scott, our Chief of Staff, said:

"General, let us assume that I am a physically fit and otherwise eligible young man, and that you are a recruiting officer seeking to add me to the army list. I should like to have your solicitation on that point. What reasons can you give me for joining the Continental Army?"

"The first reason I would give you," said the general, "is the basic one. You are physically fit, of proper age, of proper moral character, and of proper educational qualifications for a soldier of the United States Army. You are an American; you owe a duty to your country's flag; your country needs you; you have been brought up under its protection; your future is dependent on its liberties and immunities. You therefore owe it to your country to enlist and serve."

"Yes," I answered; "that is a basic reason, and, as an average young American, I will give you a basic reply. Why do you ask me to be one of one hundred and thirty-three thousand a year to exhibit a higher degree of patriotism than the six hundred and seventy thousand young men who have come of my age this year? Why should I go into the army at fifteen dollars a month while my chum, who is of the same age and possesses the same qualifications for a soldier, is taking a job as chauffeur for seventy-five dollars a month and his board?"

I will not say what the general's answer was; but on January twelfth of this year he appeared before the House Committee on Military Affairs and gave his answer. Said he:

"With military service imposed on all men between eighteen and twenty-one as a patriotic duty, with nominal pay, I think it would cost the nation no more for an adequate force than to maintain its present establishment."

An officer of the War College, at Washington, said to me:

"It is undemocratic for a certain number of men to be called upon to serve in the army and for others, under equal moral obligations to serve, to be freed from it."

Idleness the Bane of the Enlisted Man

I HAVE never heard that argument successfully met. I like it very much; especially do I like it as coming from an army officer. It promises that whenever the basis of enlistment is studied—namely, the conditions of service together with sacrifices and rewards—the army officers will be ready to practice the principles of democracy in their relations to the common soldiers if necessary for the welfare of the army, and, so far as it can be done, without reducing our standards of discipline to a point, say, below that of the French Army, or that of Cromwell, which was also a democratic host.

At this writing the whole preparedness program is shot to lace. General Scott and the army officers generally are in favor of compulsory service. So, I believe, is Secretary Garrison. President Wilson, on the other hand, is quoted as opposed to it; and it is predicted that he will go on the platform in advocacy of the idea of the Continental Army along with General Miles. Chairman Hay, of the House Committee on Military Affairs, is reported as having deserted the Continental Army and aligned himself with that strong political force, the National Guard. If there exists in the world a nation that contemplates an armed invasion of the United States its military staff must be in high feather at observing the truly Anglo-Saxon way in which our men in authority are pulling every which way, like a string of suckers dropped into the water over the gunwale of a boat.

Meantime the pacifist forces are at work shooting high-explosive shells into the demoralized ranks of the advocates of preparedness. I have just received a circular soliciting me to subscribe for Mr. Bryan's Commoner.

"Do you realize," it reads, "that the adoption of the army and navy program means an increase in taxation of about twenty-five dollars a family and an ever-increasing army expense thereafter? Do you want your sons and relatives to be compelled to enlist in the army and loaf in military camps and be subject to military duty for years to fight an imaginary foe?"

To speak of fighting imaginary foes is a good deal like calling health precautions the fighting of imaginary diseases—after the disease breaks out it is too late. But Colonel Bryan knows what it is to loaf in military camps. Other soldiers know it too.

"The Dutch Army," says an editorial in the Outlook, "was one of the first in Europe to mobilize, and it is still under arms. The soldiers are desperately tired and bored. There is nothing for them to do except the petty routine of marching and trench making, and a dull round of royal inspections."

My friend, the newspaper man who is managing editor of a great Mid-Western daily—and, let me repeat, he served three years as a common soldier in the regulars—says:

"In garrison, for all except recruits, the rule was from one hour's to two hours' drill each day—more often one hour than two. The daily program in garrison was reveille at five-thirty or six, followed by breakfast; guard mount at nine; an hour's drill; dinner at noon; another hour's drill; supper at six; retreat or dress parade at sunset; lights out at nine. All the rest of the time was the soldier's.

"It was my own experience that I had a great deal of time on my hands. I tried to spend this time in a useful way. The average soldier when off duty lay on his bunk in idleness, played cards, or frequented the canteen bar where beer was sold, and too often got into mischief and the guardhouse. I did a great deal of reading and some writing, and I took long walks in the country, not merely to kill time but as a health precaution and because I loved the great outdoors—and I was resolved not to be indolent. If I had had some specific course of study to pursue there would have been ample time for it without interfering with my military duties, and without even greatly curtailing my daily walks."

There seems to be some warrant for Mr. Bryan's word "loaf."

If we are to keep several hundred thousand of our young men in garrison all the time, the average man is going to give to such facts and arguments as these far more consideration than to the abstract right or wrong of the matter of preparedness. The average mother—and, make no mistake about it, the average mother is going to have a good deal to say about this preparedness program—will ponder far more on the effect of army life on her boy than upon that hypothetical twenty-five dollars a family of taxation. The average business man will consider far more carefully the question of whether or not army life will make the young men of the country more or less efficient in civil life, than the debated and debatable matter of the ability of foreign nations to invade this country or subjugate it.

And yet, whenever any policy is proposed that has for its object the training of soldiers for civil life, there are protests. The protests come in part from civilians who follow the extremest views of those most ultramilitaristic officers who take the broad general ground that "being a soldier is occupation enough for any man"—I am quoting the exact words of a very accomplished army officer—and in part from such officers themselves.

The Chicago Herald in a recent issue says: "'Educate the soldier for civil life' is the substance of a communication to the Herald. The most pressing thing at present is to educate a few civilians for the soldier's life." The possibility that the two educations might be carried on simultaneously, letting the education for civil life pay for the time spent in soldiering, receives short shrift with those who believe that being a soldier is sufficient occupation for a man. And yet in the highest circles of army students the idea is not laughed at by any means.

The West Point graduate is, of all men, in the best position to understand how very feasible it is to make a good soldier of a man and teach him something else at the same time. The cadets in both West Point and Annapolis are well-drilled soldiers. Can we ever hope to have any great army in which the average proficiency of the common soldier will be as high in the common soldier's every duty as it is among the cadets at West Point? If so such an army will be the best-drilled in the world.

These cadets acquire this soldierly proficiency while carrying on a very difficult course of study. They go to classes all through their cadetship, just as students do at Harvard, Yale, Princeton or Notre Dame. They learn the private soldier's duty in addition to this, they are active in society, and they have plenty of time for football and other college athletics. You would never be able to convince a West Point man that there is any insuperable incompatibility between soldiership and "education for civil life." A good deal of this, in fact, is done in several armies.

School Work in the German Army

THE German system of technical and continuation schools has probably resulted in a general economic efficiency that renders it unimportant as to whether the enlisted men are trained for vocations or not. Yet in the German Army instruction is given to such enlisted men as have decided to continue in the army, to fit them for army tailors, shoemakers, harnessmakers, machinists, tanners, bakers and operatives in various positions in the army clothing and cap factories. There are also schools to fit enlisted men for noncommissioned officers. These teach German, arithmetic, geography, history and composition. The attendance is compulsory. It may be assumed that the men find it possible to carry on these courses without impairing military efficiency. German soldiers who reënlist for twelve years are given schooling, at their option, in French, political science, shorthand and typewriting, to fit them for civil-service positions after their term of army service.

In the British Army schools have been established to give noncommissioned officers "a sound and useful education." All noncommissioned officers must attend until they obtain second-class certificates. They study arithmetic, composition, spelling and writing. All British recruits less than eighteen years old are required to attend school in addition to their military drill, studying arithmetic, composition, map reading, history and geography until they obtain a first-class certificate. The attendance of other men is encouraged.

Nine years ago the British Army Council introduced schools in the army to "give practice and further proficiency to men with knowledge of a trade, and to give personal handiness and understanding of the use of tools," and so on, "to men with no such knowledge." This course is optional. After a year of trial eighty-eight trades or occupations had been represented in the courses given, and a total of 3197 men had completed courses. The most popular courses were those of bookkeeper, bootmaker, carpenter, chauffeur, clerk, gardener, painter, saddler, stenographer, surveyor, tailor, typewriter, telegrapher, waiter and groom. Most of the teaching was done by army men, but a corps of civilian instructors had also been established. (Continued on Page 73)

THE FLIGHT

By WILLIAM J. NEIDIG

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

The Remainder of His Journey Lay Through a Country in Which There Were No Towns

DUNCAN left his room at half past seven, walked over to the Avenue, and had his usual light breakfast of two soft-boiled eggs, buttered toast and coffee. He had with him a large suit case, somewhat scuffed about the gills, that bore the initials R. H. stenciled dimly on either end. This red herring, as he humorously called it, he had purchased the day before in a San Francisco pawnshop; but except for it and possibly for his hat, which was new and nameless, he was not disguised in any way.

By the time he had finished eating and paid his bill it was after eight o'clock. He bought a Chronicle at the corner, then signaled for a car. The fact that the car was crowded made it difficult for him to gain entrance, but everyone was good-natured about the red herring and after a while there was more room. He arrived at the First Street Station at eight-twenty-five, six minutes before train time. Here he made no attempt either to hide or to stand in the limelight, but bought a ticket for San José in his turn with the fifteen or twenty other waiting passengers.

The train proved to be all but empty, as he had foreseen when he selected it. He was able, therefore, to secure his choice of seats. He chose the rear seat of the first coach behind the smoker, left-hand side of the car, for his suit case, and then seated the rest of himself across the aisle on the Bay side, so as to reserve both seats against occupancy.

He had two reasons for desiring the opposite seat to remain unoccupied. Hardly had the conductor passed through the train after leaving the suburb of Fruitvale than Duncan lifted his new hat from his head, took the conductor's check from the hatband and pressed it into the clip between the car windows, replaced his hat, crossed to his suit case, opened it, removed from it a smaller rattan suit case, and, again lifting down his hat from above, thrust it quickly into the chasm thus created. Then he snapped the catch. The rattan suit case he slipped across the aisle into his own seat; the other was allowed to remain where it was.

The second reason was also concerned with his instinct for privacy, although it did not become apparent until an hour or more later. He had soon laid aside the Chronicle; the remainder of his journey he gave to a little Spanish book he had picked up at an Oakland antiquarian's. Gracián, like himself, played upon life as upon an instrument. "How to Put Off Ills on Others," he read among the titles. And again: "Things Pass for What They Seem, Not For What They Are." A wise adviser, there! And still further: "Think Beforehand!"—summing up the worldly wisdom of all the ages.

He read in Gracián until ten-five; then put him away. Shortly before Santa Clara was reached, at ten-ten, he produced from one of his pockets a folding mirror, from another a small pasteboard box containing a false mustache, and from still another a cloth cap. Leaning forward with his head against the back of the seat in front of him, he attached the mustache with great care, after which he replaced the mirror and pasteboard box in their respective pockets. No one could have noticed the action, for the brakeman had already announced the station and withdrawn, and the seat opposite was still unoccupied. He left the train at Santa Clara, wearing a cap on his head instead of a hat, a mustache on his upper lip instead of talcum powder, and carrying the smaller rattan suit case instead of the larger scuffed red herring with which he had boarded the train.

Duncan now took a street car for San José proper. Leaving the car before it reached the retail district he went at once to the little hotel he had selected, registered somewhat illegibly as Pierre Solnay, paid his entirely legible dollar in advance, and was shown to his room by a boy. Here he removed a blue-flannel shirt and a foreign-looking outing suit of khaki—not new—from the little rattan suit case and donned them in place of the white shirt and blue-serge suit he had been wearing. Then he went downstairs into the street. He had some purchases to make.

His first errand was to buy himself a bicycle. Not a motor cycle—that would be suggestive of flight and would require supplies of gasoline, sometimes difficult to obtain. He wished a good, sound, old-fashioned wheel, he told the salesman, that would stand up to any work he could give it—not new, but in as good running condition as if it were. He wished it equipped with a roller brake, instead of a coaster brake, in order that he might back-pedal now and then and relieve the brake of some of its work. The roller type was better than the strap brake for mountain travel anyhow. He demanded new Blackfoot XXX tires of absolutely fresh rubber; for these he paid extra. He also bought a repair kit, extra supplies of rubber cement and adhesive tape, a small air pump, a cyclometer, oil, an extra stick of grease graphite for the chain, and a pair of trouser guards for his ankles, to keep his trouser legs out of the sprocket.

These purchases he took with him, but the bicycle he left for the new tires and the brake, to be ready by twelve. He then went down the street three blocks to a department store, where he bought him a good gray blanket and two hanks of cotton clothesline, suitable for binding a pack. He had thought of using straps, but rope was clearly preferable. After paying for these purchases he returned, with his bundles, to the hotel.

By this time it was twelve o'clock; but instead of returning for his bicycle he went out and had a leisurely luncheon. It was nearly one before he called for his machine. He inspected it carefully, found it in satisfactory condition, rode it down a freshly sprinkled street to take the curse of newness from the tires, and then on to the Market Street Station, where he bought a ticket for Gilroy, thirty-four miles south, and checked the machine.

On the way back to his room he purchased a variety of additional supplies, mostly consisting of condensed foods such as tobacco, canned meats, dried beef and chocolate bars. He also bought himself a half-gallon felt-covered canteen with shoulder strap. By wetting the felt the contents of the canteen could be kept cool through evaporation in even the hottest weather. The supplies of food he made into a pack, including with them the leather tool bag and a few toilet articles from the suit case. For a cover he used his blanket. This pack he intended to rope on either behind the saddle of his bicycle or in front, below the handlebars. After he had roped and tied it, he folded up the several articles of clothing he had doffed and added them outside, so as to be able to carry the whole in one package. The canteen he rinsed out carefully and filled with water. Then he sat down and read for an hour or so in Baltasar Gracián.

"Attempt easy tasks as if they were difficult, difficult tasks as if they were easy," says Gracián.

The train left the Market Street Station at three-fifty-five. At a quarter after three Duncan closed his book, rose, stretched his legs, swung his canteen over his shoulder, twined his fingers into the ropes of his bundle, and marched down to the desk, where he explained, in an accent taken by the clerk to be French, that he was going off into the country and no could transport the suit case with him; so he leaves it back.

He reached the station at three-twenty-seven, and his destination, Gilroy, at four-twenty-six. Here he claimed his bicycle from the baggage master in an accent again mistaken for French. A few minutes later and Frenchy had roped his bundle into place, slipped the guards over his folded-in trouser legs, and ridden off toward the south, down the county road.

He was acting from knowledge—he had been over every foot of the ground. Gilroy was the railway junction at which the Tres Pinos branch left the main line. At the right were the foothills of the Santa Cruz Mountains. A few miles farther on the main line turned sharply westward into the cañon of the Pajaro, where that stream broke through the mountains to the sea. The main wagon road also turned westward along the southern shoulder of the same pass—*el camino real*—at the little-visited San Juan Mission. But the Tres Pinos branch continued south to where the mountains again closed in upon the river. And beyond Tres Pinos ——

He laughed softly to himself. Everything comes to him who waits—true! But to the wise man? To him who knows and plans? Who acquires knowledge in order the more effectively to act? Who includes to-morrow as well as to-day in his foresight? The wise man is he who not only patiently plans his actions but foresees their consequences and nullifies them in advance. He did not desire that everything should come to him. "Everything" might include capture and hanging.

"Each is as much as he knows, and the wise can do anything," says Gracián.

Duncan followed the highway for perhaps two miles, to where a road, ungraded and deep with sand, came down out of the hills along a wash from the west. Into this road he confidently turned. In another quarter of a mile he had come to a tributary gully containing a large pile of brush—evidently orchard and vineyard trimmings that had been tumbled down from above. Here he made a halt.

But the sun was still high and nothing further could be done until night, except in the matter of packing; and not even that could be done in the road. He, therefore, dragged his bicycle across the wash to the opposite hillside, out of sight of chance travelers, unfastened his pack, and went over his supplies, from matches to trouser guards, to make sure he had forgotten nothing. The leather tool bag he now strapped in place on the bicycle, but the remainder of the pack he rolled up and again attached behind the saddle. He then exchanged his flannel shirt and khaki for the madras and blue serge of the morning. He also carefully removed his mustache, stowing away the box in his vest pocket, where he could find it. Nothing remained but to make himself comfortable against a fence post, bring out the Spanish book, and await the coming of night. He had thought of everything.

"Have no careless days," says Gracián.

Two hours and a half elapsed before he deemed it dark enough to complete his preparations. These were of the simplest. Dragging his bicycle back across the wash he laid it on the ground beside the brush pile, along with his

khaki clothes, flannel shirt and canteen, and covered the whole with brush. He then set out on foot for Gilroy. It was not his wish to be seen by anyone in that small town, for he was no longer in disguise and his face might be remembered. He, therefore, cut across the fields to the railroad, so as to avoid passing down the business street, and did not go to the station for a ticket, electing to pay the conductor on the train instead.

The ten minutes that elapsed between his arrival and that of the six-forty north he spent in the shadow of a box car, from which he made a dash for the train when it stopped. He arrived in San Francisco at ten-fifty-five, took a Third Street car to Market, had a sirloin steak at a restaurant, took another car to the Ferry, and eventually found himself in his own room in Oakland.

His preparations were made. Now for action.

II

INSTEAD of starting out again the next morning he did not set forth until evening. Instead of taking a south-bound car he took a northbound. Instead of having with him a suit case he was empty-handed. Instead of finding scarce standing room he found more seats than he could use; the car had as passengers only a few belated clerks and a man with a hard-looking face who might have been a highwayman on his way to his hunting.

Duncan alighted from the car without any slightest tremor of nervousness, passed through the south gate, and boldly swung off up the hill through the campus in a wide detour. To-night he was wearing his own hat. He did not bother to walk in the shadow of the trees. A little later would be time enough for that, when he came within sight of the cottage. He was not afraid of the moonlight. Besides, it looked better to walk boldly.

As he strode up the college paths he took stock of himself to make sure again that he had everything he needed. His cloth cap—he had that in his hip pocket. The pasteboard box containing his mustache lay in his right-hand vest pocket. His bank bills, in a great perpendicular welt over his right breast—he had withdrawn his entire account from the bank that afternoon—he had them. And his gold, also—he carried that in a belt strapped closely about his body. And the other two articles, that were to make the bills and the gold important—he had them, one in each side pocket. A good deal of money to be carrying alone at night! He wondered how long he would have remained alone had his fellow passenger with the hard face suspected his wealth. The idea was amusing. That a desperate highwayman should attempt to harm him, of all men!

The cottage stood a block or so to the south of the campus, facing the east. The easiest way to reach it on a moonlight night like this was from the north, down the shadow of a worm-eaten cypress hedge that surrounded the adjoining vacant property. Duncan had settled all such questions upon his previous visits. He knew the back yards and alleys of the block by heart. Especially did he know the grounds surrounding the cottage, with the hedge back of the house and the great lilac bush beside the walk near the hedge, and the barn in the rear for the horses.

There were, of course, no dogs; Norah never could tolerate dogs. Had there been—that idea amused him, also. Had Norah been different she would not now be living in this isolated cottage with another man.

Duncan found himself standing in the shadow of the cluster of lilacs, near the opening in the hedge through which passed the walk from the house to the barn. The moon was still low; the house itself cast a shadow almost to the hedge. He knew why he was stationed there. His previous vigils had taught him that Crandall visited the barn at half past eight to make sure the horses were comfortable and to lock up.

Apparently the only servants attached to the house were day servants. That, again, would be Norah's idea. He remembered that when he and she were married they had spent their honeymoon apart in just such a cottage. Not a servant on the place all evening! The recollection made him nervous. He had better not think of such matters until later.

Twenty minutes past eight, by his watch. The door might open at any moment now. He stood motionless, alert, tense, like a cat watching a hole for a mouse.

What was that? The sound of a racing motor, quickly throttled off, and voices from in front, followed by footsteps up the front walk, laughter, and other voices. Then the door closed upon the voices and there was again silence. Norah was having visitors. He had not counted on visitors. The game was probably up for the evening. They were not likely to leave for half an hour, at the earliest—too late to harmonize with his carefully considered time-table. He would have to try again to-morrow night. But he did not relax his vigil.

He thought he had heard her voice!

The man behind the lilac bush began thinking again of Norah as he first knew her. But that would not do! Thoughts like that would only compel him to act foolishly. "Never act in a passion," says Gracián. He compelled himself to think of her as he knew her later—the careless, selfish, beautiful light-o'-love who never valued things very long after she possessed them. She knew only too well how madly he loved her. That gave her all the advantage. He had refused her nothing until brought to the edge of ruin by her extravagances.

How clever she had been about deceiving him! Not out of pity for his anguish! Out of prudence! The fear of falling between two stools! She knew how little he had left to give her and set about saving herself—without causing him so much as to suspect her of coolness. But the moment she had safely secured her new man—she had told him, then—suddenly and pitilessly. She had made a pretense of self-justification: She was leaving him because of her great love for another man.

Morality? If it was breaking the moral law for a woman to love a man like that, so much the worse for the moral law. Her husband? For her no husband any longer existed. She had a right to her own happiness. This was a modern age. The right of the individual was paramount—meaning, by the individual, herself.

Duncan gritted his teeth at the remembrance of it all. Very well! The right of the individual should be paramount—meaning, by the individual, himself. His right should be paramount. She would break any law that stood between herself and happiness. Very well! So would he break any law that stood between himself and happiness. The man, first, of course. But both! Breaking one law is no worse than breaking another. His rights were as important as hers.

But why allow himself to become excited over a question that was settled long ago? He regained control of his emotions by refusing to think further of what was past. He would think only of the present and of the future.

He looked at his watch. He would wait still a little while; and then, if the visitors did not leave in time, to-morrow night would do as well as to-night. The moon would be an hour lower in the sky however. He had already waited through several vigils for to-night. The moon was exactly where he wished it to be, to-night. To-morrow night—he pictured to himself how the shadows would lie, with the moon so much farther down behind the house. To-morrow night would do almost as well.

Eight-thirty, forty, forty-five. Ten minutes more would be too late.

What was that? Wasn't that —— Surely it was ——

He listened intently. He must have imagined it. But——

There it was again. Oh, no question now! The sound of laughter and voices, as from behind a suddenly opened door, came to him, and a moment later the sound of footsteps across the front porch and down the steps, and then on down the front walk. He thought that he could even hear the complex click of the closing front door, but he was not sure. He was sure about the receding voices, however, and the flare of the racing exhaust at the curb, and the passing of the machine down the quiet street and into the distance.

He became more alert. The man he was waiting for might come out of the house at any moment now.

How he hated the man! Not passionately, but with a cold and intelligent hatred that had no recedings! It was not that Crandall had a brilliant mind; his mind was very ordinary. It was not that he was good-looking or that he was wealthy—though he was both. There was no element of ignoble personal envy in the matter. He hated him for two searching reasons: First, he hated Crandall because he had stolen away his wife. Second, he hated him because of his patter about spiritual freedom and the life of the soul, and his pose of standing in an advanced moral position.

Advanced moral position! Duncan chuckled grimly at the thought. He had selected an advanced moral position, also—here behind this lilac bush; a position considerably more advanced than Crandall's!

The rear door opened without warning, allowing the light from within the house to fall along the dark walk. But only for an instant. The next moment the shadows were as deep as ever. Duncan counted the footsteps—three slow steps across the wooden flooring of the porch, followed by a pause.

Nerve-racking business, this, of waiting behind a lilac bush for a man! The pause was becoming prolonged. Did Crandall suspect anything? That was impossible, of course. Duncan had foreseen every contingency. He had not waited for wisdom after the fact. The wise see at once what the fool sees at last—as Gracián might have said. Even though the man had been abroad in the grounds he could not have perceived Duncan's careful approach—neither by the sense of sight nor any other! A whiff of the odor of tobacco? The suit he was wearing had been aired for weeks to eliminate all recollections of El Gobernador. And he had been careful not to light a cigar on the way out.

The man on the porch now began descending the steps—one, two, three, four, five. That brought him to the ground. Duncan crouched closer into a hollow of the bush and again began counting his steps down the gravel walk. Between the stoop and the hedge there ought to be seventeen steps. He had gone into all that very carefully on his previous visits. He counted them—one, two, three, four, up to nine—and grasped the implement in his hand more firmly. Ten, eleven, twelve—Crandall was now even with the bush. Thirteen—his broad-shouldered bulk came dimly into sight, with the head towering above into the moonlight. Duncan could have extended his hand and touched him, he was so close. Fourteen, fifteen—and the moonlight fell lower, lighting the selected point upon his back, exactly as Duncan had foreseen.

The response was almost automatic, like that of the hunter with finger upon trigger when his sights fall into line upon the hollow of the shoulder. As the usurper stepped out into the moonlight, Duncan

An Interesting Little Story of Some Kind Lay There in the Sand

slipped forward along the grass, leaped and struck. There was no cry. With a strangled gasp the figure that had been called Crandall pitched forward against the hedge under the impact of the blow and crumpled into a heap on the sod.

Duncan bent over him for a brief moment, straightened up, looked at his watch, placed his hand upon his welt of bills to make sure it had not been dislodged, transferred the contents of his left side pocket to his right, and walked up the path toward the porch.

Then he went into the house.

III

HE IS not master of the future who despises the present. Duncan arrived at the station within fifty seconds of the time he had planned. To-night he realized the importance of minutes—the importance, also, of leisurely coolness. As Gracián says: "For the resourceful there are no accidents; and for the careful, no narrow escapes." He had planned his actions to the tiniest movement of importance, had foreseen everything, had calculated all stresses in advance, allowed himself a definite margin of safety, considered alternatives—overlooked nothing. Even such inconsequential details as trouser guards had been carefully provided. He knew exactly where he stood, what he had to do, how he had to act.

A question suggested itself: Where were his trouser guards? He looked through all his pockets—not there! Could it be possible that he had forgotten them in his room? No matter.

At the station he made no attempt at concealment or disguise, but, after lighting a cigar, openly bought a ticket for San Francisco. Few persons were waiting for the train. It was not unlikely that half of those on the platform would clearly remember seeing him by this time to-morrow night. He desired that they should. That was part of his prearranged plan. For he never for a moment expected that the identity of the slayer would remain in doubt beyond the first two hours after Crandall's servants arrived in the morning.

When the train came in at nine-twenty he threw away his cigar. He was not thinking of the danger he was in, but of a phrase from a book. Gracián speaks of the wisdom that lies in letting things alone. For instance, he was making close connections. Had the train been late—that was one of the unavoidable chances that he took. Such possibilities had to be dismissed from mind. He had clearly seen that his real danger lay in another direction—in the blurring of perspective that would ensue from worry over such possibilities of accident. A man with a disciplined mind will refuse to think of such matters. Worry will not cause a train to arrive on time. It will not even replace a pair of ten-cent trouser guards.

He, therefore, waited reposefully with the crowd, boarded the train, and found a rear seat, as before. And as before he did the things that had to be done and dismissed them from mind. During the run to the Mole he got rid of his hat—not by stuffing it into a convenient R. H. suit case but by whittling it into fragments with his pocket-knife and stuffing these fragments into his coat pocket for later disposal.

He also surreptitiously donned his mustache; so that, although ten or fifteen people might remember seeing him board the train at Berkeley, not one of them would identify him with the young Frenchman in mustache and cap who descended from the train at the Mole. Indeed, at least four or five of them could be counted on to remember seeing him pass through the Ferry concourse to the upper deck of the San Francisco boat.

His plan of escape was flawlessly simple. The police would trace him to the Berkeley station, the Mole, and San Francisco. Here they would lose him. Eventually they would decide he had got away on a sailing vessel before the discovery and would cable the first port of call for his arrest. Then they would lie back and wait. He could not afford to make another blunder like that of the trouser guards however.

The young Frenchman crossed quickly to the ticket window and purchased his ticket. The one thing to be avoided, of course, was to buy to Gilroy. Nor would certain other stations do any better. This was a night train, and he knew that both the brakeman and conductor would particularly mark any passenger intending to get off during their run, so as to make sure he did not oversleep.

The train probably did not change crews until it arrived at San Luis Obispo, nearly two hundred miles beyond Gilroy. San Luis even would not do, for if he bought to that city the conductor would take up his ticket and later might associate it with him. Nor the towns beyond San Luis; they were all so small that a person buying for one of them would by that act alone attract attention at the ticket office—not to speak of the effect such a ticket would have upon the conductor.

He, therefore, bought to Santa Barbara. All such questions he had carefully thought out in advance. The purchase involved a waste of eight or nine dollars, but what of that? He was prepared to waste that many hundreds or even thousands of dollars. He would cheerfully have wasted twenty times nine dollars merely to regain possession of his trouser guards.

The train he was making, the Seashore Express, left almost at once. Duncan pulled his cap down over his eyes and curled up in his seat as if to go to sleep. After the conductor had inspected, punched and returned his ticket, and given him his station check, he did allow himself a nap, for he knew he would not have much rest after midnight.

He awoke as the train was leaving San José at eleven-thirty-five. A little later he went forward to the smoker and lighted another cigar. He wondered what wisdom Gracián would have had for trouser guards, and whether his cache were intact and whether he should not have started from King City. Then he pulled himself together and thought of more profitable things until the train slowed down for Gilroy at twelve-thirty.

He waited until the brakeman in the rear had called the station and left the car to open the vestibule entrance. Then he casually strolled forward to the front platform, closing the car door behind him softly—such a movement as any passenger might make at any time.

The car ahead was a blind baggage. As the train stopped, Duncan raised the hinged trap on the side of the platform opposite from the station, opened the vestibule door, swung off, and disappeared behind a box car on an adjacent sidetrack. His calculations were borne out in every respect. He was not missed, and the open vestibule door was not discovered until the new brakeman came on.

He was, at last, thanks to his intelligent foresight, fairly on his way, with not a clew in the world as to the direction he had taken, or his mode of travel, or his disguise.

Unless, indeed, the forgotten trouser guards supplied the clew.

Strange how he had been so careless as to leave the things! He might have overlooked almost anything else more safely. Trouser guards! That would mean he owned a bicycle. It would mean more—that he was escaping on one. And that meant all the possible roads would be watched. There were not many of them. The road up the Salinas, this road, the Pacheco Pass road, the Niles Cañon road, the Walnut Creek road, and two or three roads north, composed the list of highways.

His intelligence, however, told him that, even so, he was in no great danger. Discovery was not likely until morning. Two hours would have to be given the police to take charge of the cottage, and probably a full half day longer to find the room in Oakland he had been using, with the trouser guards. Then, if they did put two and two together and guess his means of flight, they would argue that he had gone as far as he could by train before taking to the bicycle.

The train he had just left would arrive in Los Angeles at two-twenty. They would argue that if he were on that train he would ride as far as Chatsworth or Burbank at least, and look for him in that region if anywhere. Probably they would not suspect the train at all after learning that no bicycle had been checked on it. Or they might argue just as well that the fact he had left the trouser guards was an indication he was not intending to use them.

Anyhow, he must not allow himself to think such thoughts; they were already blurring his perspective.

It was exactly one-fifteen when he arrived at the cache. He quickly removed the covering of brush, changed his clothes for the khaki suit and flannel shirt of his previous visit, and made a little bonfire, in which—after removing the buttons—he very carefully burned the suit and shirt worn on the train. The buttons he placed in his pocket to be sailed into the fields along the road. Even though no one would ever find the place of the cache, he did not wish to leave them behind in that pile of ashes to worry over. He also burned the fragments of his hat; after which he put out the fire with sand and covered the ashes with brush.

By the time he had tied rope-ends about his ankles, in place of the diabolical articles he had bought for that purpose and then forgotten, it was one-thirty-five. He mounted his bicycle ten minutes later on the county road, passed through Hollister at two-ten, and Tres Pinos, the end of the railroad, at two-fifty. The remainder of his journey lay through a country in which there were no towns—shallow valleys lying with overlapped ends between the crests of alkaline mountains; remote even from ranch houses for most of the distance; south, and still south; then down into the deserted Kettleman Plain; then through the edge of the sand hills into the Tulare Flats, and across the dry bed of the Buena Vista Delta, and

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He No Longer Had Any Fear of the Oakland Police

THE CHEMIST'S CHANCE

Millions in New Motor Fuels—By Forrest Crissey

ONLY a few years ago gasoline was a commercial waif, an industrial foundling without a friendly doorstep that would receive it; to-day it is King of the Road and divides public attention with "war brides" and the other high favorites of the stock ticker. So rapid is the increase in the consumption of gasoline that the questions of new sources of supply and of substitutes for it are beginning to engage the attention of many experts.

Mexico to-day produces a large quantity of a crude oil which is mainly fit for fuel oil. At present it does not produce any appreciable amount of gasoline, speaking in a commercial sense. Even the best of it might be spoken of as decidedly obdurate and hard to break up, as the oil men say. It is true, however, that this oil offers a shining mark for the genius of the chemist and the inventor. It is never safe to set a dead line and say that the inventive genius and the scientific resourcefulness of man will not go beyond that mark. Therefore, it would be unwise to say that a way will not be found to get a profitable yield of gasoline from the Mexican crudes—a yield that will have an appreciable effect on the market.

The Mexican oil fields were just beginning to be exploited and brought into a large producing condition when the revolution broke out. To-day the production is something more than fifty thousand barrels a day—probably between that and seventy-five thousand barrels. What may be developed in oil production in Central and South America is pure guesswork at the present time. That there are several localities in the West which give strong promise of having large supplies of oil is admitted. This is particularly true of Wyoming.

"There are several substitutes for gasoline," a well known authority tells me, "that are giving a fair account of themselves in the way of the economical production of power, but the real problem in the case of a fuel which has to be distilled is that of distribution. The solving of this problem has been one of the greatest successes of the big oil-refining companies of this country. The present efficiency and economy of gasoline distribution are simply marvelous. You can find a supply at every crossroads in the country—almost at every farmhouse—and there is hardly a port into which a motor boat may chance to poke its nose where it will not find a reserve of this fuel awaiting the demand of the consumer."

The Possibilities of Kerosene

"IN CONSIDERING any substitute for gasoline the cost and the completeness of its distribution must come in for careful thought. The element of distribution is most important in any motor fuel that is to be produced and handled in quantities large enough to make any material impression on the general market.

"No doubt there is ultimately some relief to be expected through the use of alcohol, benzol and other fluids, though their use will undoubtedly necessitate certain changes in the carburetors. Probably the real solution of the fuel problem now lies, in part, with the automobile engineer or inventor, who must so perfect the carburetor that, should there be a doubling in the cost of gasoline, he can offer a car which will make double its former mileage. That this is within the bounds of possibility is evidenced by the fact that only five or six years ago the average car traveled only half the distance on a gallon of gasoline which the present car runs.

"In other words, it is a case of efficiency in the plant, and efficiency in transmitting that power to the rear wheels, which has given us the greater mileages in the cars of to-day. Though motors may not grow less powerful, they will probably become smaller in size and of greater efficiency.

"Then, too, the roads are getting better. More than a quarter of a billion dollars has been spent on the improvement of the roads in the United States during the past year. There are now two million two hundred and seventy-three thousand miles of public roads in this country; and as the roads continue to be improved the mileage of motor cars will increase, and not only will their use be made more pleasing but less power will be required to propel them.

"Another important factor in the economy of gasoline is the self-starter. The car without a self-starter always presents the temptation to its operator to let the engine run, in the case of a stop for a short period, in order to save the trouble of cranking. It is impossible to say what has been the annual waste of gasoline through this leak, but it is certainly large. The self-starter does away with this, for when the car is stopped the engine is promptly shut off.

"Some two years ago, when gasoline touched twenty-five cents, officials representing the big refiners stated that if the car makers could utilize the lower grades of gasoline there would be little difficulty about supplying plenty of fuel at a comparatively low price. In the early days it was necessary to have gasoline of seventy-two-degree test; then we began using sixty-eight and sixty-six degrees. Finally the refiners indicated that if they could cut deep enough into the crude they could get a greater quantity of gasoline, and they recommended making plans for using gasoline of fifty-four degrees.

"Nowadays, as a rule, the gasoline in use in automobiles is probably not above fifty-eight or sixty degrees. Kerosene is forty-five degrees; and, though it can be readily used in the present type of automobile motor, it leaves a carbon sediment in the cylinders and emits an odor which, with the great number of cars now in use, would be offensive.

"The fact that kerosene is practically the only substance which enjoys a distribution as universal as that of gasoline suggests looking in this direction for relief. At present, however, there is no way of carbureting kerosene so that it will permit the engine to idle—to continue turning while the car is standing still—and to operate under varying conditions of both load and speed. In other words, kerosene might be successfully used, so far as its combustion is concerned, if the speed or load were a fixed and definite quantity; but in the operation of an automobile both these factors are necessarily variable, and this condition means that the combustion of the kerosene must be imperfect.

"Of course more power can be obtained from burning kerosene than gasoline. The possibilities of kerosene as a motor fuel are being more seriously and thoroughly considered to-day than ever before; but it is granted that there would still be serious objections to its use in pleasure cars if the motor and carburetor builders were able to make improvements that would insure satisfactory combustion under varying conditions."

Inquiries among automobile engineers and chemical engineers, carrying on serious research work in connection with automobile fuels intended to serve as substitutes for gasoline, are rich in reminders of the old adage that doctors disagree. Only on two points do they appear to stand on common ground. They are generally inclined to admit that the inventive resources of these two professions are able to meet the situation created by the common conviction that gasoline is bound to climb in price, and they are evidently agreed that this situation will be met by obtaining a larger percentage of motor fuel from crude petroleum than is now obtained, and by great improvements in the construction of motor engines and carburetors, so that a given quantity of fuel will do a far greater amount of work than under present conditions.

An American chemist who has done extensive research work in petroleum and its products, and has had uncommon opportunities for the past three years to study the production and use of substitutes for gasoline in England, on the Continent and in Russia, says that in his opinion improved methods are coming for handling petroleum that will yield a percentage of gasoline or motor spirits not now approximated.

Alcohol as a Substitute for Gasoline

ACCORDING to this expert it is doubtful that a yield of more than twenty per cent of gasoline is secured from the most favorable types of crude under the most successful methods of distillation now employed on a large scale. It is his conviction, however, that the near future will see more than three times that percentage of yield without any reduction in the efficiency of the product. This prediction, he declares, is based on actual results secured in a small distillation plant in England. This plant was commandeered by the British Government, at the outbreak of hostilities, for the manufacture of the aromatic hydrocarbons needed in the making of high explosives.

"So long as the war continues," this expert adds, "it is idle to expect benzol to furnish any relief. Price alone eliminates it from competition with gasoline. In England it pays a tax of sixpence a gallon. It is now used in the manufacture of synthetic carbolic acid, which is refined into picric acid; and that, in turn, enters into the making of explosive cordite. Then, too, it has its distinct disadvantages for cold-weather use. The difficulty of starting with it at a low temperature would make it a poor fuel for use in the northern section of the United States.

"Alcohol as a substitute for gasoline or motor spirits also has its serious objections. A cardinal fault with it is that it is not sufficiently flexible to give general satisfaction. Another is the difficulties of a legal and official sort surrounding its manufacture and sale. The laws in Great Britain and the United States regulating the making and distribution of alcohol are so complex and exacting that comparatively few would care to undertake the business. The restrictions would be so hampering that, even if it were a highly desirable fuel, it could hardly, as I see it, be depended on to give much relief. The English motor fuel I have referred to has a lower initial flash point and

boiling point than has ordinary gasoline, while its final boiling point is higher. In other words, it has greater power and speed.

"The situation is simply this: We are going to get much—very much—more gasoline or motor spirits out of petroleum than we have been getting in the past."

Remarkable results in the "cracking" of oils and the securing of high yields from kerosene and road oil are accredited by the chemical journals and societies to another chemist, whose researches in this line have been elaborate. Rumors of what has been achieved in his laboratories have occasionally reached the oil-refining and the motor-building world; but a statement made by the chief of the laboratories under him goes far to confirm the expectations of those who look for a much larger yield of gasoline from the crude.

"There is no question," says this chemist, "that chemical and engineering talent is equal to the task of keeping the price of a good motor fuel that is universally acceptable down to a point where it will impose no serious handicap on the development of the automobile industry. These are precisely the sources from which relief is to come. At the present time we are turning out about a thousand gallons of gasoline a day. An ordinary still of the old type will handle about a thousand barrels a day; and, since they are operated in batteries of forty, the usual production of a distillery is forty thousand barrels a day.

"The big point about the process, as it affects the ultimate production of gasoline, is this: We are able to take any fraction of the crude heavier than gasoline—from kerosene clear down to coke—and get a percentage of gasoline from it. From kerosene alone we get from fifty to fifty-five per cent of gasoline.

"The first step with a crude oil is to strip it of the natural gasoline. We get, say, thirty per cent of that. This leaves seventy per cent of the original oil, and from this seventy per cent we get from fifty-five to sixty per cent of gasoline; which makes a total of, say, seventy-two per cent from the whole thing.

"The ordinary procedure is to strip the gasoline, strip the kerosene, take out the lubricating oil, and then combine the kerosene and gas oil, and 'crack' them together.

"The process to which I refer is not the only one that has already been perfected to a high point. It is possible that one or two others show almost equal yields, and almost equal ability not only to break up the heavier fractions of the average crude petroleum but also to crack a high yield of gasoline out of decidedly obdurate types of crude. The proposition comes down to this: We have crudes that yield more or less gasoline as distilled by ordinary methods. That from the Illinois field yields probably the largest percentage—say, twenty-five per cent—of modern gasoline.

"Gasoline to-day is not, it should be remembered, the same as the gasoline of five years ago. You cannot buy that high-test stuff now except at a high price. It has come down to a test of from sixty-five to fifty-four. The oil men cut in everything they can. The Kansas fields give a crude that yields in the neighborhood of seventeen per cent and, therefore, pays to run for gasoline. Texas and Mexican oils are much lower. A few Texas oils give fairly good yields; but the Mexicans run very low, sometimes as low as four or five per cent.

"I cannot doubt that the researches and improvements now under way spell a doubling in the yield of gasoline obtainable from the available supply of crude. This estimate of the advance in methods of oil cracking is, I believe, more than conservative. A radical improvement in petroleum-distillation methods, made and put into extensive operation about two years ago, did much to reduce the price of gasoline—which was then as high as it is now—and it appears that relief will again come from this scientific advance in distillation methods, coupled with a corresponding progress in the designing and building of automobiles, their motors and their working parts.

"And it must be admitted that motor-car engineers have met many difficult problems—like the constantly lowering test of commercial gasoline—and have kept pace with the demands of the hour."

In regard to alcohol as a motor-fuel substitute for gasoline, an engineer who has made specially searching investigations in this field says:

"I am not a rabid exponent of the use of alcohol in automobiles; but the largest alcohol-producing plant in the world is now being put up in Baltimore, where it will receive at tidewater ship cargoes of cheap molasses direct from the West Indies. Here, again, the war comes in and

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EGGSHELL

By ROLAND PERTWEE

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

In a Futile Effort to Save the Plate Lord Louis' Stick Fell Upon the Largest Fragment

THERE is no gainsaying the fact that Simon Caleb, dealer in curios and porcelain, of the city of Bristol, was a very unpopular man. His business methods were unscrupulous, not to say slim, and were freely denounced by his fellow craftsmen. His unpopularity was heightened by the fact that he was uncommonly lucky in the purchases he made and their subsequent marketing.

Thus, when it became known that Simon had bought an eggshell plate of the very finest quality and decoration, and had bought it from an aged cottager for the price of sixpence, public opinion ran very high indeed. Sympathy for the cottager was to be heard on every side and the number of dealers who called at Simon's shop to find out the invalid's address was quite remarkable.

Simon, however, preserved a reticence on the subject and their solicitations came to naught.

The only person who succeeded in ascertaining it was Mr. Palliser, of Palliser & Tonge, and the knowledge came to him without resorting to Simon's premises. Mr. Palliser lost no time in paying a call upon the bedridden old lady and brightened up her declining days by describing to what extent she had been imposed upon. He even went so far as to intimate his willingness to buy any similar trifle she might possess at its true value—namely, half a crown.

But Simon had looked to it that no other valuable had escaped his vigilant eye; and, beyond an old luster teapot with a broken spout, a mustache cup bearing a picture of the pier at Weston-super-Mare, and an assortment of cheap plates from a neighboring oil shop, nothing of interest remained.

Mr. Palliser hid his chagrin as best he might and, deprecating the idea of purchasing the mustache cup, demanded to know the origin of the eggshell plate.

The invalid's mind was not very clear upon the subject, but she hazarded the belief that her niece had acquired the plate while in service. When or how this had taken place she was unable to answer; and, the niece being dead, Palliser's chances of discovering its antecedents were fairly remote. Consequently, after a few expressions of sympathy over his hostess' unhappy ailment, he took his departure.

Having been commissioned by Lord Louis Lewis, the well-known connoisseur, to buy eggshell porcelain, Mr. Palliser was not unnaturally aggrieved that this particular specimen should have escaped him.

He thereupon conceived a plan to induce Simon Caleb to enter into a partnership with him for the purpose of negotiating the plate to their mutual advantage. With this end in view he called upon Simon and asked permission to examine the plate.

"What for?" asked Simon.

"If it's genuine I might find you a customer," he said.

"I can find all the customers I want without any help from you," was the rejoinder.

However, he produced the plate and Palliser purred his admiration over it.

"Remarkable," he said. "Quite remarkable! The odd thing is that it's the dead spit of a plate I've got at home—though mine isn't genuine," he added. "How much are you going to ask for it?"

"Four hundred pounds."

"I doubt if it's worth that," said Palliser.

"I shall keep it until I get my price," said Simon.

"You'll keep it forever then," replied Palliser.

"Will I?" said Simon. "Lord Louis Lewis would buy it like a shot."

Palliser frowned.

"Lord Louis only buys through me," he said.

"He would make an exception if he saw this plate," said Simon.

"He wouldn't," said Palliser. "I've got a tight contract with him. It would be to your advantage to let me have it for a couple of hundred."

Simon Caleb extended a hand.

"You are out of this deal," he said. "I only showed you the thing to make your mouth water. Besides, where'd you raise a couple of hundred, I should like to know? I was told that the Official Receiver was in at your place."

"Who said so?" asked Palliser quickly.

Simon grinned.

"Never you mind," he said. "Hand me back the plate."

Palliser backed a pace.

"You won't let me into the deal then?" he said.

"No," said Simon emphatically. "What's the good of dividing profits when you can get them all?"

"A pity!" said Palliser. "A great pity!"

Then, for a man who was presumably accustomed to the handling of delicate ware, Mr. Palliser did a strange thing. He dropped the eggshell plate; and, so that there should be no doubt whatsoever as to the result, he dropped it upon a slab of green malachite marble reposing conveniently on the floor of the shop.

One of the peculiarities of eggshell china is its inability to withstand the shock of a fall and at the same time preserve its original outlines. This plate proved no exception to the rule. What a moment before had been a single piece of rare quality, now, by the process of contact, had become a matter of sixty fragments of varying shapes and sizes. To a devotee of jig-saw puzzles the task of reuniting these would have been of exceptional interest.

One would imagine that the loss of such an *objet d'art* would have excited these gentry to a display of emotion. This, however, was not the case. From an æsthetic point of view neither was in the least moved, the truth being that their admiration for a thing of beauty was measured entirely by its marketable value. Palliser was the first to break the silence.

"My!" he said. "However did I come to do that?"

"On purpose," said Simon, and reached across for an invoice form.

"What are you going to do about it?" asked Palliser.

Simon dipped his pen into the ink and wiped it on the inside of his coat sleeve.

"Make you out a bill for four hundred pounds," he replied.

"I haven't got any money," said Palliser. "I'm on the verge of bankruptcy. You wouldn't realize sixpence in the pound."

Simon regarded him through narrowing lids.

"Palliser," he said, "you are a dirty rat!—a dirty dog in the manger!"

"You would never have got four hundred for it," said Palliser irrelevantly. "But there is no reason why we shouldn't both make a bit now."

Simon Caleb picked up a heavily carved Maori whip handle and emerged from behind the counter to do violence against the person of Mr. Palliser.

There Followed a Period of Haggling as to the Division of Spoils

"Don't be a fool!" said Palliser, backing toward the door. "Don't be a fool! I had the very best reason for breaking that plate."

"Not such a good one as mine for breaking your head," said Simon; and he made a sweep with his weapon, greatly endangering the safety of an Oriental bowl in the near vicinity.

Palliser realized that his bodily safety was by no means assured. Being a man of resource, he threw his arms about a tall glass case in which the rarer specimens of Simon's collection were exhibited.

"Touch me," said he, "and I'll push the lot over."

Simon hesitated. He was fully aware that Palliser would not hesitate to commit this further depredation; and, much as he desired to attack him, the contents of that case represented a great deal of invested capital. Its journey to the floor would inevitably result in a severe financial loss. Moreover, he was uncertain to what extent the law would support his act of violence.

Palliser, as a keen psychologist, followed to a nicety the workings of his adversary's mind. He also appreciated the value of his present position and determined not to relax his hold until a satisfactory understanding had been reached.

"Why did you drop the plate?" asked Simon impotently.

"Business," Palliser replied. "Business! Even at Christie's it never would have fetched two hundred."

"Lord Louis would have paid four and been glad to," said Simon.

"Even if he had," replied Palliser, "you would have got only half for yourself. He is a funny chap, Lord Louis is; he always insists that the original owner shares the profits. You would have had to split the check with that precious old lady you swindled."

Simon smiled.

"Do you think I would have been such a fool as to let him know where it came from?" he said.

"If you hadn't I should," said Palliser. "So, you see, two hundred is the outside you would have touched. Now if you will let me into the deal we can both do very nicely for ourselves."

"Why didn't you say so before," said Simon, "instead of breaking the thing like a damfool?"

Palliser grinned in an unlovely fashion.

"It'll be worth more to us broken than whole," he said.

"Us!" said Simon quickly.

"Us," replied Palliser. "We'll form a nice quiet little partnership and divide all profits."

"I bought the plate and it belongs to me," said Simon.

"Very well then," said Palliser with dignity. "You stick the bits together and sell it for whatever you can get for it."

Simon bit his lower lip thoughtfully. Then he turned and regarded the broken pieces of the eggshell plate, which littered the floor.

"It's a bargain!" he said. "Give me threepence for half the capital I laid out and let's hear what you've got to say."

Palliser released his hold upon the glass case and stepped boldly into the open.

"Now you are talking," he said. "Shall we go into the parlor and discuss it quietly over a glass of whisky? We had better pick up those bits first though."

When all the fragments had been carefully collected and placed in a quarto envelope Simon led the way to the dusty little parlor behind the shop.

"First of all," said Palliser, drawing up a chair near the fire, "here is my threepence."

Simon transferred the coins to his own pocket without comment while Palliser helped himself to a glass of whisky and water.

"Now for it," he said.

The outline of the plan Palliser proceeded to sketch was remarkable at once for its simplicity, neatness and entire lack of moral scruple.

Briefly it was as follows: As previously stated, Palliser was possessed of an imitation eggshell plate similar to, but not identical with, the one whose destruction he had so recently encompassed. Viewed in a half light, by a short-sighted person, the substitute might well be mistaken for the genuine article. On these conditions the success of Palliser's scheme was hinged.

Lord Louis Lewis, though an excellent connoisseur, was unhappily afflicted with very indifferent vision. True, this defect was easily remedied by the use of thick crystal glasses; but these glasses were of a variety that detracted in no small measure from the appearance of the wearer. On this point Lord Louis was disposed to be sensitive and wore them only when actually required. Thus, should an object unexpectedly be thrust into his hands, one might reasonably expect a certain lapse of time to occur before his lordship would be in a position to bring to bear his critical capacity.

"Look here," said Simon. "What's all this leading up to?"

"This," said Palliser. "I'll go and see Lord Louis, tell him you have a bit of eggshell of the first quality, for which you want five hundred pounds."

"Five hundred!" said Simon.

"That's it," said Palliser. "Then I'll bring him along to have a look at it after tea—twilight. D' y' see? Before he has got his glasses on you'll give him the plate—my plate. On the under side of it we'll have fixed a bit of fine silk, the other end of which you'll hold. While his lordship is fumbling for his specs you will give the silk a pull—and down comes the plate! Do it neat and he'll never know it wasn't his own fault."

Simon glared.

"What a game!" he said. "You've only got one idea—to break everything."

"When a man breaks a thing," said Palliser, "it is up to him to buy it—that is, of course," he added hurriedly, "provided he has the cash."

"Palliser," said Simon, "you are a fool! Do you think he'd pay five hundred for breaking a rotten fake that isn't worth half a dollar? Do you think he wouldn't want to take the pieces home and look 'em over?"

"You are forgetting the genuine one we packed in the envelope a minute ago," said Palliser sweetly. "It oughtn't to be difficult to change the pieces of the plate he broke for the real one. See the idea?"

"I am beginning to," said Simon; then in a tone of admiration: "There is no getting away from it, Palliser—you are a man of ideas!"

Palliser rubbed his bony knuckles and Simon poured out two stiff whiskies with a generosity that rarely characterized his actions.

Under the influence of the spirits the plan was discussed from every aspect. The minutest details were sandpapered to such a fine surface as to admit no possibility of failure. It was decided that after the plate had been given to Lord Louis he should be asked to switch on the light. This would insure that he held it by one hand only. The piece of silk was to be substituted by a fine catgut fishing cast, less likely to tangle or break. One end of this was to be affixed to the rim of the plate by a seal of white wax. Simon's task was to pull the cast at the psychological moment.

There followed a period of haggling as to the division of spoils. Palliser stoutly adhered to his original claim for half, which, in view of the fact that nothing could be achieved without the duplicate plate, Simon was forced to accept. An agreement was duly drawn up to that effect, to which they both affixed their signatures. This document was red-sealed by further inroads on the whisky decanter.

It was long after midnight before Palliser bade good night to Simon Caleb, and the occasion, regarded in comparison with their previous relationship, was a memorable one. Simon's arm was about Palliser's neck, and the words they employed were blurred by emotion and mutual regard.

At four-thirty on the following afternoon Palliser presented himself at Lord Louis' abode.

His lordship resided in the most select part of Clifton, his home being situated halfway between the suspension bridge and the Zoölogical Gardens. Here, day and night, the voices of civilization and those of the wild were commingled with the tune of motors' sirens and the roaring of lions.

Lord Louis Lewis embodied all the virtues an English peer should possess. His appearance was aristocratic, his voice well modulated, and his manner suave and engaging. Upon occasion he was able to assert authority with a firmness that lacked nothing from the discreet way in which he exercised it.

His response to Palliser's inquiries as to how he did was courteous though not effusive.

"Very well, I thank you," he said. "Do I gather from your presence that you have found something likely to interest me?"

"I have indeed," replied Palliser. "There is a bit of china downtown that I am sure your lordship would be glad to have."

"Eggshell?" asked Lord Louis.

"Of the very finest quality," said Palliser. "A plate," he added; "and the decoration is some of the best I have ever seen."

From his waistcoat pocket Lord Louis produced his spectacle case.

"Let me see it," he was pleased to remark.

"Unfortunately," said Palliser, "that's just what I can't do. The plate is down at Simon Caleb's. It was left to him by an uncle who died a few days ago."

This falsehood was inspired by Lord Louis' irritating curiosity as to the origin of his purchases. They had congratulated themselves that this bereavement would prove an admirable blind.

Lord Louis clicked his tongue sympathetically.

"And you think this plate would attract me," he said.

"I know it would," said Palliser. "The two shades of gilding alone are worth the money, and, held up to the light ——"

Lord Louis broke in.

"You have omitted to mention the price," he said.

"Five hundred is what he asked," said Palliser, clearing his throat.

His lordship raised his eyebrows.

"A high figure!" he remarked. "It must, indeed, be a remarkable piece to justify such a demand. Perhaps Mr. Caleb would be prepared to accept less."

Palliser shook his head dubiously.

"Caleb is a funny man," he said. "Cute, mind you, but, if you understand me, funny."

"A rare combination," remarked Lord Louis.

"It is," said Palliser deferentially. "I don't know whether your lordship is free this afternoon, but if so perhaps you would care to take a look at it."

Lord Louis glanced at his watch.

"I had an appointment," he said, "but it is immaterial. If you will wait until I have made a telephone call I shall be pleased to accompany you. Those Egyptian cigarettes in the porphyry casket might claim your attention. I have them especially imported from Istmalia."

"Oh, thank you—thanks!" said Palliser. "I don't mind if I do."

When the door had closed behind Lord Louis, Palliser drew a sigh of satisfaction. He helped himself to a cigarette, which he lit with a match taken from a small stand of Chinese jade. So excellent a smoke did this prove that he was fain to replenish his own case from Lord Louis' abundant store.

Things were proceeding admirably for the firm of Palliser & Caleb. Already he felt that his share of the spoils was crisping in his pocket.

He rose to his feet as Lord Louis, carrying gloves and a cane, reëntered the apartment. An invitation to take a glass of wine before starting was received with a respect that an acquaintance with his lordship's cellar justly inspired. The journey to Simon's shop was improved by a pleasant discussion upon the qualities of the old Madeira so recently enjoyed.

Simon Caleb was standing behind his counter when they arrived and Palliser greeted him warmly.

"This is Mr. Caleb, your lordship," he said. "Simon, here is Lord Louis Lewis, who kindly wants to have a look at that eggshell plate."

"Mr. Palliser informs me that it is a very rare specimen," said Lord Louis after favoring Simon with a very gracious inclination of the head.

"And so it is," said Simon; "but I haven't made up my mind that I want to sell it."

"In which respect you are not peculiar," said Lord Louis. "I have yet to meet the dealer who did not preface a sale with precisely that remark."

The unexpected nature of this comment temporarily deprived Simon of a fitting rejoinder.

"Come, come, your lordship," said Palliser; "that's hardly fair. You forget this plate is a sort of heirloom—been in the family for fifty years. Mr. Caleb, here, was very fond of his poor uncle. Isn't that right, Simon?"

Below the level of the counter Simon was winding a small piece of catgut round the first finger of his left hand.

"He was always good to me," he said with growing sentiment—"always; and that's where it is. Still, there'd be no harm in your having a look, would there?"

Lord Louis tucked his Malacca cane under his right arm and placed his gloves upon the counter.

"That is the precise purpose of my visit," he said.

Simon stooped and took the plate from a shelf beneath him. He was careful to hold it at the exact spot where the gut cast had been sealed to the rim.

"Here you are then," said he, and drew a deep breath for the coming ordeal.

Lord Louis Lewis took the plate in his right hand, holding it lightly, as such delicate ware demands.

"It feels a trifle heavy," he remarked, balancing it on the tips of his fingers. "I'll just put on my glasses."

"Very dark in here," said Palliser, who had joined Simon behind the counter.

"There is a switch at your elbow, my lord," said Simon, indicating the spot.

"Let me ——" said Palliser.

"Pray do not disturb yourself," Lord Louis remarked. "I can manage very well myself."

He took a step toward the switch, the plate perilously poised upon the extreme tips of his fingers. Immediately beneath his hand was the slab of green malachite upon which the genuine plate had met its fate. Beyond question the moment had arrived. Lord Louis had no sooner laid his hand upon the electric switch than Simon gave the cast a short but determined pull, at the same time releasing it at his end so that the fall should be undisturbed.

In a futile effort to save the plate Lord Louis' stick fell from beneath his arm and alighted, head downward, upon the largest fragment. This added shock caused a shower of splinters to rise into the air and descend again over his lordship's boots and thence to the floor.

"What have you done? What have you done?" yelled Simon, groveling out through the flap-covered opening of the counter.

Lord Louis, after his violent effort to avert the disaster, immediately regained his dignity and raised himself to his full height.

"I cannot account for the accident in any way," he said. "It seemed to me as though the plate moved in my hand."

Simon was distraught. "A fine thing," he moaned, "to go smashing about like that."

"Very unlucky!" said Palliser, who on hands and knees was dragging the floor for the telltale cast, which by good fortune he found almost at once. "Most unlucky!"

And rising to his feet he placed his find, which during the fall had severed its connection with the plate, into a large brass bowl near at hand.

"How did you come to do it?" said Simon, his voice rising to a shrill wail.

"I have said," replied Lord Louis, "that I am unable to account for the accident."

"You will have to!" said Simon, emphasizing his words by a blow on the counter. "You'll have to account for it—every penny—whether you want to or not."

Lord Louis raised his hand in a gesture commanding silence.

"I think," he said, "you forget the respect due to my station. Mr. Palliser will assure you that I am the last man in the world who would permit your loss to go unindemnified. Please do not address me again with such a lack of restraint."

"Well," said Simon, slightly mollified, "if your lordship speaks so fair I am sure I apologize for giving offense."

"Then," said Lord Louis, "be so good as to collect those pieces and give them to me. If, after inspection, I find them to be of the first quality I shall be pleased to pay any reasonable claim you may advance."

"I was going to ask five hundred for it," said Simon.

"The circumstances being as they are," said Lord Louis, "I am in no position to offer any comment."

"Simon," said Palliser, "take his lordship into the parlor. I'll make a parcel of these pieces, my lord, as perhaps you'd like to look them over at home."

"That will suit me very well," said Lord Louis "especially as I have omitted to bring my check book."

Simon led the way into the parlor. Here he exerted himself to the utmost to reduce the effect of his recent outburst.

"I don't know," he said, "what your lordship will think of me for speaking in the way I did."

"I realize that your words were inspired by the heat of the moment," said Lord Louis. "At the same time it is well to guard against too vigorous expression before one has fully grasped the perspective of a situation."

"That's so," said Simon.

"These crises," proceeded the peer, "are sent to test our powers of self-control."

"Well, I must say," said Simon with warmth, "your lordship's behavior is more than anyone could have bargained for. You take a loss of five hundred pounds without turning a hair."

"It is nothing," said Lord Louis, pinching the knot of his cravat.

At this moment Palliser returned with a packet containing the broken pieces of the genuine plate. The substitute had by this time been carefully secreted under the counter.

Lord Louis took the parcel and departed. He had arranged, the next day being Sunday, that Palliser and Simon should call for their check on Monday morning. Despite his outward calm he was by no means satisfied that the accident was fortuitous. His sensitive finger tips had been conscious of a sensation of liveliness on the part of the plate, as though it moved of its own accord. That this feeling was the result of imagination he was bound to believe. He was quite by himself at the time of the accident; the nearest of the two dealers was well over six feet away. And yet

Then, again, the price was very high. Even assuming the plate to have been of the finest quality, five hundred pounds was a great deal to pay.

There is, however, a bright side to everything; and what Lord Louis lacked in gayety was more than counterbalanced by the satisfaction experienced by the firm of Palliser & Caleb. From start to finish no single hitch had occurred to mar the complete success of their operations.

Arrived at his home Lord Louis partook of a modest repast; and after a glass of light port and a couple of walnuts he proceeded to reassemble the pieces of the broken plate. With the aid of a strong adhesive and an infinite fund of patience the difficult task was completed. It was, indeed, a beautiful example of porcelain—and yet, strangely enough, familiar. Somewhere he had seen this plate before. He knew it well, every detail of it—that girl riding upon the ass; the grotesque male figure with the porcupine beard; the two shades of gilding in the vine pattern encircling the rim.

There was no room for doubt—this plate was one which had been stolen from his own collection some twelve years before. Yet Simon had said that it had belonged to his uncle, who had treasured it for half a century. That was odd.

Then, in a flash, a long-disused cell in Lord Louis' brain woke, and he knew, if this was indeed his plate, there would be a series of small pinholes on the back in much the same formation as the constellation of Cassiopeia.

He reversed the plate and there were the pinholes, just as he remembered them.

Lord Louis had always accounted for the disappearance of the plate by the theory that one of the maidservants had broken it, and, rather than confess her carelessness, had hidden all traces of what had occurred by throwing away the pieces. The possibility of theft had never crossed his generous mind. In the light of recent events, however, he decided to ask his housekeeper what servants had been living at the house when the loss was discovered.

He rang the bell and commanded the man who answered it to summon Mrs. Swan, to whom he at once put the question. Mrs. Swan pursed her lips in thought.

"I couldn't exactly say," she said—"not without looking at my book."

When the book was forthcoming it was ascertained that a maid named Ann Minter had left their employ, through ill health, a few days after the plate had been found missing. She was a Bristol girl and had given her aunt's address when writing for a character.

Lord Louis made a note of the address, thanked Mrs. Swan, and sallied forth to pay a late call upon Ann Minter's aunt. He was somewhat embarrassed at finding the lady in bed and suffering from acute phthisis; so he lost no time in explaining the object of his visit. Removing the wrapping he held up the plate for her inspection, at the same time asking whether she had ever seen it before.

Mrs. Minter confessed she had, adding that she had sold it to a dealer some four days previously for the sum of sixpence. Lord Louis received this news with just indignation. He inquired after the niece and was further distressed to hear of her premature demise. Having left a sovereign upon the invalid's counterpane he bade her farewell.

One thing was evident—Simon Caleb was not above practicing deception. He had willfully misrepresented the true origin of the plate and had imposed upon the previous owner with a shameful disregard for honesty. Even though circumstances should compel him to write Simon Caleb a check for five hundred pounds, Lord Louis determined that half that sum should be made over to the old lady.

Having arrived at this resolve he dismissed the subject from his thoughts and directed his footsteps toward the Conservative Club, where he played two hundred up at billiards with a casual acquaintance. Incidentally this person was also a lover of Oriental porcelain. It was during the course of this game that another link was forged in the chain of evidence against Simon Caleb and his partner.

Refusing to make use of the long rest, Lord Louis was sprawling over the table to accomplish a difficult shot, the whole of his body, with the exception of his feet, being disposed upon the green cloth. At the critical moment, before the stroke was made, he experienced a sharp pain just above his right ankle. The company being male, Lord Louis permitted himself the luxury of a small license in speech.

"Anything the matter?" demanded the friend.

"Something pricked me," said Lord Louis.

He swung round to a sitting posture and bared his leg, to find that he was bleeding from a small but jagged cut.

Lord Louis Held Up the Plate, Asking Whether She Had Ever Seen It Before

(Continued on Page 65)

QUICKENING THE PULSE

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

The President Was Applauded by the Hand-Picked Contingent, But He Was Cheered by the Free-for-All Crowds

"SAY," said a Kansas man—real Kansas man, prosperous, patriotic, but perplexed—"what's all this talk about preparedness, anyhow?"

"Tell me," said an Iowa man, also prosperous, also patriotic, and also perplexed, "what's the answer to this clamor about a bigger navy and a bigger army, and all that sort of thing?"

"I wish you would explain to me," said a Wisconsin man, equally prosperous, patriotic and perplexed, "why it is necessary to do all these things they say are so imperative now."

Then they talked, and here compositely is what they said, and here, compositely also, is expressed the very general frame of mind in that great American territory we call the Middle West, for the man in Kansas and Iowa and Wisconsin holds about the same ideas as the man in Nebraska and Indiana and Ohio, and all up and down the Mississippi Valley, which is the great debatable political ground of this nation:

"They've got a war in Europe. It has been going on since July a year ago. Some day we'll know why it happened at that particular time, but we've always known it was likely to happen at any time for twenty years back. Every intelligent man out here has had the knowledge that sooner or later there would be a European war. What else was all that military and naval preparation for? Well, if we knew it out here, why wasn't it reasonable to suppose that they knew it in Washington?

"The thing we can't make out is why, if they knew it, as they should have known it, there wasn't enough prevision in that crowd to consider what part this country would have to play when that war came. And another thing we can't make out is what they have been doing down there all this time.

"We have been sending men to Congress right along, and Lord knows they have been spending enough money; and they have fed us up with the idea that we had the second greatest navy in the world. Every time they launched a battleship we saw pieces and pictures in the papers that this was 'the greatest fighting machine in the world.' Every time they had target practice they told us our gunners couldn't miss. They boasted about our submarines and our torpedoes, and our this and that, and yelled about the superiority of our jackies and our marines till we sat back here and considered that we had the best there was, bar England possibly, and felt we might give England a good, stiff tussle. Why, only this morning I read in the papers about the loss of the United States naval code book out in California. 'Finest naval code in the world' it said."

Victims of Misplaced Confidence

"WE NEVER grudged those men in Congress the money or made any particular inquiry into how they were spending it, but were serene and contented, thinking that while our army was good, so far as it went, we had a crackajack navy, and that it would be some job for any other nation to get an attacking force across the ocean and on our shores.

"Then comes this European war; and all of a sudden they begin to howl at us that we must be prepared. Well, why ain't we prepared? What's Congress been doing? What is all this stuff about our navy being second that we have been reading in the papers? How about those finest fighting machines, those submarines we invented, those torpedoes we invented, and all that? How about that man—I forget his name—who went before a committee in Congress the other day and said somebody has invented a net to catch torpedoes that makes our ships positively safe—finest torpedo net in the world! How about it?

"They have fed us on this sort of stuff. Naturally out here we don't know much about ships except what we read. We never see any battleships or destroyers, or any of that sort of fighting gear. But we've been sitting back comfortable and contented, thinking we were in pretty fair shape; and then one day—bing!—along comes the President and tells us that our navy, instead of being second among the navies of the world, is only a measly fourth. Well, why? Why isn't it second? Who's to blame? We're puzzled to know. What have these men we've been sending down to Congress been doing? Whose fault is it? Not ours! We've never kicked on the expense, but have paid our taxes, and sent our men to Washington, and felt sure they were taking care of us.

"They can't blame us if we wonder whether we were fooled in the first instance or are being fooled now. It sort of shocked us when they began howling that instead of having a first-class navy we had only a lot of tubs, and not enough powder or men, and a collection of nonsinkable submarines, and no auxiliaries to speak of. We had been led to think we were in pretty fair shape, with everything—ships, men, gunnery, and so on—the 'finest in the world,' so far as they went; and that they went quite a way.

"To put it the way we'd talk it in the street, we feel that we have been bunked by these professional politicians down at Washington. We were busy with our stores and our crops and our own domestic problems, and we left it to them to see that we were in good shape, both on sea and on land. Apparently they haven't done it if all this talk is true; and the reckoning for that is in our hands.

"Now don't make any mistake about our people out here. All this talk about our being against anything that is American and for America is rot. You'll find that the Middle West will come right to taw whenever coming to taw is necessary; but they have got to show us. If what is said is true, and probably it is, we've been pretty badly humbugged by Congress and the rest of them on this business. It sort of puzzles and surprises us that the men we sent down to take care of these things for us haven't taken care of us, and have thrown a lot of dust in our eyes by their boasting and loud talk about our superiority. It hurts our pride. No man likes to be flimflammed and then told about it.

"That's about the way the Middle West feels. We are sort of skeptical about it. And why not? We felt that on the sea, at least—and we had been led to feel—we were pretty safe; and now they tell us we are a poor fourth and getting worse all the time. We don't like it. We are ready to help make the situation better; but, having been fooled once and for a long time, we want to know this time that we shall get what they say we'll get, and not wake up in ten or twenty years and find that they have fooled us again. Missouri has no monopoly on that show-me demand. That is the attitude of the entire Middle West."

Well, can you blame them? A navy, to the bulk of the people in the Middle West, has always been a defensive instrument to be read about and discussed, but rarely seen. The great mass of the people in that territory do not get to the seaboard. The majority of them never saw a battleship. They have depended on the slush in the newspapers about the world-beating efficiency of ships and men, and have been satisfied that all was well. Naturally when the tremendous pother over preparedness, both on land and sea, began they looked at it as another political dodge; and this was shrewdly fostered by the professional pacifists, who spread the word through the entire country that the real sponsors for the preparedness movement were the plutocrats who would profit by the making and sale of armor plate and guns and munitions, and all sorts of things.

They had been attending to their business, and they expected that the men to whom they had delegated the nation's business had been attending to that. Suddenly it is howled at them from every quarter that the whole affair is a fraud; that this great country of theirs, which they patriotically and proudly, even if mistakenly, think can whip all creation, cannot whip even a little sector of creation, and they resent the attitude in which they find the republic and suspect the motives of those who have thus shattered their pride and their security.

No one of lesser degree than the President could have brought the real situation home to them. They wouldn't have believed any other person, and hadn't; but they believed the President. They listened, almost resentfully at first, to his statement of actual national conditions; for even the President, in the beginning, was at difficulties in making them understand. They were puzzled. As soon as they did understand, as soon as it was clear to them that the President was in earnest, they rallied to him with cheers. They are Americans, those people of the Middle West, and they are very largely for America. They have as yet no very clear understanding of what definite things are necessary, for the President in his statements was general rather than specific; but they have come to the idea that we must do something, and intend to see to it that Congress does not fool them again.

A Fearsome Political Bogy

POLITICAL pilgrims, whether presidents or lesser protagonists, may be divided broadly into two classes—Pulse Feelers and Pulse Quickeners; the pulse to be sensed or speeded being national or local, as the case may be. All political oratory, spellbinding, stumping and ballyhoo is for one of these two purposes—sometimes for both—though an expert feeler may not be a successful quickener, and an exciting quickener ordinarily must have his feeling done for him.

On either assignment the pilgrim must go out among the people where the pulses are. An attempt to remain in Washington, for example, and feel a national pulse is about as futile as endeavoring to detect a flutter in an individual wrist while the feeler is wearing a boxing glove. So it is with quickening. Both of these operations, which are highly necessary at times, must be done on the spot, and not from the White House or from the Capitol or from any other political place whatever.

Moreover, one of the most fearsome of our national political bogies is the Middle West. The self-conscious statesmen from that section of the country are in a constant state of apprehension over the predicted demonstrations in that territory. The South, for example, is regular and dependable in its political activities, and the Eastern and Western coasts reasonably so, albeit the Pacific side of us has its spells of eccentricity; but the Middle West—who can guess that?

To be sure, everybody tries to guess it, and most guesses are wrong. The people of the Middle West are quite likely to do their own thinking and to vote as it pleases them. They are a self-centered lot and independent in a measure in their demonstrations. Hence, until the Middle West makes up its mind, the minds of its representatives in Washington are blanks; and hence, further, that is why there has been, thus far, so much backing and filling in Congress among these very statesmen from this very section.

The ordinary representative knows, ordinarily, what the temper of his people is on any conventional subject. He knows where they stand on tariff, finance, measurably on economics, and on party policies; or if he doesn't know exactly he knows well enough to maintain a masterly middle-of-the-road position until he gets his definite

knowledge. The trouble with the Congress of the United States at the time the President went out on his Middle-Western trip was that its members were not sure of what the folks back home had in mind. It was a new proposition to both the people and the statesmen; and until the people made up their minds of course the statesmen had no minds to make up. There was no precedent to follow; nothing but a more or less excited discussion, with no apparent conclusions reached. That is why the statesmen at Washington were running round in circles and waving their fists in the air, hopping here and hopping there, or discreetly remaining noncommittal. They didn't know what the folks back home thought. They had no rule to go by, no precedent or accurate knowledge. They were in sad case.

Whereupon some wise persons went to the President of the United States and told him that, as he was by virtue of his office not only the leader of his party but the leader of his country, it was his part to go among the people and talk with them, and tell them what he, as their chosen leader, held to be the better policy for the country in the present contingency. It was pointed out to him that there was a vast deal of misunderstanding and misinformation, and malevolence and mistaken zeal, and scrambled thinking, and piffle and punk and guff in circulation among the people, and that he was the natural clarifier for the situation.

So he went; and I happened along at about the same time and was in most of the places he visited, either coincidentally or subsequently, and saw and heard what happened, or inquired about the happenings afterward. And I learned many interesting things, some of which can be set down here, and looked at his receptions from viewpoints of my own and not as a member of his party. And this is the way it all tots up:—

The Pall of the Hand-Picked Audience

THE situation hasn't changed any since I came across the continent last October, asking about the sentiment for or against preparedness. The great bulk of the American people, though puzzled over the reasons for our lack of preparedness, are for adequate preparedness now. There may be a difference as to details, but on the main fact the large majority of the people agree. In its present manifestation, caused by the unparalleled world conditions, the question is a new question to the people. It isn't like the tariff, for example, or prohibition, or suffrage, or any other large national topic; for it has not been talked over and argued and discussed, and there hasn't been time yet for crystallization on it.

Indeed, the President himself wasn't so crystal as he might have been about it for quite a time; but now the President, who is the nation's leader, has formed a plan, and as the people are getting to understand the need of preparedness and the why of it, they are for it, as they would be for any policy that is vitally American. It makes no difference what the pacifists say or do. The bulk of the people are for real preparedness, and they are quite likely to get it or know the reason why.

The discussion stage is about over. The air—especially the air in the Middle West—has been somewhat cleared. By the time Congress gets its bearings—which will be presently, for the folks will begin to give evidence of their wants—it will be discovered that the opponents to preparation are not getting anywhere. Congress already has begun to hear from the people back home.

No One of Lesser Degree Than the President Could Have Brought the Real Situation Home to Them

That the people—not the minority represented by the pacifists and their colleagues—are for preparedness was shown plainly enough by the experiences of the President on that trip. He made eight principal speeches—in the cities of Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Milwaukee, Chicago, Des Moines, Topeka, Kansas City and St. Louis—and one speech in New York on the night before he started West; or nine principal speeches in all. These meetings—or audiences, rather—fall into two classes: the hand-picked and the free-for-all. In New York, Pittsburgh, Cleveland and Chicago the audiences of the President were card-of-admission audiences, which, as the papers in each city said, were highly intelligent, but which were not popular audiences, except in a restricted sense. In Milwaukee, Des Moines, Topeka, and particularly in Kansas City and St. Louis, where there are great auditoriums, the audiences were popular—they were made up of the people and only the boxes were hand-picked. Thus it is very easy to define results.

These cities are of two characters: Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Louis have large populations of foreign-born citizens; Kansas City, Des Moines and Topeka are largely American. This made no difference in the welcome for the President, and rather accentuated it in Milwaukee; but it made some difference to the President, as shall be shown. The really interesting feature of the trip was the contrast between the hand-picked audiences and the free-for-all audiences.

There was a decorous amount of applause in Pittsburgh, which really isn't Western at all, of course, and is where the war has brought an immense prosperity. The hall in Cleveland is small and admission was by card. One had to have a pull to get a ticket to the Cleveland meeting. In Chicago the big Auditorium was filled, but it was more of a social gathering than an experience meeting. The Chicagoans appeared, to a large extent, in their evening clothes, and felt it incumbent on them to act in a dignified manner up to their habiliments. The President felt this. It was like making a speech to a first-night grand-opera audience, a most formal affair all round.

Now it is highly commendable to go to a presidential speech attired in a suit of evening clothes, but it doesn't make for enthusiasm; and though the people of Cleveland and Chicago were most hospitable and polite, and represented the intelligence, and so on, of their communities, they didn't represent much of the voting power. The President soon discovered that the places where the doors were opened at a certain time and first come was first served were the places where he roused most enthusiasm and where his speeches were best received. And his tour was a sort of step-up affair. He was notably cautious in New York, where he had thirteen hundred business and professional men, also hand-picked, to hear him. He threw away the speech he originally planned to make and made another.

He was restrained in Pittsburgh and not so fervid in Cleveland. The hand-picked didn't rouse him. He said his piece to the vast array of white shirt bosoms in Chicago, but when he got to Des Moines he cut loose a little; and in Topeka and Kansas City, where he had fifteen thousand people to hear him, and in St. Louis, where he had another fifteen thousand, he caught the spirit of the people and they caught his spirit.

Hearty Response From Western Crowds

AND thus it comes down to this: The people, not only at the big meetings but at the train stops, where the general public could come, heard his most vital pronouncements and took them most vitally. Those meetings showed very plainly, even discounting the curiosity to see and hear a President, which always is so strong among Americans—and especially this President, who has been so close to Washington for the past three years—the big popular meetings showed very plainly, discounting all these features of curiosity and the oh-I-want-to-see-Mrs.-Wilson angle, that the bulk of the voters of this country are for preparedness and will register emphatically at the exact moment a concrete program is presented to them.

If you took the trouble to read the speeches of the President you found that he increased in fervor as he went along. As he emerged from under the pall of hand-picked audiences he grew more and more forceful and less restrained. He was a dignified and almost academic person in New York, philosophically stating his case. In Topeka and Kansas City, and in the other cities where he had free-for-all audiences, he was the leader, urging his countrymen to follow him in an enterprise he holds to be patriotic in the highest degree. He got his response from those big, popular audiences. Of course he was applauded by the hand-picked contingent, but he was cheered by the free-for-all crowds. That is the significance of the whole affair.

He didn't tell them as much as he might have told them. He wasn't very definite about what is needed—and that, too, among a literal people, who think in facts and figures—but, as the saying goes, he got away with it, particularly with the average citizen. There were plenty of carpers, plenty of critics, plenty of sneerers, plenty of discounters,

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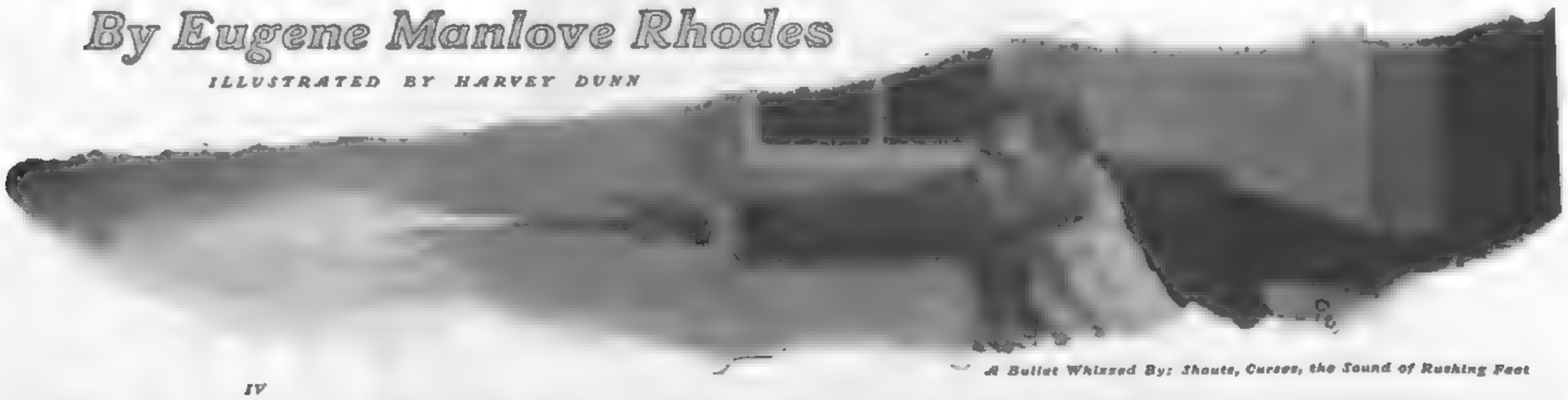
He Caught the Spirit of the People and They Caught His Spirit

THE DESIRE OF THE MOTH

By Eugene Manlove Rhodes

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN



A Bullet Whizzed By: Shouts, Curses, the Sound of Rushing Feet

IV

NAVAJO, Pima and Hopi enjoy seven cardinal points—north, east, west, south, up, down and right here. In these and any intermediate directions from the Vorhis Ranch the diligent posse comitatus made swift and zealous search through the slow hours of afternoon. It commandeered the V H saddle horses in the corral; it searched for sign in the soft earth of the wandering draws between the dozen low hills scattered round Big Thumb Butte and Little Thumb Butte; it rode circles round the ranch; the sign of Christopher Foy's shod horse was found and followed hotfoot by a detachment. Eight had arrived in the first bunch, with the sheriff; others from every angle joined by twos and threes from hour to hour till the number rose to above a score. A hasty election provided a protesting cook and a horse wrangler; a V H beef was slaughtered.

The posse was rather equally divided between two classes—simpletons and fools. The first unquestionably believed Foy to be a base and cowardly murderer, out of law, whom it were most righteous to harry; else, as the storied juryman put it, "How came he there?" The other party were of those who hold that evildoing may permanently prosper and endure.

In the big living room of the adobe ranch house much time had been wasted in cross-questions and foolish answers. Stella Vorhis had been banished to her own room, and Sheriff Matt Lisner had privately told off a man to make sure she did not escape.

Lisner and Ben Creagan, crossest of the four examiners, had been prepared to meet by crushing denial an eager and indignant statement from Pringle, adducing the Gadsden House affair and his subsequent companying with Foy as proof positive of Foy's innocence. That no such accusation came from Pringle set these able but mystified deniers entirely at a loss, left the denial high and dry. Creagan mopped his brow furtively.

"Vorhis," said Sheriff Matt, red and angry from an hour's endeavor, "I think you're telling a pack of lies—every word of it. You know mighty well where Foy is."

The Major's gray goatee quivered.

"By Jupiter, sir, I'll tell you lies if I want to," he retorted defiantly.

"But, Sheriff, he may be telling us the truth," urged Paul Breslin. "Foy may very well have ridden here alone before Vorhis got here. I've known the Major a long time. He isn't the man to protect a red-handed murderer."

"Aw, bah! How do you know I won't? How do you know he's a murderer? You make me sick!" declared the Major hotly. Breslin was an honest, well-meaning farmer; the Major was furious to find such a man allied with Foy's foes—certain sign that other desert blockheads would do likewise. "Matt Lisner tells you Kit Foy is a murderer and you believe him implicitly: Matt Lisner tells you I'm a liar—but you stumble at that. Why? Because you think about me—that's why! Why don't you try that plan about Foy—thinking?"

"But Foy's run away," stammered Breslin, disconcerted.

"Run away, hell! He's not here, you mean. According to your precious story Foy was leaving before Marr was killed—or before you say Marr was killed. Why don't you look for him with the Bar Cross round-up? There's where he started for, you say."

"I wired up and had a trusty man go out there quietly at once. He's staying there still—quietly," said the sheriff. "Foy isn't there—and the Bar Cross hasn't heard of the killing yet. It won't do, Major. Foy's run away."

John Wesley Pringle, limp, slack and rumpled in his chair, yawned, stretching his arms wide.

"This man Foy," he ventured amiably, "if he really run away he done a wise little stunt for himself, I think. Because every little ever and anon thin scraps of talk float in from your cookfire in the yard—and there's a heap of it about ropes and lynching, for instance. If he hasn't run away yet he'd better—and I'll tell him so if I see him. Stubby, red-faced, spindlin', thickset, jolly little man, ain't he? Heavy-complected, broad-shouldered, dark blond, very tall and slender, weighs about a hundred and ninety, with a pale skin and a hollow-cheeked, plump, serious face?"

At this ill-timed and unthinkable levity Breslin stared in bewilderment; Lisner glared, gripping his fist convulsively; and Mr. Ben Creagan, an uneasy third inquisitor, breathed hard through his nose. Anastacio Barela, the fourth and last inquisitor, maintained unmoved the disinterested attitude he had held since the interrogation began. Feet crossed, he lounged in his chair, graceful, silent, smoking, listening, idly observant of wall and ceiling.

No answer being forthcoming to his query, Pringle launched another:

"Speaking of faces, Creagan, old sport, what's happened to you and your nose? You look like someone had spread you on the minutes." He eyed Creagan with solicitous interest.

Mr. Creagan's battered face betrayed emotion. Pringle's shameless mendacity shocked him. But it was Creagan's sorry plight that he must affect never to have seen this insolent Pringle before. The sheriff's face mottled with wrath. Pringle reflected swiftly: The sheriff's rage hinted strongly that he was in Creagan's confidence and hence was no stranger to last night's mishap at the hotel; their silence proclaimed their treacherous intent.

On the other hand, these two, if not the others, knew very well that Pringle had left town with Foy and had probably stayed with him; that the Major must know all that Foy and Pringle knew. Evidently, Pringle decided, these two, at least, could expect no direct information from their persistent questionings; what they hoped for was unconscious betrayal by some slip of the tongue. As for young Breslin, Pringle had long since sized him up for what the Major knew him to be—a good-hearted, right-meaning simpleton. In the indifferent-seeming Anastacio, Pringle recognized an unknown quantity.

That, for a certainty, Christopher Foy had not killed Marr was a positive bit of knowledge which Pringle shared only with the murderer himself and with that murderer's accomplices, if any. So much was plain; and Pringle felt a curiosity, perhaps pardonable, as to who the murderer really was.

Duty and inclination thus happily wedded, Pringle set himself to goad ferret-eyed Creagan and the heavy-jawed sheriff into unwise speech. And inattentive Anastacio had a shrewd surmise at Pringle's design. He knew nothing of the fight at the Gadsden House, but he sensed an unexplained tension—and he knew his chief.

"And this man too—what about him?" said Breslin, regarding Pringle with a puzzled face. "Granted that the Major might have a motive for shielding Foy—he may even believe Foy to be innocent—why should this stranger put himself in danger for Foy?"

"Here, now—none of that!" said Pringle with some asperity. "I may be a stranger to you, but I'm an old friend of the Major's. I'm his guest, eating his grub and drinking his baccy; if he sees fit to tell any lies I back him up, of course. Haven't you got any principle at all? What do you think I am?"

"I know what you are," said the sheriff. "You're a damned liar!"

"An amateur only," said Pringle modestly. "I never take money for it." He put by a wisp of his frosted hair, the better to scrutinize, with insulting slowness, the sheriff's savage face. "Your ears are very large!" he murmured at last. "And red!"

The sheriff leaped up.

"You insolent cur-dog!" he roared.

"'To stand and be still to the Birken'ead drill is a damn tough bullet to chew,'" quoted Pringle evenly. "But he did it—old Pringle—John Wesley Pringle—liar, and cur-dog too! We'll discuss the cur-dog later. Now, about the liar. You're mighty certain, seems to me. Why? How do you know I'm lying? For I am lying—I'll not deceive you. I'm lying; you know I'm lying; I know that you know I'm lying; and you apprehend clearly that I am aware that you are cognizant of the fact that I am fully assured that you know I am lying. Just like that! What a very peculiar set of happenstances! I am a nervous woman and this makes my head go round!"

"The worst day's work you ever did for yourself," said the angry sheriff, "was when you butted into this business."

"Yes, yes; go on. Was this to-day or yesterday—at the hotel?"

"Liar!" roared Lisner. "You never were at the Gadsden House."

"Who said I was?"

The words cracked like a whiplash. Simultaneously Pringle's tilted chair came down to its four legs and Pringle sat poised, his weight on the balls of his feet, ready for a spring. The sheriff paused midway of a step; his mottled face grew ashen. A gurgle very like a smothered chuckle came from Anastacio. Creagan flung himself into the breach:

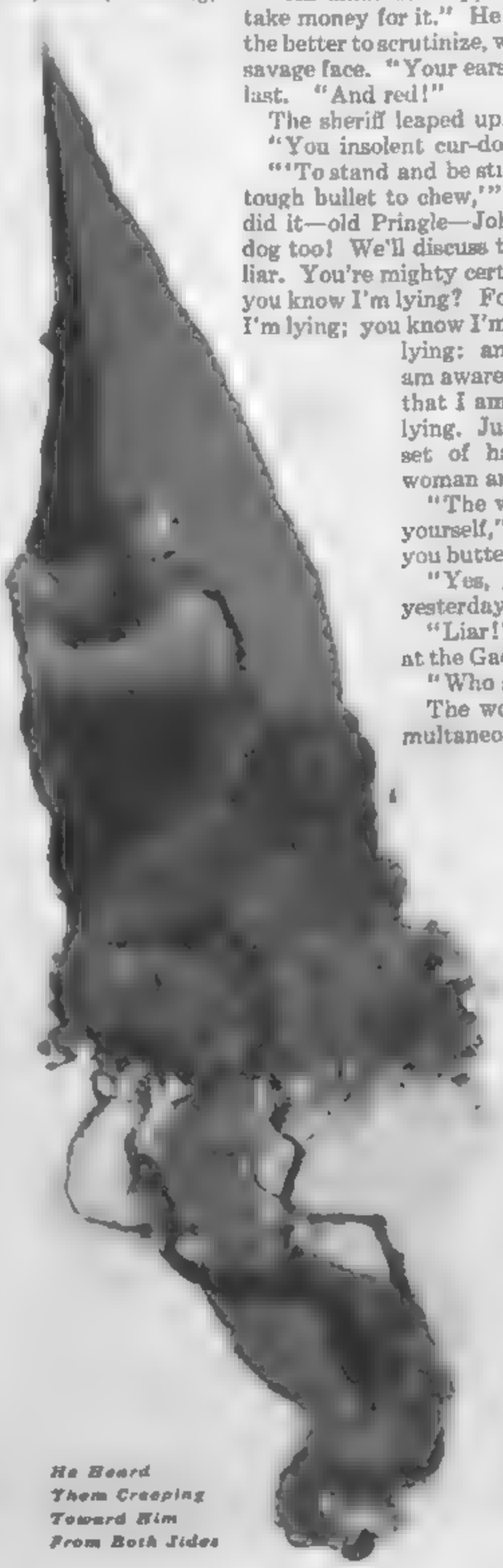
"Aw, Matt, let's have the girl in here. We can't get nothing from these stiff-necked idiots."

"Might as well," agreed Lisner in a tone that tried to be contemptuous but trembled. "We're wasting time here."

"Lisner," said the Major in his gentlest tone, "be well advised in this matter and leave my daughter be!"

"And if I don't?" sneered Lisner. He had no real desire to question Stella, but welcomed the change of venue as a diversion from his late indiscretion. "If, in the performance of my duty, I put a few civil questions to Miss Vorhis—in the presence of her father, mind you—then what?"

"But you won't!" said the Major softly.



He Heard Them Creeping Toward Him From Both Sides

"Do you know, Sheriff, I think the Major has the right idea?" said Pringle. "We won't bother the young lady."

"Who's going to stop me?"

Anastacio, in his turn, brought his chair to the floor, at the same time unclasping his hands from behind his head.

"I'll do that little thing, Sheriff," he announced mildly. "Miss Vorhis has already told us that she has not seen Foy since yesterday noon. That is quite sufficient."

Silence.

"This makes me fidgety. Somebody say something, quick—anything!" begged Pringle. "All right, then; I will. Let's go back—we've dropped a stitch. That goes about me being a liar and a damned one, Sheriff; but I'm hurt to have you think I'm a cur-dog. You're the sheriff, doin' your duty, as you so aptly observed. And you've done took my gun away. But if bein' a cur-dog should happen to vex me—honest, Sheriff, I'm that sensitive that I'll tell you now—not hissing or gritting or gnashing my teeth—just telling you—the first time I meet you in a strictly private and unofficial way I'm goin' to remold you closer to my heart's desire!"

"You brazen hussy! You know you lied!"

"You're still harpin' on that, Sheriff? That doesn't make it any easier to be a cur-dog. How did you know I lied? You say so mighty positive—but what are your reasons? Why don't you tell your associates? There is an honest man in this room. I am not sure there are not two ——"

Anastacio's eyes again removed themselves from the ceiling.

"If you mean me—and somehow I am quite clear as to that ——"

"I mean Mr. Breslin."

"Oh, him—of course!" said Anastacio in a shocked voice. "Breslin, by all means, for the one you were sure of. But the second man, the one you had hopes of—who should that be but me? I thank you. I am touched. I am myself indifferent honest—as Shakspere puts it."

The sheriff licked his dry lips.

"If you think I'm going to stay here to be insulted ——"

"You are!" taunted John Wesley Pringle. "You'll stay right here. What? Leave me here to tell what I have to say to an honest man and a half? Impossible! You'll not let me out of your sight."

"My amateur Ananias," interrupted Anastacio dispassionately, "you are, unintentionally, perhaps, doing me half of a grave injustice. In this particular instance—for this day and date only—I am as pure as a new-mown hay. To prevent all misapprehension, let me say now that I never thought Foy killed Dick Marr."

"In heaven's name, why?" demanded Breslin.

"My honest but thick-skulled friend, let me put in my oar," implored the Major. "Let me show you that Matt Lisner never thought Foy was guilty. Foy said last night, before the killing, that he was coming up here, didn't he?"

"Hey, Major—hold up!" cried Pringle. But Vorhis was not to be stopped.

"Don't you see, you doddering imbecile? If Foy had really killed Dick Marr he might have gone to any other place in the world—but he wouldn't have come here."

"Aha! So Foy did come here, hey?" croaked the sheriff, triumphant in his turn. "Thanks, Major, for the information, though I was sure before, humanly speaking, that he came this way."

"Which is another way of saying that you don't think Foy did the killing—that you don't even suspect him of it," said Anastacio, as the Major subsided, crestfallen. "Matt Lisner, I know that you hate Foy. I know that you welcome this chance to get rid of him. Make no mistake, Breslin. I was not wanted here. I wasn't asked and none of my people were brought along. I tagged along, though—to wait. It's one of the best little things I do—waiting. And I came to protect Foy, not to capture him. I came to keep right at his side, in case he surrendered without a fight for fear he might be killed . . . escaping . . . on the way back. It's a way that we have in Las Uvas!"

Lisner threw a look of hate at his deputy.

"You don't mean to tell me there's any danger of anything like that?" said Breslin, staggered and aghast.

"Every danger. That's an old gag—the *lex fugæ*."

"You lie!" bawled Creagan. His sixshooter covered Anastacio.

"That'll keep. Put up your gun, Bennie," said Anastacio with great composure. "Supper's most ready. Besides, the Barelas won't like it if you shoot me this way. There's a lot of the Barelas, Ben. I'll tell you what I'll do though—I'll slip the idea to my crowd, and any time you want to kill me on an even break no Barela or Ascarate will take it up. Put it right in your little holster—put it up, I say! That's right. You see, Breslin? Don't let Foy out of your sight if he should be taken."

"Here He is, You Hyenas! Are You Still Afraid of Him?"

"But he'll never let himself be taken alive," said Vorhis. "Even if anyone wants to take him—alive. Pass the word to your friends, Breslin, unless you want them to take part in a deliberate, foreplanned murder."

"Damn you, what do you mean?" shouted the sheriff.

"I mean just what I say!"

"Why, girls!" said Pringle. "You shock me! This is most unladylike. This is scandalous talk. Be nice! Please—pretty please! See, here comes some more pussyfoot posse—three, six, eleven hungry men. Have they got Foy? No; they have not got Foy. Is he up? He is up. Look who's here too! Good old Applegate and Brother Espalin. I wonder now if they're goin' to give me the cut direct, like Creagan did? You notice, Breslin."

The horsemen rode into the corral.

"No; don't go, Sheriff," said Anastacio. "I'm anxious to see if those two will recognise Ananias the Amateur. They'll be here directly. Don't you go, either, Creagan. Else I'll shoot you both in the back accidentally, cleaning my gun."

From without was the sound of spurred feet in haste; three men appeared at the open door.

"Why, if it ain't George! Good old George!" cried Pringle, rising with outstretched arms. "And my dear friend Espalin! What a charming reunion!"

Applegate's eyes threw a startled question at his chief and at Creagan; Espalin slipped swiftly back through the door.

"I don't know you, sir," said Applegate.

"George! You're never going to disown me! Joe's gone too. Nobody loves me!"

The third man, a grizzled and bristly old warrior with a limp, broke in with a roar.

"What in hell's going on here?" he stormed.

"You are, for one thing, if you don't moderate your voice," said Anastacio. "Nueces, you bellow like the bulls of Bashan. Mr. Applegate, meet Mr. Pringle."

"What does he mean, then, by such monkeyshines?" demanded the other—old Nueces River, chief of police, ex-ranger, and for this occasion deputy sheriff. "I got no time for foolishness. And you can't run no whizzer on me, Barela. Don't you try it!"

"Oh, they're just joking, Nueces," said the Major. "Tell us how about it. Here, I'll light the lamp; it's getting dark. Find any sign of Foy?"

Nueces leveled a belligerent finger at the Major.

"You've been joking too! I've heard about you. Lisner, I'm ashamed of you! Let Vorhis pull the wool over your eyes, while you sit here and jaw all afternoon, doing nothing!"

"Why, what did you find out?"

"A-plenty. Them stiffs you sent out found Foy's horse—to begin with."

"Sure it was Foy's horse?" queried Lisner eagerly.

"Sure! I know the horse—that big calico horse of his."

"Why didn't you follow him up?"

"Follow hell! Oh, some of the silly fools are milling round out there—going over to the San Andres tonight to take a big hunt mañana. Not me. That horse was a blind. They pottered round tryin' to find some trace of Foy—blind fools!—till I met up with 'em. I'd done gathered in that mizzable red-headed Joe Cowan on a give-out horse, claimin' he'd been chasin' broomtails. He'd planted Foy's horse, I reckon. But it can't be proved, so I let him go. He'll have to walk in."

"But Foy—where do you figure Foy's gone?"

"Maybe he simply was not," suggested Pringle, "like Enoch when he was translated into all European languages, including the Scandinavian."

"Pringle, if you say another word I'll have you gagged!" said the exasperated sheriff. "Don't you reckon, Nueces, that Cowan brought Foy a barefooted horse? He can't have gone on afoot or you'd have seen his tracks."

"Sheriff, you certainly are an easy mark!" returned Nueces in great disgust. "Foy didn't go on afoot or horseback, because he was never there. I've told you twice: Cowan left that calico horse on purpose for us to find. Vorhis is Foy's friend. Can't you see, if Foy had tried to get away by hard riding he would have had a fresh horse, not the one he rode from Las Uvas, and you wouldn't have found a penful of fresh horses to chase him with? Not in a thousand years! That was to make it nice and easy for you to ride on—a six-year-old kid could see through it! It's a wonder you didn't all fall for it and chase away. No, sir! Foy either stopped down on the river and sent his horse on to fool us—or, more likely, he's up in the buttes. Did you look there?"

"I sent the boys round to cut sign. I didn't feel justified in hunting out the rough places till we had more men. Too much cover for him."

"And none for you, I s'pose? Shucks, but you're a fine sheriff! Look now: After we started back here we sighted a dust comin' 'way up north. We went over, and 'twas

Hargis, the Major's buckaroo, throwin' in a bunch from the round-up. He didn't know nothin' and was not right sure of that—till I mentioned your reward. Soon as ever I named twenty-five hundred he loosened up right smart."

"Well? Did he know where Foy was?"

"No; but he knew of the place where I judge Foy is, this very yet. Gosh!" said Nueces River in deep disgust, "it beats hell what men will do for a little dirty money! Seems there's a cave near the top of the least of them two buttes—the roughest one—a cave with two mouths, one right on the big top. Nobody much knows where it is, only the V H outfit."

Pringle had edged across the room. He now plucked at Bell Applegate's sleeve.

"Say, is that right about that reward—twenty-five hundred?" he whispered. His eyes glistened.

"Forty-five," said Bell behind his hand. "The Masons, they put up a thousand, and Dick's old uncle—that would have let Dick starve or work—he tacked on a thousand more. Dead or alive!" He looked down at Pringle's face, at Pringle's working fingers, opening and shutting avariciously; he sneered. "Don't you wish you may get it? S-sh! Hear what the old man's saying."

During the whispered colloquy the old ranger had kept on:

"There's where he is, a twenty-to-one shot! He'll lay quiet, likely, thinkin' we'll miss him. Brush growin' over both the cave mouths, Hargis says, so you might pass right by if you didn't know where to look. These short nights he couldn't never get clear on foot. Thirty mile to the next water—we'd find his tracks and catch him. But he might make a break to get away at that. Never can tell about a he-man like Foy. We can't take no chances. We'll pick a bite of supper and then we surround that hill, quiet as mice, and close up on him. He can't see us to shoot if we're fool enough to make any noise. Come daylight we'll have him cornered, every man behind a bowlder. If he shows up he's our meat; if he don't we'll starve him out."

"And suppose he isn't there?" said Creagan. "What would we look like, watching an empty cave two or three days?"

"What do we look like now? Give you three guesses," retorted Nueces. "And how'd we look rushin' that empty cave if it didn't happen to be empty? Excuse me! I'd druther get three grand heehaws and a tiger for bein' ridiculous than to have folks tiptoe by a-whisperin': 'How natural he looks!' I been a pretty tough old bird in my day—but goin' up a tunnel after Kitty Foy ain't my idea of foresight."

"Some man—some good man too—will have to stay here and stand guard on the Major and this fresh guy, Pringle," said the sheriff thoughtfully. "He'll get his slice of the money, of course."

"You'll find a many glad to take that end of the job; for," said Nueces River, "it is in my wise old noddle some of us are going to be festerin' in Abraham's bosom before we earn that reward money. Leave Applegate—he's in bad shape for climbing anyway; bruise on his belly big as a washpan."

"Bronc' bucked me over on the saddle horn," explained Applegate. "Sure, I'll stay. And the Pringle person will be right here when you get back too."

"Let the Major take some supper in to Miss Vorhis," suggested Breslin. "I'll keep an eye on him. He can eat with her and cheer her up a little. This is hard lines for a girl."

Lisner shrugged his shoulders.

"We have to keep her here till Foy's caught. She might bring a sight of trouble down on us."

"Say, what's the matter with me going out and eating a few?" asked Pringle.

"You stay here! You talk too much with your mouth," replied the sheriff. "I'll send in a snack for you and Bell. Come on, boys."

They filed out to the cook's fire in the walled courtyard.

"George, dear," said Pringle when the two were left alone, "is that right about the reward? 'Cause I sure want to get in on it."

"Damn likely. You knew where Foy was. You know where he is now. Why didn't you tell us if you wanted in on the reward?"

"Why, George, I didn't know there was any. Besides, him and me split up as soon as we got clear of town."

"You're a damn liar!"

"That's what the sheriff said. Somebody must 'a' give me away," complained John Wesley. He rolled a cigarette and walked to the table. "All the same, you're making a mistake. You hadn't ought to roil me. Just for that, soon as they're all off on their man hunt, I'm goin' to study up some scheme to get away."

"I got a picture of you gettin' away!"

"George," said John Wesley, "you see that front door? Well, that's what we call in theatrical circles a practical door. Along toward morning I'm going out through that practical door. You'll see!"

He raised the lamp, held the cigarette over the chimney top and puffed till he got a light; so doing he smoked the chimney. To inspect the damage he raised the lamp higher. Swifter than thought he hurled it at his warder's head. The blazing lamp struck Applegate between the eyes. Pringle's fist flashed up and smote him grievously under the jaw; he fell crashing; the half-drawn gun clattered from his slackened fingers. Pringle caught it up and plunged into the dark through the practical door.

He ran down the adobe wall of the water pen; a bullet whizzed by; he turned the corner; he whisked over the wall, back into the water pen. Shouts, curses, the sound of rushing feet without the wall; Pringle crouched in the deep shadow of the wall, groped his way to the long row of watering troughs and wormed his way under the upper trough, where the creaking windmill and the splashing of water from the supply pipe would drown out the sound of his labored breath.

Horsemen boiled from the yard gate with uproar and hullabaloo; Pringle heard their shouts; he saw the glare of soap weeds, fired to help their search.

The lights died away; the shouts grew fainter. After a little the searchers straggled back, vociferous. Pringle caught scraps of talk as they watered their horses.

"Clean getaway!"

"One bad actor, that *hombre!*"

"Regular Go-Getter!"

"Batting average about thirteen hundred, I should figger."

"Life-size he-man! Where do you suppose ——"

"Saw a lad make just such another break once in Van Zandt County ——"

"Say! Who're you crowdin'?"

"Hi, fellers! Bill's giving some new history of the state of Van Zandt!"

"Applegate's pretty bad hurt."

"—— in a gopher hole and near broke my fool neck."

"Where'd this old geezer come from anyway? Never heard of him before."

"'Tain't fair, just when we was all crowdin' up for supper! He might have waited."

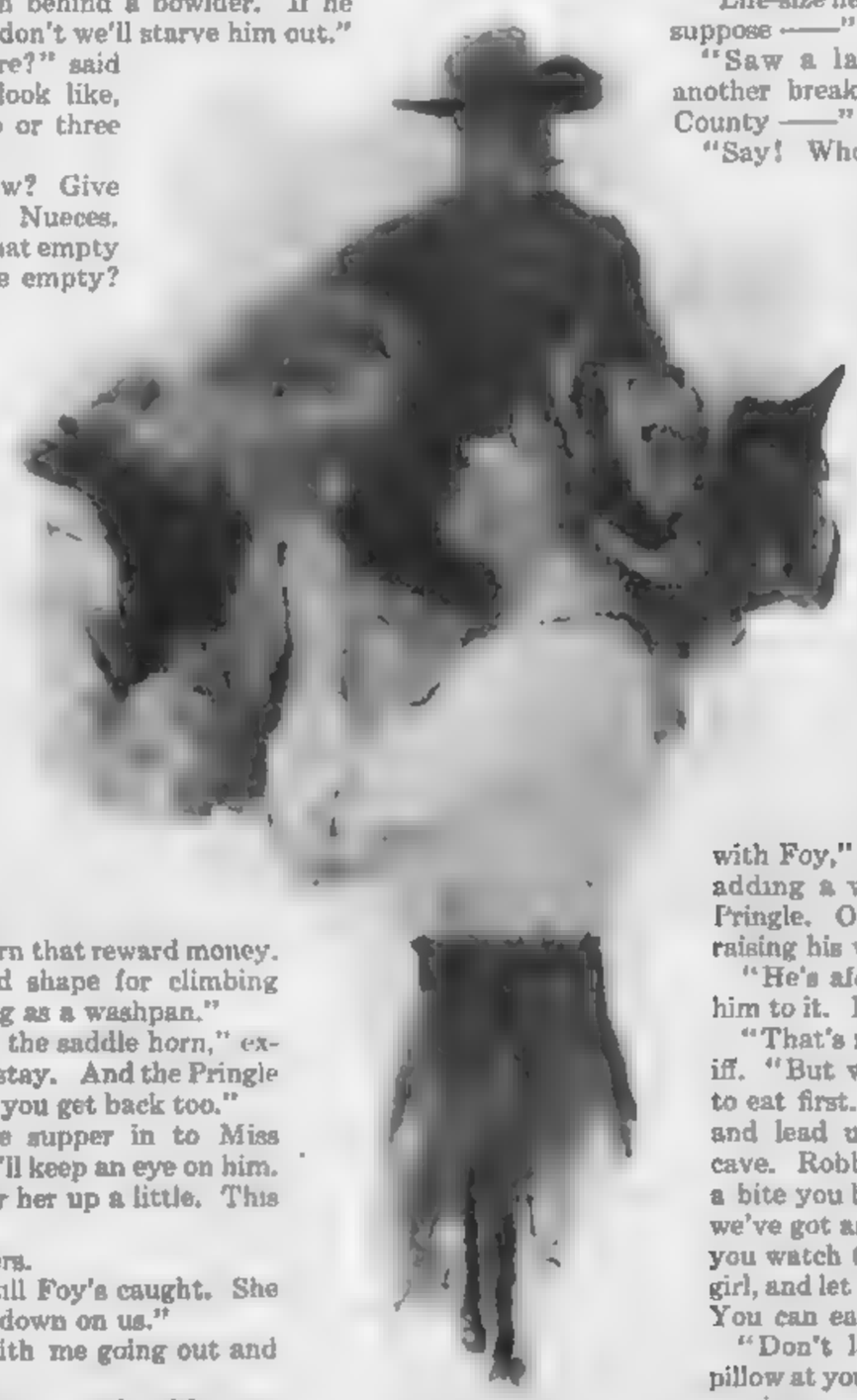
"This will be merry hell and repeat if he hooks up with Foy," said Creagan's voice, adding a vivid description of Pringle. Old Nueces answered, raising his voice:

"He's afoot. We got to beat him to it. Let's ride!"

"That's right," said the sheriff. "But we'll grab something to eat first. Saddle up, Hargis, and lead us to your little old cave. Robbins, while we snatch a bite you bunch what canteens we've got and fill 'em up. Then you watch the old man and that girl, and let Breslin come with us. You can eat after we've gone."

"Don't let the girl heave a pillow at you, Robbins!" warned a voice.

"Better not stop to eat," urged Nueces.



"I Never Doubted You—Not One Instant!"

"We can lope up and get to the foot of Little Thumb Butte before Pringle gets halfway—if he's going there at all. Most likely he's had a hand in the Marr killing and is just running away to save his own precious neck," said the sheriff. "We'll scatter out around the hill when we get to the roughs, and go up afoot till every man can see or hear his neighbor, so Pringle can't get through. Then we'll wait till daylight."

"That may suit you," retorted Nueces. "Me, I don't intend for any man that will buck a gun with a lamp to throw in with Kit Foy while I stuff my paunch. That sort is just the build to do a mile in nothing flat—and it's only three miles to the hill. I'm goin' now, and I'm goin' hellity-larrup! Come on, anybody with more brains than belly—I'm off to light a line of soap weeds on that hill so this Mr. Pringle-With-the-Punch don't walk himself by. If he wants up he'll have to hoof it round the other side of the hill. We won't make any light on the north side. That Bar Cross outfit is too damn inquisitive. The night herders would see it; they'd smell trouble; and like as not the whole b'ilin' of 'em would come pryin' down here by daylight. Guess they haven't heard about Foy or they'd be here now. They're strong for Foy. Come on, you waddies!"

Mr. Pringle-With-the-Punch, squeezed, cramped and muddy under the trough, heard this supperless plan with displeasure; his hope had been otherwise. He heard the sound of hurried mounting; from the thunder of galloping hoofs it would seem that a goodly number of the posse had come up to the specifications laid down by the old ranger.

The others clanked away, leaving their horses standing. The man Robbins grumbled from saddle to saddle and gathered canteens. As he filled them from the supply pipe directly above Mr. Pringle's head, he set them on the ground within easy reach of Mr. Pringle's hand. Acting on this hint Mr. Pringle's hand withdrew a canteen, quite unostentatiously. An unnecessary precaution, as it turned out; Mr. Robbins, having filled that batch, went to the horses farther down the troughs to look for more canteens. So Pringle wriggled out with his canteen, selected a horse and rode quietly through the open gate.

"Going already?" called Robbins as he passed.

Secure under cover of darkness Pringle answered in the voice of one who, riding, eats:

"Yes, indeedy; I ain't no hawg. Wasn't much hungry nohow!"

V

AT THE foot of Little Thumb Butte a lengthening semicircle of fire flared through the night. John Wesley Pringle swung far out on the plain to circle round it.

"This takes time," he muttered to himself, "but at least I know where not to go. That old rip-snorter sure put a spoke in my wheel! Looks like Foy might see them lights and drift out away from this. But he won't, I guess—they said his hidy-hole was right on top, and the shoulder of the hill will hide the fires from him. Probably asleep, anyhow, thinkin' he's safe. I slep' three hours this morning at the Major's; but Foy he didn't sleep any. Even if he did leave, they'd track him up in the morning and get him—and he knows it. Somebody's goin' to be awfully annoyed when he misses this horse."

He could see the riders, dim-flitting as they passed between him and the flames. Once he stopped to listen; he heard the remaining half of the man hunt leaving the ranch. They were riding hard. Thereafter Pringle had no mercy on his horse. Ride as he might, those who followed had the inner circle; when he rounded the fires and struck the hill his start was perilously slight. While the footing was soft he urged the wearied horse up the slope; at the first rocky space he abandoned the poor beast lest the floundering of shod hoofs should betray him. He took off saddle and bridle; he hung the canteen over his shoulder and pressed on afoot.

A light breeze had overcast the stars with thin and fleecy clouds. This made for Pringle's safety; it also made the going harder—and it would have been hard going by daylight.

The slope became steeper; ledges of rock, little at first, became larger and more frequent; he came to bluffs that barred his progress, slow and painful at best; he was forced to search to left or right for broken places where he could climb. Bits of rock, dislodged by his feet, fell clattering despite his utmost care; he heard the like from below, to the left, to the right. The short night wore swiftly on.

With equal fortune John Wesley should have maintained his lead. But he found more than his share of no-thoroughfares. Before long his ears told him that men were almost abreast of him on each side. He was handicapped now, because he must shun any chance meeting. His immediate neighbors, however, had no such fear; they edged closer and closer together as they climbed. At last, stopped against a perpendicular wall ten feet high, he heard them creeping toward him from both sides, with a guarded "Coo-ee!" each to the other; John Wesley slipped down the hill to the nearest bush. His neighbors came together and held a whispered discourse. They viewed the barrier with marked patience, it seemed; they sat down in friendly fashion and smoked cigarette after cigarette; the hum of their hushed voices reached Pringle, murmuring and indistinct. It might almost be thought that they were willing for others to precede them in the place of honor. A faint glow showed in the east; the moon had thoughts of rising.

After an interminable half-hour the two worthies passed on to the right. Pringle took to the left more swiftly. Time for caution had passed; moonlight might betray him. When he found a way up that unlucky wall others of the search party farther to the left were well beyond him.

Perhaps a quarter of a mile away, the last sheer cliff, the thumb which gave the hill its name, frowned above him, a

(Continued on Page 46)

A WESTERN WARWICK

XXVI

By Samuel G. Blythe

THE tremendous thing about the presidency—so far as the public regards it—is the popular exaltation it confers on the American citizen who is made president. That doesn't mean that the man is any better or any greater than when he was a candidate or was going about the business in which he was engaged before he was elected. It means that we hold high views of the place itself, its power and its importance. As soon as a man becomes president he is surrounded with a sort of popular glamour, and is pedestaled and held in a certain sort of awe. There are many, of course, who seek to gain notoriety for themselves by detracting a president, but that is merely the reverse English on the continual effort to gain notoriety by association with him or notice by him. It is a widely observable exemplification of that snobbishness that prevails in this great and democratic country.

"The president is a personal friend of mine," or "I saw the president when I was in Washington the other day," gives an importance to the claimant of this distinction, just as the sneer is thought to by the sneerer who asserts: "Him? Why I knew him when he was nothing but a poor lawyer, and that goes both ways, that poor, too." Harassed president! Between the I-knew-him-when boys and the reflected-glory boys he has his perturbations.

This elevation, and its consequent responsibilities, are what make the path of any president so thorny. Any piffling thing he may say is an important utterance. It isn't the man speaking, it is the place. It isn't the individual, but the office that talks. Even a casual "Good morning" may be pregnant with meaning, and the conclusive "Good night" always is. A president is burdened by this accountability. He is borne down by it. Any time he feels like freeing his mind, as an average American, he must consider the bearing that mind-freeing may have on everybody and everything concerned. It will be official—dread word! Hence he rarely frees his mind—in public.

Rogers was a man who had excellent control of himself. He always took heed of his position; but I have seen him in his study, when he said things about various statesmen and their proposals that were just the sort of statements any average American would make concerning other offending Americans, or others of any nationality, who were unduly harassing him, I have seen him cut loose in a way that made me love him, and I have often wished there might be an audience present.

Now that's the burden of it. If the President of the United States says a man is a liar, what recourse has that man? None. The president has branded him, and that settles it, for it isn't personal, as the public views it, but official. It may very well be that the man isn't a liar, but that gets him nothing. His feeble denial against the presidential blast is unheeded. This gives a president an opportunity not only to be exceedingly cruel, but also to be exceedingly charitable. If he has any sense of his enormous power he always has a bridle on his tongue. The office is tremendous in its potency. The garment makes the man great.

"William," the President said to me one day, "I am extremely annoyed over Brighton's distortion of what I said to him the other day about that financial matter."

"Why did you say anything?"

"Well, we were in a discussion, and I forgot for the moment that I am President. It was inexcusable no doubt, but it happened. I expressed myself as in sympathy with his project, but said my full approval is subject to complete investigation."

"And he rushed up to the Capitol and told everybody that you are with him to the last ditch on it, and used that as a means for bullying some of the weak-kneed brethren into line?"

"He did. Is there no way I can prevent this sort of thing?"

"One, Mr. President. The only way you can keep men like Brighton, or men like any of us, from interpreting even tentative consent from you as enthusiastic indorsement, is to say nothing. If you have any ideas write them, get them on paper. Then you are safe."

"Good heavens!" he said. "Must I become a mere automat in this place?"

"Certainly not, Mr. President, but you must remember that you are always in the position of the man accused—anything you may say will be used against you. You are always on the defensive. Every man who comes into this place is seeking for support from you for something he wants for himself or for another—which is for himself too. Naturally he thinks he will succeed if he can get you behind him. Naturally he will do anything he can, even to the distortion of what you say, to set abroad the impression that the President is with him. It isn't you individually he wants. He often doesn't give a whoop for you. What he needs is the support of your place, the presidency. That's why it is so difficult for you to say anything that may not be misconstrued. They take your simplest utterance and pick it to pieces to get shades of meaning, evidences of support or opposition, out of it, to discover elements in it that you never even dreamed of implanting there. It's the penalty of the job."

"I detest issuing denials."

"Don't hesitate. Your denial knocks flat any man, no matter how just his contention may be. Misconstruction is a penalty, but denial is a redress."

"Well, Rothberg is coming up here to-morrow, and I know what he wants. I am undecided about it. I do not want to hurt him and I do not yet feel inclined to help him, but I know Rothberg. He will construe anything I say to mean support, and he will give out an interview that will show that. I need Rothberg, but I don't want to show it now. There's my predicament."

"Beat him to it," I said. "After Rothberg has gone call in the White House reporters, or have Talbot do it, and tell them what the interview amounted to from your side. They'll get it on the wire immediately, and that will stop him."

From that conversation was developed our celebrated quick-action publicity process that pulled us out of so many tight holes. Once, I recall, it certainly confused our enemies. We were fighting over a rate bill. A certain group of senators opposed us, and notwithstanding all my power and all the White House pressure they stood out. They had bigger influences—from their viewpoint—to satisfy than either the President or myself.

The fight was bitter and prolonged. Finally the opposed group decided on how far they would go. They made a definite statement of their position, which was not a victory for us, by any means, although there was some slight concession in it. They held a meeting, drafted their proposition and sent Bancroft to the White House with it. I heard of it and hurried there, too, to warn the President.

"This, Mr. President," said Bancroft, as he toddled in, "is our ultimatum. You must take this or nothing."

I was in the inside office. The President read the typewritten sheet carefully, discussed some of its terms pleasantly, and assured himself that Bancroft meant what he said. Then he excused himself and came into the room where I was.

"William," he said, handing me the paper, "here is their ultimatum on this rate matter."

I read it hurriedly.

"Well," said the President, "Bancroft's waiting for a reply."

"Accept it."

"Accept it? Why, it is a clear victory for those men. I do not feel inclined to accept it."

"Accept it," I insisted. "Go in and tell Bancroft you agree. Get a copy of it. Pledge him to secrecy for the present. Then leave the rest of it to me."

The President returned, told Bancroft he accepted, asked that nothing be said for a time, shook hands cordially with him, talked of inconsequential matters, asked Bancroft to leave the memorandum there and soon had him outside. He came quickly back to the room I was in.

"I accepted it," he said. "Now what?"

"Get Talbot."

The President rang the bell and Talbot came.

"Talbot," I said, "take this: 'The President, this morning, decided definitely on what he would accept in the rate question now pending in the Senate, and after a conference with certain of the objecting senators, who had power to act for the opposition, secured an agreement that settles the entire matter and that is in the following terms.' Got that?"

"Yes," said Talbot.

"Well, put this stuff in right there and close the thing in this way: 'This disposes of a vexing problem in legislation, and the President is in receipt of many congratulations for his masterly handling of the situation and for the great victory he has won.' Rush that off now, and give copies to the correspondents immediately."

Talbot rushed it off, and before Bancroft was back at the Senate the wires were carrying to the afternoon newspapers all over the country the dispatch that led to universal headlining like this: "Great Victory for the President. Settles Rate Dispute. Senate Opposition Forced to Meet His Demands."

I wasn't at the Capitol when that collection of senators discovered what had been done to them, but they tell me their language was atrocious. And there was nothing for it but to take their medicine. They couldn't pass their more favorable measure, and this, their final concession, helped them a lot. If they did deny it their denials would have no effect, for the President had the jump on them, and what the White House said was final in the circumstances.

That is what I mean when I speak of the respect the people have for the presidency. They lift the man up to the position instead of setting the position down to the man. The transition of the person who was elected into the mighty personage who is president has always interested me. In the popular opinion—I am not speaking of politicians now, nor of editors who think themselves sophisticated—a president seems so much greater and smarter, because he is president, that they get a feeling he was ordained for the job, and became president because he is different from the ordinary man. That's why all his utterances are so important, whether they are or not, and that's

"You Can't Touch Him With a Forty-Foot Pole"

"Because He is One of the Few That Isn't"

"Purely Academic!"

"That's as Pragmatic as Prunes!"

why the crowds rush to see him when he goes to their city or their village.

It is quite the reverse in Washington. The two places in this country where notabilities mean nothing are Washington and Niagara Falls. A president is no treat to the people in Washington for they've been having them for years. They are fed up on presidents. And a distinguished visitor at Niagara Falls is merely a tourist, when in Chicago, or Denver, or San Francisco, or anywhere else, the newspapers would print his picture and interview him and make news of him. A president, to a member of Congress, is a person from whom something may be obtained—a prospect. There are fewer delusions about presidents in the Senate and the House than elsewhere, and there are no delusions about the House and the Senate in the White House. Thus the problem is to find a working basis. Sometimes the White House is arbitrary and sometimes the Congress is arbitrary, but the percentage of agreement is fair. Moreover, in the early days of a president's term the majority that is with him is always more subservient than later, when the patronage is mostly distributed, when the pork is gone. No wise president is in too great a hurry about giving out his places. He holds a few in reserve for trading stock. A Congress on hand isn't half so useful as a Congress in the pocket.

Realizing the prestige that comes from presidential indorsement—for largely our people think that what the president desires he gets, which is the result of their respect for the place—the great American public splits itself into sections, and seeks approval from the White House for anything and everything—for whatever the section that applies may hold as its panacea for our ills. The temperance people try to get his support, and the woman suffrage people, and so do the supporters of every similar movement.

Now there is one precept in politics that the wise politician always holds reverently in mind—that is, to be in favor of, or at least not openly against, any important plan proposed by any religious or moral propaganda, and always to give polite heed to the women in matters of this kind. You can scare a politician into a fit by telling him the church people in his district will oppose him unless he accedes to their demands. More sidestepping has been done by statesmen on the liquor question than on any other problem presented since we became a republic. Courage and politics do not mix. They are nonfusible. If a man is courageous and outspoken he doesn't last long. If he is discreetly politic, which means cowardly, he can prosper. The chief trouble with American politics isn't graft or dishonesty or anything like that. The chief trouble with American politics is hypocrisy.

Every crank thinks the president must be interested in his crankism. Every crusader is aggrieved if the president isn't earnestly and openly for his crusade. The pressure for indorsement, recognition, support, is incredible. Of course the president escapes a good deal of this, for he is carefully watched over by his secretaries, but enough of it gets to him to make him wish frequently that he had never left private life. If the secretaries who have served in the White House for the past forty years would tell their experiences, I fancy the great but thoughtless American people would be ashamed of themselves. Maybe not, for the most important person in the world to every individual is himself. We are all bred with a pharisaical strain. We are all most interested in ourselves. Others may be wrong, but we can justify our own course of action. That attitude of mind that is most frequently displayed by these constant forayers on the White House is: "Of course he's busy, and I don't blame him for not seeing a lot of these selfish people, but with me—or with us—it's entirely different. We have a great ——" And so on.

I assume there is no place in the universe where the frailties of human nature are so constantly displayed as at the White House, and especially on their sordid side. There all the grasping and greed and desire to promote personal ambitions through the power of the place are exhibited in constant panorama. And the president who knows human nature is the president who has least trouble.

I admired Rogers. His "Now, my dear friend, I lean on you," was worth many congressional votes in tight places.

"Going to Kick Over the Traces, are You?"

His handshake was positively ingratiating. His sympathy was always on tap.

"How do you stand so much of that conceited ass, Hutt?" I asked him one day.

"Oh, it's simple enough," he replied. "I get him to talking about himself, which is very easy, and while he is rhapsodizing I gently propel him out of the room."

He was a marvel at that. He could get rid of a dozen callers in as many minutes, and leave the impression that he had given all the dozen minutes to each individual. And at his receptions and social affairs he was so suave and so interested that each of his guests thought he was the guest of honor. He withstood the social pressure admirably. The climbers tried to use him, the ambitious women sought by every social device to get his patronage, but he laughed to me in private over their schemes and was entirely democratic in public.

"There is something about it all," he said to me, "that makes me wake up in the night with a start."

"What's that?" I asked. "The constant clamor for your influence and your gift?"

"No," he said, "although that is disconcerting. The thing that weighs most heavily on me is the tremendous power of decision that a president has. I sit alone at night and think that by a word I can effect this or stop that, and the power of it appalls me. The opportunity for doing something for my country is enviable, and the thought that I may not do the right thing strikes me dumb with terror."

XXVII

SIX months after Canterbury first visited me he came again. I had watched him closely, and had detected evidences in his speeches of a tendency to irregularity and independence. Once or twice he almost left the reservation, fumbled at the lock on the gate; and he did lead a revolt against a particularly obnoxious gag rule with which our fellows in the House tried to jam through a grab of some kind. There was something in the mind of that young man. I was vexed with myself for heeding him, but I couldn't help it.

"Morning, senator," he greeted me genially. "How's your appreciation of symbolism this morning?"

I determined he would not roll me again.

"So-so," I replied. "Haven't seen much of you, the arch symbolist, lately."

"Nope, not much. I've been projecting round a little of my own seeking for new signs and portents."

"I fancied I observed some evidences of a certain freedom of expression in some recent utterances of yours."

"Capital crime, eh, senator? Capital crime. Nothing so harmful to the system and the organization as to have a young sprig exhibiting a tendency to think for himself."

"It can be overdone."

He laughed.

"Sure," he said gayly, "and underdone too. Hope you won't be too severe on me, senator—impetuosity of youth, you know, and all that sort of foolish thing. I realize the enormity of the offense, but couldn't abstain, honestly I couldn't. I knew I was facing severe and frowning displeasure of the high mogul, which is yourself, and the minor moguls, who are some others I might mention, but positively I had to do it."

"See here, Canterbury, what are you driving at?"

"I am not driving at all, senator; I'm being driven. There is a vast difference in the two conditions—a vast difference."

"Well, what's driving you?"

"You, for one—expert reinsman, too, I'll say that for you. How is it the old English song goes: 'I'll tool the coach from post to post'—something like that. As a tooler, senator, you have few superiors. You are a toole-rool-a-rooler."

"Talk sense, if you have anything to say. You'll never get anywhere with me with that flip line of conversation."

"Perhaps there's no place I want to go—with you."

His impudent blue eyes were still laughing at me, but there was a tightening of his smile.

"Hah!" I said. "I begin to have a glimmer. Going to kick over the traces, are you? What for?"

"I'm not going to kick over, senator; I have kicked over. I'm 'way out in the pasture, harness all off, running free, with my tail in the air and my nostrils sniffing the uncontaminated air—and as a sniffer I am a wonder, even if I do say it as shouldn't."

"Bolted?"

I flung the question at him as scornfully as I could. Next to a professional reformer I hate a bolter worse than any species of political insect.

"Oh, more than that; much more. I've not only bolted, but I've run away, kicked in the dashboard and spilled all of you folks out in the dust."

"You think well of yourself."

"Somebody must think well of me. I demand sympathy, for I'm a tender, sensitive person, and can ill withstand the harsh winds of adversity, which are about to be typified by you."

"Come, Canterbury," I said, "quit fooling and tell me what it's all about. Perhaps I can fix it. I hate to see a promising young man like you ruining his future for some whim or other."

I adopted my best fatherly attitude. He laughed me out of that in a second.

"Whim?" he repeated. "That's it, a whim, or, to be more exact, a whim-wham. You know whim-whams are more whimsical than mere whims. Says so in the book."

"I'll give you one more chance," I said patiently, for his frivolity annoyed me more than I cared to let him know. "What's the trouble?"

"Trouble? I'm in no trouble. You are, you and your gang of robbers and tariff barons and financiers and interests and other pirates for whom there are no terms in the political glossary. You are the ones who are in trouble, and I'll tell you why. Deliberately, with no other reason than because you could, you have unloaded on the American people a tariff that transcends any legitimate demand or desire for protection. I saw it being done, and I'm to blame, to some extent, for I was *particeps criminis* and said nothing. But I have been thinking it over and I'm not going to stand for it. I know, and you know, that old Pastor and Mulready and Mortor and Livingston, and others of that gang of standpatters over there in the House, deliberately made those tariff schedules higher than there was any right or reason they should be, even judged from the most fanatical protection standpoint, thinking you would have to cut them some in the Senate. And you didn't cut them. You hoisted them in some regards, not because you had any consideration for the people on whom you were imposing these unnecessary tariff taxes, but because you figured your tariff barons, who have kept the nests of all of you feathered all these years, might be even more liberal than they had been in consideration of these unexpected extortions in their favor."

He stopped. He wasn't laughing then. He was quite serious; and, furthermore, he was right. That was just what had happened. I said nothing, principally because I had nothing to say.

"The President saw through it, but he couldn't veto those items he knew were scandalously too high. He had to sign it all or veto it all, and you laid down on him and he submitted. And I suppose you have already begun to collect from the millionaire beneficiaries of that ultra-looting of the consumers."

"Is that all?" I asked, trying to seem bored.

"No, that isn't all; it's only a beginning. They've got a sort of inflated prosperity in this country now, boosted by your tariff friends for their own ends, and that has given your financial backers—the men who paid the freight in the last campaign—the opportunity to go ahead and loot the public to the last cent. You know what has happened better than I do. You know that old Broad was lying back, with his plans all made, to get in and clean up from the public with his watered stocks and inflated bond issues and all that. He's done it too. Utterly regardless of any law or justice or right—merely to get money—they have put together into trusts all sorts of industrial and transportation corporations, overcapitalized them anywhere from ten to fifty times, and stuck the public with this watered stock. They have paid no heed to laws, to the principle of competition, but have stifled all that. They have killed off the small fellows, are rebating as if rebating were a scriptural injunction instead of the crookedest known manner for a strong man to take business advantage over a smaller and less prosperous neighbor. They have reorganized railroads all over the country, not to get better management, but to make money by new stock and bond

issues. They have violated every business ethic, every line of the moral code, and they have been getting away with it. Why?"

I was a bit dazed at this outburst from this frivolous young man.

"Well, why?" I asked rather weakly.

"Because you made a bargain with them to let them do it, a bargain wherein they paid you millions for campaign funds which enabled you to elect Rogers and get yourself back into political power, regardless of how the people would be affected. They bought you and your party, and you know it. They paid their cash down for the looting privileges. And here you sit and here the rest of us sit and chatter about the return of prosperity, when all the prosperity there is is the rotten, thieving prosperity that a bunch of pirates over in New York and elsewhere are getting through their greedy milking of the deluded public."

I tried to be sarcastic.

"I suppose you are going to remedy all this."

"Maybe not, but I'm going to try! That's why I came over here to see you. I gave you a hint last summer. You wouldn't take it. Now I've hit you with an ax. I consider you a pretty decent sort of a chap, who is playing this game for the power and the personal enjoyment in it. You've got yours. As for these others, I have no compunction or pity. I just thought I'd tell you what I have in mind. Only a whim, you know, merely a little whim-wham; but a whim-wham by the river's brim, a sort of a fairish opportunity to do something for his country is to him—and nothing more."

He started to leave.

"Hold on, Canterbury," I said. "Tell me what you are going to do."

"Oh, my dear senator, how old do you think I am? Childish, perhaps, but not a child. Tell you, and let you start all your big machinery at work to stop me! I merely came to you to announce myself, that's all—to make it clear to the leader of the party that I've hopped off my twig and am going to flutter about on my own wings for a spell. Don't try any of the come-birdie-come stuff on me, for it won't work. I'm out under the empyrean and I don't give a darn who knows it; but I am not announcing in advance which way I am going to fly."

He left, whistling, and I smoked three cigars while trying to think of a way to head him off. While I was not of the opinion that he could do anything that would hurt much, yet he might make a great noise and stir up a lot of opposition, and, worse than that, if he bore down on that trust business he might cause serious trouble. That would not stand examination, not for a minute!

I sent for Uncle Lemuel Sterry.

"Lem," I said, "do you know this young Canterbury over in the House?"

"I do."

"What sort of a chap is he? How can he be reached?"

"Why, he's a rather able, rather independent sort, and so far as reaching him is concerned you can't touch him with a forty-foot pole."

"Why not?"

"Because," whispered Uncle Lemuel, "he is one of the few who has strayed into politics who isn't that kind."

"Well, he's threatening to run amuck."

"On what?"

"Oh, over this tariff business—the unnecessarily high schedules, you know."

"Purely academic. That will get him nothing."

"Also he has a lot of information about our deal with Broad and the rest, and the consequences of it, and he intends to spill that. Nothing academic about that, is there?"

"Not a thing in this world," Uncle Lemuel replied in his gravest undertone—"not a single thing in this world. That's as pragmatic as prunes."

Climbed the Fence and Went Up Through the Kitchen

"Rush That Off Now, and Give Copies to the Correspondents Immediately"

I sent Pliny Peters to examine into the past and present of Canterbury. He came back and reported that there was nothing against him save a fondness for the theater, a liking for cigarettes, the fact that he took an occasional drink and was a normal American in all other particulars. His political record was clean. He was powerful in his district. He lived decently and within his income, and everybody liked him.

"Nothing on him," said Pliny.

"Well, can't we fasten something on him?"

"I'm afraid not. Might get him with recognition—have the President play up to him."

That was a last resort, but I was afraid of Canterbury, and I asked the President to cultivate him a little. He was invited to conferences at the White House and offered much social attention. He went to one conference, but refused the social bait. At the conference he displayed an independence of thought that caused the President much concern.

"What's come over Canterbury?" the President asked.

"Oh, he has some fool radical ideas in his head. He'll get over them in time."

"Do you know, William," said the President, "I wouldn't be so sure of that. It looks to me as if the disease is pretty deep-seated in him."

XXVIII

THE only reason I want to die is so I can forget those next two years. On all other points I abhor dissolution, but the grave has no sting for a man who was stung as I was during that lapse of time.

Young Mr. Charles Devereaux Canterbury started something that he couldn't have stopped if he had tried, which he didn't, and I couldn't stop by trying as hard as I could. He debonairly walked out one day and threw a pebble over the edge of the ravine, and before I knew it we were sitting astride of an avalanche searching our souls for some way to say "Stop it!" that would have a retarding effect.

He rose in the House one afternoon, when a small bill regulating interstate commerce in a minor way was up for discussion, having secured two hours' time for the purpose of submitting a few remarks on a subject germane to the debate, and when he sat down he had the quivering pelts of all of us nailed to the side of the barn that stood at the crossroads of publicity and perturbation. He told the whole story. In some way he had secured much evidence about the deals with Broad—he dared us to deny it—and he reënforced that by recapitulating the trusts, combinations, railroad reorganizations, and so forth, that had been exploited since we came into power. He cited figures that some traitor in Wall Street had given him—they were approximately correct—showing just how much unearned money these pirates had secured through watered stocks and inflated bond issues and in their other peculiar and expert ways. He read a summary of Janes' books—I never did know where he got that—and he had a collection of other information that was most dispiriting to a person like myself who had no thought in mind save the uplift of the common people.

It was a broadside. The opposition papers grabbed it. The independent press moralized severely over it, and though our partisan press deplored such incendiary remarks and called him bolter and other unpleasant things, they got nowhere with their disclaimers. The country had been for some time on an even keel. Our people were ripe for excitement. They were ready to burst into flame, and Charles Devereaux Canterbury applied the match. He started it. Money is the most fascinating subject for conversation, oratory or literature there is. Those who have none like to hear and talk and read about it, and those who have plenty are happy when they are reading, talking and hearing about what they have and what they hope to have. Everybody is interested in money. So when we talk of millions we get close attention, but when we talk of billions we secure pop-eyed concentration.

He talked of billions. He dealt exclusively in sums of ten figures, and to each sum he mentioned he prefixed some cheerful remark about its theft, or extortion, or looting from the common people, who, never having a cent, became all puffed up over the imaginary wealth they thought had been stolen from them. He indicated all of us—Broad and myself and all the rest. It was a holocaust. He burned us all.

The looted proletariat began emitting screams of rage. They didn't know they had been looted and most of them hadn't suffered a dollar's worth; but they considered themselves outraged, largely on the theory that they should have been made aware that this financial crime was being perpetrated on them, and the proceeds split with them on some equable basis. Nobody is so self-righteous and so filled with pious indignation as the person to whom nothing has happened, except constructively. Still, that was cold comfort. The fact of it was that Canterbury stirred up a mess that we couldn't cover or disregard.

I shall never forget the anger of the esteemed Robert A. Broad on the day after Canterbury performed. Mr. Broad chartered a train in order to get to Washington, and he burst into my committee room about like a trumpeting elephant would plunge through a Japanese screen.

"What's this?" he roared. "What's this? Hell of a note! What were you doing, I'd like to know, to let this whipper-snapper Cantaloupe, or whatever his name is, make any such speech as that? Why didn't you stop him? What is it all about anyhow? What does he want? How much?"

He made me laugh. He was like most millionaires of my acquaintance, when they are facing any trouble that they have brought on themselves. The minute there is a shadow of a suspicion that they may be punished they begin to squeal like guinea pigs. A lot of them will be indicted one of these days, and then you watch their desperate efforts to escape punishment.

(Continued on Page 61)

THE SLEUTH OF THE STARS

By Melville Davisson Post

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

IT IS a wonderful library, full of light and sun. The great house is on the crest of a hill, with fine old elm trees winding down to the highway. From the library windows one looks out on the green sweep of the hill, the lake below, and the rim of the mountains like a blue wall of the world. About are big country houses and parked lands.

I opened the door noiselessly. Sir Henry was at work over his table. There was not a thing about him that one would expect to see, none of the huge devices or strange outlandish implements of his trade. The room is octagonal, with open bookshelves, and mysterious cabinets running from the floor up. But they are closed to the roving eye. One saw only Sir Henry, a little neat pile of bulletins like official reports, and a dozen big sheets of paper covered with an infinity of figures.

I was on the arm of his chair before he suspected this invasion. He was submerged in his work. And this is the severest test of a man known to any of God's creatures. I had one arm round him and the other behind my back with a finger in the pages of a book. Now I brought the volume of Poe down on his table over the figured sheets.

"Sir Henry," I said, "do you know about Monsieur Dupin in this book?"

You are misled by now. Sir Henry is no peer of England. Nor is this the land of Albion. It is Massachusetts. And Sir Henry's people were with George of Virginia when the redcoats landed.

He got the title long ago when the delegates of the Imperial Astronomical Society came to see him. They were funny old men, very learned, queer and important. They called my uncle, very properly, Mr. Converse, when they began a subject, but when they got into it they always said "Sir Henry." My uncle tried politely to set them right. But it was of no use. Whenever any one of that weird company got into the profundities of space he would say "Sir Henry."

I don't know whether they were right about the space profundities, but I knew instantly that they were right about the Sir Henry. He was so big and impressive, gray and bronzed and adorable—of course he was Sir Henry. I knew what they meant. With that title, in the minds of these old men, there was the mental image of something fine and noble, and here it was. Besides, when one comes to think about it, who has the better right to give a title, a King in a Castle or Seven Wise Men?

I felt like I had finally got a perplexed thing straightened out. And after that my uncle was "Sir Henry." Everybody tried to set me right; but I had the insistence of youth's eternal verities. And no array of argument could change me. Besides, did not deaf old Monsieur Delcassé of Provence say it? And he had whispered in my ear, in his queerly inflected English, when I came in after dinner to be presented to the delegates:

"Sometimes I cannot hear human voices, *ma petite* Sarah, but *always* I can hear the horns of Elfland!"

I knew then, at seven, that old Monsieur Delcassé was the wisest man in the world.

My uncle put his big hand over mine and spread out the pages. It was one of the charms of Sir Henry that, no matter in what remote region of space he was, at once, with the ease of a fairy wish, he was beside you in your world.

"Know Monsieur Dupin? Certainly, Mademoiselle President, Monsieur Dupin is one of the elevated names in my profession."

The "Mademoiselle President" was a reprisal. I had come at five to rule his house, he said; and surely in time, according to the laws of accumulative evolution, I would extend my domain to the forty-eight states.

"But he is a detective, Sir Henry!" I said.

"Precisely, Mademoiselle President," replied my uncle. "The two professions are coördinate; one has to do with human mysteries and the other with the mysteries of the heavens. The profession of Monsieur Dupin is after the secrets of men, and the one to which I belong is after the secrets of Nature."

He went on precisely as he used to do when I came with the philosophies of fairyland to disturb his calculations on the weight of the rings of Saturn.

"The astronomer is a detective of the heavens. He is a student of clews. He is trying to track the truth through the waste places of space, as Dupin tracked it through the streets of Paris. We have adopted Monsieur Dupin's methods. When the detective finds one footprint of a man to be deeper at the toe than the other print, and reasons from this observation that the murderer is lame, does he not follow precisely the same method as the astronomer when he finds that the blue-green spaces on the Martian planet change in tint according to the seasons, and reasons from that observation that these areas are not seas but irrigated deserts?"

He looked about the room.

"We ought to have a picture of Dupin up here. I shall have to get one painted."

"I wish he were here in life," I said.

Sir Henry caught the new note in my voice. He looked up.

"Why, Sarah?" The Mademoiselle President belonged to the trivialities of make-believe.

"Look, the Writing in This New Will—Every Word and Letter—Is Precisely Like That in the One You Hold"

"Because I have a case for him."

I got up and led Sir Henry to the window. Two persons sat on a bench outside—a tiny girl and an old negro mammy. The two were talking together, in that strange sympathy of comprehension peculiar to this relation. The old negress was in tears, and the little girl was endeavoring to console her. One could not hear all the words distinctly, and one felt that to listen would be a sort of shameful spying on the heart. We caught one sentence of the talk:

"There'll be other people in the po' house, too, won't they, Annie?"

"Old Justin has turned them out," I said. "He sent this note to the lawyer, Mr. Davis."

It was a line, in a hand like an engraving, to say that the writer was under no legal obligation to maintain Martin Justin's child and would not assume it.

My uncle's great fingers tightened on the note.

"The beast!" he said, and he began to walk about the room.

"He gave us all to understand that he would care for his brother's child, when the new will turned up. Not directly, not in any legal way; but he made us believe it. It was a gentlemen's understanding, and it influenced us to let the will go on record and the property in the South pass to him."

He stopped, opened a file in one of the mysterious cabinets, and took out a paper.

"The old will here," he continued, "the one Peter Justin left with me, the one witnessed by Tyringham and David Cabot, left this estate equally to Simon Justin and to the daughter of Martin Justin, deceased. When Peter Justin died, and old Simon produced this new will leaving the whole estate to him, we thought there was some guardianship relation agreed on that would equal the half of the estate to the child, and perhaps the whole of Simon Justin's property later on, as he is unmarried and has no heir. The creature's talk was full of innuendoes in that way —— And now this!"

Sir Henry says, in his famous *brochure* on the Martian snow caps, that indicatory evidence will inevitably take the direction of the observer's theory. He meant that all signboards point the way one is going. When he and Tyringham and David Cabot thought old Simon Justin was acting from a generous impulse, every unusual thing about this affair seemed to outline and define that motive.

When Simon Justin sent one night for the will that his brother had intrusted to my uncle's keeping, Sir Henry suspected nothing. Peter Justin was at Simon's house, and my uncle thought the two brothers contemplated some united depositions of their estates, for the benefit of Martin's child. When the will came back on the day Peter Justin started South again to his iron mills, my uncle naturally thought the men had concluded to let the matter stand as it was. Then, when Peter died in the South and old Simon produced the new will, my uncle accepted the man's suggestive talk. And so the matter took its legal course. The new will was probated in the South, and the iron mills passed to Simon Justin. The pretensions of Simon seemed so likely from every point. He was old and rich. Peter was unmarried. Martin, the ne'er-do-well, and his wife were dead; only this child remained to inherit everything when old Simon should go to the graveyard.

So these events were to be interpreted from the point of view of a generous motive in old Simon Justin. But now, in the light of the creature's cruel act, whither did they point?

My uncle was standing before the table, his face like bronze, his big shoulders blotting out the window. And I put the second exhibit of my case before him.

I went over to the table and laid a big, legal-looking envelope down beside the volume of Poe.

"Sir Henry," I said, "you have the old will in your hand, here is the new one, and there is Monsieur Dupin to help."

He looked at me in astonishment.

"How did you get possession of this will?" he said.

"It was a good deal of trouble," I replied, "but Mr. Davis, the lawyer, managed it for me. He went before the court in the South and gave all sorts of legal pledges."

"You sent Davis south for this paper?"

"Yes, Sir Henry," I said, with a little fullness in the throat.

He was looking at me in a sort of wonder.

"But why, Sarah?"

"Because there is something wrong about this thing."

"Wrong about it!" he echoed. "What is wrong about it?"

"I don't know," I said; "that is for you and Monsieur Dupin to find out."

"Then why do you say there is something wrong about it?"

"Because there is," I said. "I know there is—and besides I'm going to cry." And I ran out of the room.

I knew what Sir Henry was thinking.

"To believe a thing because one wishes that it were so is the greatest derangement of the human mind!"

The tears were mostly *finesse*, and I watched Sir Henry a moment through the keyhole. He came round to his chair, but he did not at once sit down. He took the last will out of the legal envelope and spread it on the table, then he spread out the old will beside it. He pushed away his figured sheets, and also, I must admit it, Monsieur Dupin with them. Then he opened one of the mysterious cabinets in the wall of the bookcase, took out some devices of his profession, and came back to the table. And I went away with a singing heart!

I sent the butler in with Sir Henry's lunch that day, as I usually did when he was deep in the calculation of some star track.

It was four o'clock when he came out. I was on the lawn before the library, like a plaintiff on the front bench of a courtroom when the jury is expected in. To the eye, I examined a great moth dead on the ground from some aerial tragedy. But, in truth, I loitered about for the fateful verdict.

"Look, Sir Henry," I called, "is it not beautiful?"

"Ah, yes," he said, coming over to me, "but you do not see it."

And he took a big lens, rimmed in tortoise shell, out of his waistcoat pocket, and held it a moment over the moth.

Instantly the tiny thing spread out into a vast creature of the fairies, the thread wings into ropes of gold, stretching a gigantic tapestry.

Then the lens went back into his pocket. And I saw how firm-lined and grave his face was.

"Sarah," he said, "let us go to see Simon Justin. Perhaps we can persuade him to do something for his brother's child." Persuade him!

The word knelled over everything I hoped for.

We found the old creature in his great den of a house. The vast parked estate was growing up. The stone pillars and the iron gates were laced with ivy. Weeds were rank. The gravel was unkempt. And the old stone house, sitting low along the morass of a lake, was damp with lichen.

It was a long drive in from the highway, through swamps of underbrush and ghostly white-birch groves, with now and then a weather-beaten pine tree making fantastic outlines against the sky.

I thought the aspect of Nature on this road was evil; and now to support the fancy there came a dead stillness. A heavy bank of clouds emerged from behind the rim of the hills. Great drops of rain were beginning to fall when we got out before the low Gothic door.

We could hardly see old Simon Justin when we got into his den. The storm had darkened the world. The narrow windows at best let in little light. He stood behind a table, his hands resting on it and his head sunk between his shoulders. A fall from a horse had injured the man's spine in youth, and he could turn his head only as he turned his shoulders. Greed and age and the damp house had helped to deform the creature, until one felt that the ugly spirit within the man, by dint of laborious effort, had finally shaped the body to its image.

Long ago, in some decade of normal human life, this cave of a place had been a drawing room. The old pieces in it were magnificent. The table where he stood was worth a fortune—buhl, a rich gilded inlay in exquisite shell. But it was all musty like a vault.

He named us when we entered, like some guardian of a twilight country.

"Henry Converse and Miss Sarah Winthrop"; then he saw the tiny girl and the ancient negress, and his voice ended in a sort of sputter.

He leaned over the table, his stiff shoulders and his neck thrust out. There was a network of tiny, broken veins under the swollen, purple rind of his face. The eyes seemed clotted in a yellow liquor, and the unkempt wig, covering the bald head, was a sort of thatch. In gnome-land, among the abortive creatures of some subterranean kingdom, a thing aged and evil might look out like that.

"Converse," he cried, "do you come to press me to revoke my note?"

"To persuade you, Justin," replied Sir Henry.

"It is a nicer term," returned the man, "but of an equal value. I have settled this affair."

"But can you settle it, Justin," replied Sir Henry, "and leave out your brother's child?"

"Peter left the child out," said the man, "and not I."

We had somehow got seated, except my uncle, who stood up beside the ancient negress and the tiny girl, an April flower in this vault of winter.

"Upon that point, if you please," said Sir Henry, "why should Peter Justin disinherit Martin's child?"

"Now, Converse," cried the man, "you must take that question to my brother in the graveyard."

Sir Henry looked steadily at the man.

"And why, Justin," he said, "should this brother leave his mills to you?"

The creature widened his shriveled, disfigured mouth.

"Perhaps he loved me!" he said.

"Should he not, also, love his brother Martin," returned Sir Henry, "and this child of his own flesh and blood?"

"And am I not of his flesh and blood, too?" cried the man. "These are unprofitable queries, Converse."

"When one seeks the truth," said my uncle, "one must ask of everybody in the way. You have some theory on this point, Justin!"

"I have," replied the man. "I have the theory, Converse, that my brother Peter devised his estate to me for reasons agreeable to himself and now buried in the grave with him."

"Then," said Sir Henry, "I would persuade you to carry out the original intention of your brother, as written in the will I witnessed."

"The intention of my brother," said the man, "is in the last will."

"Perhaps," replied Sir Henry; "but he must have meant you to provide for this child."

"He meant what he wrote," said the man.

"But at your brother's death," continued Sir Henry, "you pretended an interest in the child, and an intention to share the income, and such assurance as set our anxieties to rest about the matter."

The man looked out over our heads, and I saw his withered throat where the folds of skin fell away on either side, like sagging curtains.

"At such a time," he said, "a man's reason is overborne. Sorrow disturbs his judgment. What he says then, Converse, is not to be held against his saner reason."

"Be persuaded, Justin," said Sir Henry. "You cannot take these properties along out of the world."

"But while I stay I can keep them in possession!"

"Every man is under a sealed sentence of death," said Sir Henry. "We cannot see the writing through the envelope; the date may be to-morrow."

"And if one grants away his lands and tenements," said Justin, "will it change the figures in the date?"

The man swung his shoulders down with a decisive gesture.

"Converse," he cried, "I am beginning to be tired of this. What do you come to seek?"

Sir Henry looked calmly at the man.

"The intention," he said, "toward the future of this child."

"My intention, sir," cried the old man, "I have written the lawyer, Mr. Davis. And my brother's intention he has written in the will. It is clear enough, I think."

"Your intention," said Sir Henry, "is clear enough, but the dead man's intention is not so certain.

"It is a misfortune of the dead," he continued, "that they cannot assure us of their intent. They cannot be heard upon the point when it lies in question. We must seek it in evidential signs, as we seek it in the phenomena of Nature."

He paused and his fingers tightened on the back of the chair, where the old negro mammy and the tiny girl sat before him.

"I know the original intention of Peter Justin," he went on; "it is here in the testament that he wrote with his own hand in my house, which Tyringham and David Cabot witnessed. And I know the motive and considerations that moved him. It was a valid instrument in form until you, Justin, brought out the new will at your brother's death."

"And is not the new will in form," cried the man, "and valid? It is in my brother's hand over his signature. A holograph will, as the law calls it, and as such, in the state where my brother's properties are situate, it requires no witnesses." He paused. "The witnesses to the old will you hold were unnecessary. It, too, was in my brother's hand. It would have held without them.

"In fact, when I found it on this table after my brother's visit to me, I sent it to you, Converse, in the belief that Peter had merely neglected to return it, having determined to make no change in its form or structure. It was error in me, but a beneficiary must be careful of suspicions. They wing easily in such affairs."

He twisted his torso sidewise, so he could look up into my uncle's face.

"When I found the new will among his papers at his death I saw that Peter had bidden me send to you for the old will, in order to have the form before him for the new draft. You have noticed, Converse, how the new will follows the old, word for word, capital and comma, save that my name is written as sole heir."

Sir Henry advanced to the table. He took the two wills out of his pocket and laid them down before the man.

"With a light, Justin," he said, "we could see." The storm had darkened the world.

The old man got two candles, struck a sputtering match and set them on the table. And as he moved he talked, to cover his surprise at the new will in Sir Henry's hands.

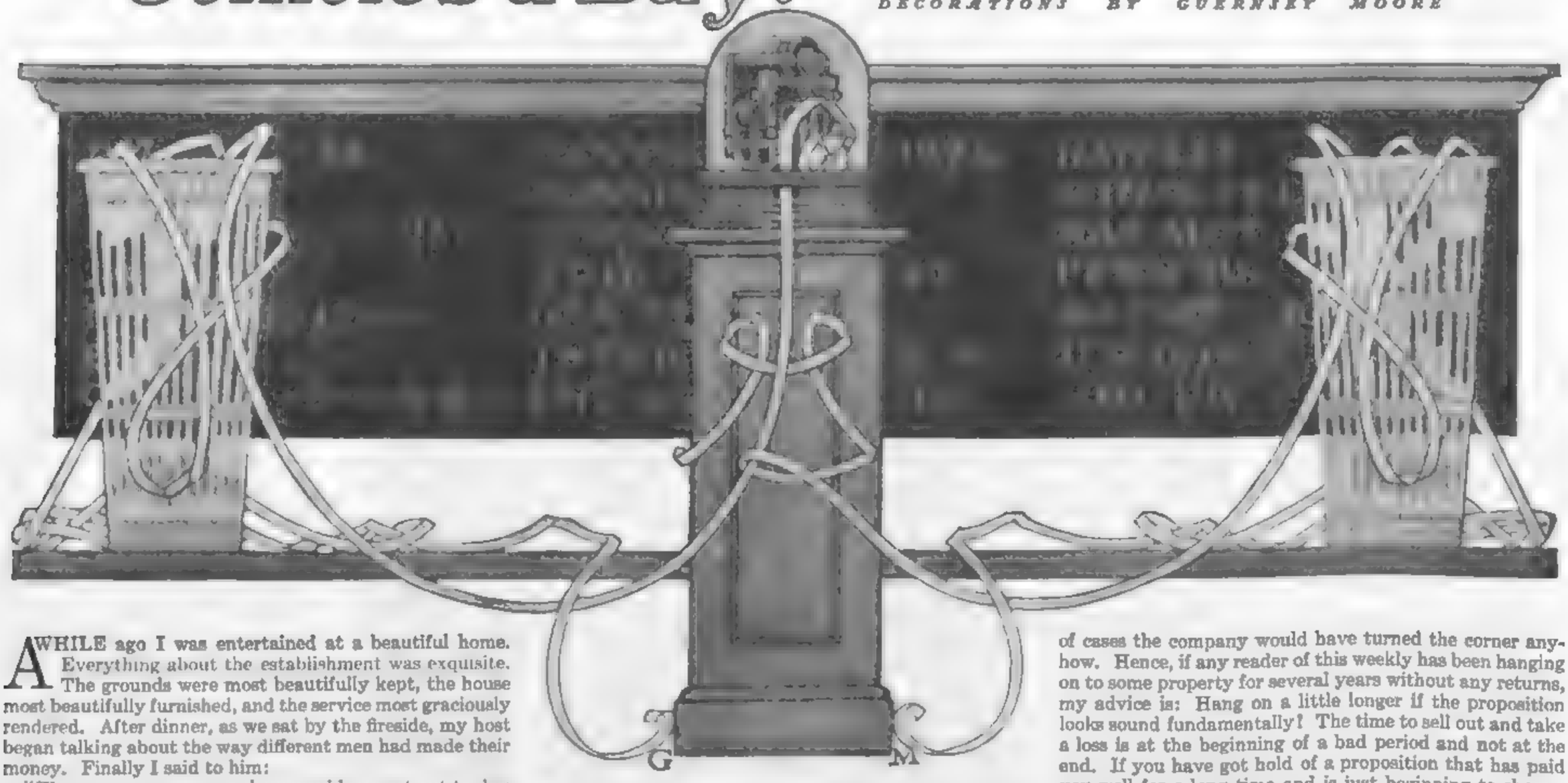
"It comes through Mr. Davis, eh? Ah, yes, as counsel for the infant claimant, he would have the privilege of inspection!" *(Continued on Page 81)*

"There'll be Other People in the Po' House, Too, Won't They, Annie?"

The Bargain Counter—Are Public Utilities a Buy?

By Roger W. Babson

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE



AWHILE ago I was entertained at a beautiful home. Everything about the establishment was exquisite. The grounds were most beautifully kept, the house most beautifully furnished, and the service most graciously rendered. After dinner, as we sat by the fireside, my host began talking about the way different men had made their money. Finally I said to him:

"Were you a young man, how would you set out to-day to make a fortune?"

To this he replied as follows:

"Were I to live my life over again I would engage in exactly the same kind of business that I have been doing during the past thirty years—only I would train for it and begin it earlier. Some of the aristocratic people of this city laugh at me and make it unpleasant at times for my family by saying that all I have done is to buy old junk, issue bonds, and sell them to the innocent public. Literally this may be true; but it is a very unkind way of telling the story.

"As you know, I have made my money by going into little towns and buying bankrupt and nonpaying gas and electric-light companies, rebuilding them, giving them efficient management, and then selling securities based on the earning capacity that my labors have produced. As, however, in nearly every case the securities in those companies are worth more to-day than when I sold them, everybody from consumer to investor has been benefited by my efforts."

Few Fortunes Made on the Ground Floor

"I AM now getting along in years and have more money than I know what to do with; hence only a very big opportunity appeals to me to-day. I see, however, lots and lots of poorly operated small companies on the verge of bankruptcy, which would be little gold mines for young men to buy and build up. Yes; for every one opportunity that existed twenty years ago, along this line, there are twenty such opportunities to-day. But remember this one thing: The opportunity is not in buying new securities of the other fellow's proposition at prices at which he is willing to get out. The opportunity is in having a little proposition of your own and then selling out to the other fellow."

In this article I am supposed to discuss the romances of Public-Utility Reorganizations. There are lots of them. Almost every city has a street railway, gas plant, water company, or electric-light plant that at some time has been on the ragged edge of bankruptcy. In the majority of cases the original builders made no money, even though they did not lose their all. Did the local men in your community who started your public utilities get rich out of them? Think a minute and try to remember who started the different public utilities in your city or town. I venture to say there were very few, if any, of the originators who made any money. The money was made by the men who came along when your local people got tired. These strangers from outside, like my friend, came in when things were bluest, put in some new money, and the corner was turned. Since then these enterprises have been profitable.

So I say that almost every community, whether large or small, has its own little reorganization romance. There are so many of them and they are so commonplace that they have never been written up and probably never will be. However, I will tell you of a few cases, selecting some large properties that have gone to pieces. Because I tell you about these, however, do not think they are the only ones; they are merely illustrations of thousands of similar public-utility reorganization romances.

First, let me tell you a little story. Awhile ago a friend of mine had a very bad cold and nursed it as one does favor a cold. He kept on working, but took hot lemonade at night, used a nasal spray, and tried the various other good but old-fashioned remedies. Every day he saw advertised a certain patent medicine—warranted to cure colds.

Finally, as his cold did not get much better, he went to the local drug store and got a bottle of this much-advertised medicine.

He took it every night at bedtime according to the directions, and in a few days his cold had vanished. The next time he saw our good-natured druggist he said:

"Tom, that was a great remedy I bought about a week ago to cure my cold. You can recommend it to anyone."

But what did honest Tom reply? Said he:

"I'll not recommend it. There is perhaps one chance in a hundred that this medicine did you some good; but my guess is that you had just reached the point where you were going to get well anyhow. Do you know the majority of people wait until they are just about ready to get well before they send for a doctor or visit the drug store?"

My object in relating this is not to discourage readers from sending for a doctor or visiting a drug store. It would be much better for all of us, when we are sick, if we sent for the doctor earlier or visited the drug store sooner. However, I do think that this story illustrates a very vital point in connection with reorganizations. In four cases out of five that we examine you will find that the old owners sold out just at the time when the company was about to turn the corner. They hung on during seven or eight innings, but quit in the ninth. The original people hang on during the entire rainy season, but sell out the day before the sun begins to shine. The local people hold out through the dark and stormy night, and then sell just as the dawn is breaking.

Of course in a great many instances the new owners have put in new money and new ideas which have helped the company in turning the corner and making the progress toward prosperity more rapid; but in the great majority of cases the company would have turned the corner anyhow. Hence, if any reader of this weekly has been hanging on to some property for several years without any returns, my advice is: Hang on a little longer if the proposition looks sound fundamentally! The time to sell out and take a loss is at the beginning of a bad period and not at the end. If you have got hold of a proposition that has paid you well for a long time and is just beginning to show a loss, perhaps you should sell out at once and take your loss. On the other hand, if you have been with a proposition for some time that has not paid anything, it may pay to stick with it a little longer.

I used to do considerable work for a banker in Boston who was then involved in a very big deal that showed him a big loss. Really the only thing which kept him alive was the fact that he owed so much. If he had owed only a little the banks would have forced him into bankruptcy and cleaned him out. He owed so much, however, that they carried him through.

Profits for Those Who Hang On

ONE day, when I was talking with this man, I complimented him on his dogged tenacity; and he replied:

"I learned a great lesson in my younger days. I saw my old employer emerge from bankruptcy and become a millionaire by holding out just one day longer. He was very much involved in a water plant that was subject to tremendous competition. There were two plants in the city, and they were fighting and cutting rates, so that both were losing money. The opposing plant was owned by a man named Brown, a very vindictive, rich old fellow who was fighting just out of spite. My old boss had the papers all made out to give up and go into bankruptcy, but he was kept at home sick with a cold the day he intended to assign. That very night, however, he got a telegram from his superintendent saying that old Brown had died from apoplexy. He knew at once that Mr. Brown's executors would not continue to fight. He threw his assignment papers into the wastebasket. The rates for water were raised by both plants and both became prosperous. Before long a consolidation was put through, and within twelve months my old boss had paid up all his indebtedness and was rated a millionaire. This taught me a lesson, and this is why I am so doggedly optimistic to-day."

But to get back to the text: Let us first go to the largest city in the country and see what happened in New York. It seems as though a street railway company should pay in New York if it pays anywhere. On the contrary, if a street railway does not pay in New York you would naturally think that it would not pay in any city. Surely a line up Broadway should be a winner.

Well, it was a gold mine for the insiders; but it was an awful loser for the outsiders. The promoters and stock-jobbers made a lot of money, but the banks and investors lost a lot of money. All of which shows again that "All is not gold that glitters."

When the street railway magnates discovered New York there were several lines of road. The line operating on

Broadway was the most profitable; that on Third Avenue was a good payer also; and the several crosstown lines, all operating as separate companies, likewise did well. Then came along Mr. Millionaire, who saw a chance to issue some securities for himself by putting through a consolidation.

Most difficulties begin with consolidations. In order to inject water into a company it is usually necessary either to form a new company, "to absorb the old one," or else to form a consolidation. It makes no difference what composes the consolidation. The promoters are almost as willing to consolidate with something bad as with something good. The game is to consolidate in order to issue some new securities, and to take some themselves "for valuable services rendered."

Well, the innocent stockholders in these very good New York street railways were told that the consolidation would be for their interests. It could have been; but it was not. Such consolidations seldom are. Consolidations are very similar to drowning accidents. So much water is injected and so many unpaid shares are taken during the process that the former stockholders are almost drowned. In a consolidation there is little consolation for the innocent small stockholders.

However, the consolidation went through under the name of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company. Many readers will remember when all the street cars in New York City were labeled Metropolitan. Though the stock went up in price right after the consolidation, yet the insiders were never able to unload as they desired. The continual talk about proposed subways seemed to scare away buyers. Hence, though the promoters could boost the price of the stock through manipulation, yet they seemed unable to distribute much.

A council of war was held, therefore, and it was decided to form a new company, which should lease the Metropolitan and give the Metropolitan stockholders a guaranteed dividend of seven per cent. This was at a time when guaranteed stocks were in great demand. The record of such stocks had been good up to that time. It is a favorite trick of promoters to give the securities they want to sell a name which, up to that time, has stood for something good. Readers should remember this and investigate when they are offered "guaranteed" bonds or "preferred" stocks.

The Collapse of Metropolitan

WELL, this game seemed to work. Investors were completely fooled by this paper-guaranteeing company. They bought this "choice" guaranteed seven per cent stock and before long it was selling at two hundred dollars a share! Thereupon the promoters got out, the insiders cashed in, and everyone connected with the new deal made a barrel of money—except the dear public. Of course the guaranty was worth little. Soon after the insiders had sold out, the paper-holding company defaulted on the guaranty.

In a short time it was found that the Metropolitan itself was overcapitalized, so that it could pay no dividends. Its credit then went bad. The Subway was being built. The next thing was a default on the mortgage bonds of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company, which, up to that date, were considered very high-class. Soon these four per cent bonds, which a big New York banking house had sold only a short time before at nearly par, were selling at forty! Meantime Metropolitan stock had fallen from two hundred to ten, and was destined finally to be wiped out entirely. So much for that romance.

In the reorganization that followed the old securities were obliterated, real money was put in to replace the water, and the company was at last established on a better foundation. It was then rechristened The New York Railways Company. The new stock was bought and is now held almost entirely by the present Interborough interests; but the new four per cent consolidated mortgage bonds can now be bought in the seventies, and should, I think, be good; while the new five per cent income bonds sell in the sixties, and pay at present three or four per cent. These latter I believe to be an attractive speculation. If the property is honestly managed these income bonds may some day pay five per cent.

Next in size to New York is Chicago. Therefore, the next biggest traction failure to that of the Metropolitan fiasco in New York was the failure of the Yerkes lines in Chicago. The early history of the Chicago street railways is similar to that of the New York lines. There were several companies operating in different parts of the city. Moreover, there were several outlying suburban lines which were owned by the same parties. Some of these were built by Mr. Yerkes and his associates, and some were not. Mr. Yerkes, however, was the "big Injun" and put through the final consolidation, which was the last act of the drama. Unlike New York, there were in Chicago no proposed subways to compete with the consolidated company. It is true that elevated lines had been built, but somehow they were not very popular at first.

Moreover, the wonderful growth of Chicago and the cheapness of coal in that vicinity enabled the company to show good earnings. Chicago is a great street railway city and always was. Though the old company was tremendously watered, yet it did not sink. Even after it had been abused for years Yerkes was still able to sell out and pass it along to others.

The Reorganization in Chicago

WHAT pushed the Chicago traction company over the dam was the franchise question. In New York the franchises were for nine hundred and ninety-nine years, but in Chicago they had been granted for only twenty or thirty years. Consequently when they expired the city had the company by the neck. If the street railway company had had the money to give good service the city would have renewed the franchise without difficulty; but for some time the bankers had known that the franchises were about to expire, so that the company had been unable for two years to secure money to buy more cars or even to paint the old ones. Thus the property was much run down and the service very poor when the franchises began to expire.

This condition of affairs resulted in a campaign for municipal ownership. After this campaign had been launched the banks not only refused to loan the company new money but also insisted on the payment of their old loans. All this resulted in poorer service and worse credit. Finally, when the first franchise came to the expiring point, the company expired too. A receiver was appointed and a merry fight between the city and the company began.

Fortunately for all parties the company had the aid of the best Chicago bankers in shaping their plan of reorganization. These bankers had the confidence of both the old security holders and the public. Before long a new plan of copartnership had been worked out, under which the city granted new franchises. Though the city of Chicago has an option to purchase the road at any time at a specified price, plus the cost of certain improvements, the road is really run by the bankers in the interests of the stockholders. Moreover, as the city receives about fifty per cent of the net earnings, without any care or liability, this plan is now popular, though Chicago is a long way from a three-cent fare.

The new securities of the newly reorganized Chicago railways present no special speculative opportunities; still they are now considered fairly safe investments, as they advertise to be. The bonds should be good, carrying as they do almost a city guaranty. Hence, though there is little in the new stocks that appeals to me, yet I think well of the bonds. These bonds pay five per cent and sell at about par, at which price they are callable at any time.

I should like also to explain what has happened in Cleveland, Toledo, Detroit and other cities. In preparation for the writing of this article I have recently made trips to those cities to ascertain at first hand just what has happened.

Cleveland has what is nearer to a complete municipal street railway than any other city in the United States. Though the Cleveland reorganization arrangement makes it necessary that the company shall raise the fares as it increases expenses, yet the city is perfectly free to give any service and pay any wages it wishes. At present Cleveland has three-cent fares, with one cent additional for transfers. The road is being well operated in the interests of both the stockholders and the public. As was the case in Chicago the bankers made a very good trade for the old stockholders. Moreover, under their shrewd arrangement, fares will never be lower, and will probably be higher.

The one thing the street railway owners have thus far most dreaded in their reorganizations is that some city would purchase a road and give low fares irrespective of the earnings, charging the deficit to the general tax fund. If one city should do this it is feared that a general howl for lower fares would go up from many other cities. Hence, though the Chicago plan provides for dividing the earnings with the city, and the Cleveland plan provides for complete city control, yet both provide against the low-fare possibilities the people have sought. In other words, the bankers have turned these reorganized properties over to the cities to run as they like, so long as they keep the fares up!

On my recent visits to Detroit and Toledo I found that things there are still in the air. In both these cities the roads are operating without a franchise. Many thought that in November last the people of Detroit would vote to buy the system; but the price was so indefinite that it was feared the city would be stung by the transaction. Detroit, however, now has very low fares and good service. Personally I believe that Detroit to-day has perhaps the best and most honestly operated street railway system in this country. Moreover, owing to its interurban investments, the bonds of the Detroit United Railway Company should be good whatever the city decides to do with the local lines.

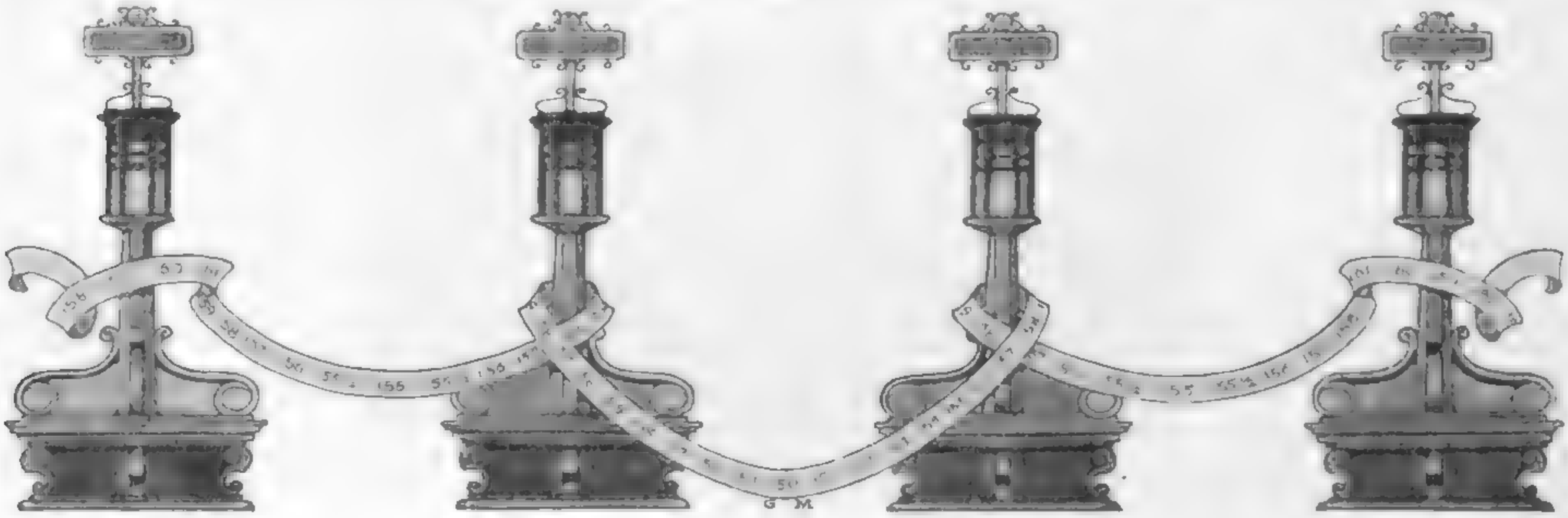
Among the more prominent street railways being reorganized at the moment is the Kansas City Railway and Light Company, which was organized in 1903 and acquired the capital stock of practically all the street railway and light companies in Kansas City. On June 3, 1911, receivers were appointed for this company, and from that time until now the company has been in the hands of receivers. It is only recently that the reorganization plans have been published.

Why Receiverships are Long Drawn Out

THIS brings another matter to my mind in connection with reorganizations—namely, that they are usually much longer drawn out than people think they will be. Everybody connected with a reorganization, from the bondholders' committees to the receivers themselves, gets paid for his services by the month. Hence, the longer these men can hold their jobs the more money they usually get. At least, this is the reason a good many people give for the fact that it is so much more difficult to get a company out of receivership than it is to get it into receivership. I do not believe this is always true. Most men connected with these reorganizations are honorable and would not stoop to such proceedings.

Though these men are honorable, however, they are also very busy. The men in charge of reorganizations often live in different parts of the country and it is difficult to get them together. Therefore, matters naturally go slowly. Then there must always be lawyers to be waited for.

(Continued on Page 53)



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PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 4, 1916

Waterway Waste

PROBABLY the Government has wasted in river and harbor appropriations a sum equal to half the national debt. The waste goes on year after year. Many of the "improvements" have been mere pork, and should never have been undertaken at all, because no commensurate public benefit could result from them. In many other cases an important public benefit might have resulted; but the money was spent piecemeal, haphazard, without any intelligent and comprehensive plan—a good deal as though a man with a leaky roof should put on a patch here, then wait a while and put on another patch there. A great part of the sums spent in this stupid, spasmodic fashion is simply wasted.

This member wants something done in his district; that member wants so much for his district; the other member has a claim. All the claims are shuffled together and everybody votes for the aggregate amount. The waste will go right on until waterway improvement is studied as a whole and intelligently planned.

Congressman Frear has moved in the right direction by proposing a National Waterways Commission, to be composed of five members appointed by the President, with power to call on army engineers for advice and employ other experts. The first duty of the commission would be to study, check up and report on all waterway improvements so far undertaken by the Federal Government or with its aid.

All future proposals for waterway improvements should be referred to the commission, which would investigate and report, with its recommendations, to the House Committee on Appropriations.

The object, of course, is to coördinate waterway-improvement projects and get disinterested expert advice upon them. For under the present helter-skelter pork-barrel system the Government wastes in two ways: it wastes by spending money where it will do no good, and it wastes by not spending money where it would do good, or by spending it in a niggardly, haphazard fashion on projects that ought to be well supported. Whether a given appropriation shall stand in the bill is now too often largely a matter of a member's pull. Mr. Frear's proposal looks to a situation in which every appropriation shall stand or fall upon its own merits as a genuine public improvement.

Insurance and War

JUDGING by English experience ordinary life insurance pretty largely breaks down under such a war as this. For about a century before this war the number of Englishmen who would die in a given year could be pretty accurately foretold from the tables of mortality, and insurance premiums were based, of course, upon that mathematical probability of so many dying out of a thousand. But war brought in a new mortality factor, so far not precisely calculable.

True, the British life-insurance companies have suffered little from the war, although they assumed the military risk as to those who enlisted but were insured as civilians before the war. But for those who insured after enlistment war premiums of fifteen to twenty per cent were charged. This naturally prevented many from insuring at all and caused others to insure for only small amounts. Insured army officers were charged extra premiums, ranging up to seven per cent, and experience is said to have shown this was too small to cover the extra mortality rate.

For a great many years in Western Europe and in the United States there had been virtually no other variation in the death rate than that involved in a slow decline. So many out of a thousand died each year, and at the end of every decade the number was smaller. Of course 1915 will show the greatest variation since vital statistics were systematically kept. The big belligerents' death rate may have been a quarter or a third higher than in 1913.

Profitless Business

THERE were over twenty-two thousand business failures in the United States last year. More than twenty-one thousand of them were small concerns. A vast deal of business is run at loose ends, haphazard, without the proprietors really knowing at any time how they stand or whether they are making a profit or a loss. The yearly slaughter of businesses of that sort is staggering.

Speaking to an audience of business men recently, Mr. Hurley, of the Federal Trade Commission, said: "Many of the larger manufacturers have thorough cost-accounting systems.

"On the other hand, the number of small manufacturers who have no adequate cost-accounting system and price their goods arbitrarily is amazing." He mentioned that out of sixty-six thousand concerns doing a business of a hundred thousand dollars a year and upward, which had made reports to the commission, thirty thousand charged off nothing for depreciation.

This involves a great deal of essentially unfair competition. The manufacturer or merchant who sells goods at a loss, or at no adequate profit, because he does not keep books properly and does not know whether he is making a profit or not, tends to force his competitors into a like situation. True, consumers may for a time get goods that much cheaper; but we do not believe there is an ultimate gain to anybody.

A man who does not keep books properly, so that he really knows how his business stands and whether or not he is actually making a profit, is not entitled to credit and should not get it. Credit should always be based on an intelligible and accurate balance sheet. Those who grant credit can do a good deal to enforce adequate bookkeeping.

Discouraging

A NEW YORK legislative committee—with, possibly, a thrifty political eye on the gallery—proposed to poke into metropolitan transportation affairs. Historically it was promising ground. The poking had been pretty good there from the days of Boss Tweed and the bribed Broadway franchise down through the scandals of the Whitney-Ryan *régime*. However, times were different now. Wall Street had been chastened; the life-insurance explosion, the New Haven affair, and so on, had taught it that great quasi-public businesses, in which hundreds of millions of other people's money is invested, must be conducted as public trusts.

Times were different now—it seemed. But as soon as the committee began poking it struck mysterious suggestions of great sums to be devoted to dubiously obscure objects and covered up as profit on a construction contract. It found bonuses, running into six figures, lightheartedly handed over to a highly paid official. The air began to smell as though somebody had spilled a garbage can in the neighborhood. Experienced persons, with sickening memories of life insurance, New Haven, and so on, held their noses.

We doubt that any explanation will really explain. There is evidence of a gay handing about of corporation money in bulky packages that does not comport well with scrupulously administered trusteeship. It looks like plain stupidity—a boneheaded inability to comprehend what is required of the trustees of a vast property upon which a great city depends for a necessary of life, and which requires the support of investors to the extent, finally, of more than a billion dollars.

It is chalked up against Wall Street—and properly enough, in a way—for it happened there. We say repeatedly that an enormous amount of business is done in Wall Street with strict regard for all the obligations, public and private, express and implied, which the transactions involve. But when you are lecturing on the high state of sanitation in the neighborhood it is discouraging to have some blockhead toss a rotten cabbage through the window.

Censorship at Home

IN THE high name of public morals the New York police this winter censored a performance by a troupe of Russian ballet dancers—a barbaric pantomime, done with much art, and so a means of culture—just as the Arabian Nights is. At the same time Broadway was enjoying an alleged farce, which dealt with two young married couples. In one case the wife was of lively disposition, while the husband was sedate.

In the other case there was a sporty husband and a demure wife. The gay ones go out of an evening, leaving their sober mates at home. The latter discover various bottles of liquor, with the effects of which they are supposed to be quite unacquainted. They drink copiously, get very drunk, lurch round the stage a while, and go to sleep on the floor—to be discovered later, of course, by their discursive spouses.

This alcohol humor, vulgar in its situations, speeches and suggestions, was received with warm approbation. So far as we observed, no official or unofficial guardian of the Young Person hinted that the spectacle of a half-dressed, drunken pair, falling into each other's arms, might not be an advisable means of forming the Young Person's taste and morals.

Such is the incurable stupidity of every censorship. It never interferes at the right point. A bill for a national censorship of moving pictures is coming up at Washington. We trust it will fail. There is a deep reason for the fact that the word "censorious" is commonly used as implying "blockheaded."

Some Protection

WE MENTIONED the other day that ships can now be built here as cheaply as in England, whereas before the war our cost was a fifth to a third higher than the English cost. The reason for this is partly disclosed by the London Economist's "index number," which is a compound of the prices of leading commodities. The number shows that prices in England in January this year were seventy-five per cent above the average for 1901–1905. In January a year ago the compound commodity price was only thirty-seven per cent above the 1901–1905 level. During 1915, in other words, it moved up nearly forty points, or roughly by one-third. Wages have advanced more or less along with commodity prices. No doubt something like this has occurred in all the warring countries, for the same cause has been operating in all of them. The prime cause is a great increase in the volume of money or its equivalent.

Prices in the United States have advanced, too, but not nearly so rapidly as in England. Quite aside from the matter of crippled industries, restricted shipping and rising cost of capital, this greater advance in prices operates to keep foreign goods out of this market. It is equivalent to that much protective tariff. It is hardly likely that any sudden readjustment of foreign prices will occur at the end of the war. Presumably the descent to an antebellum level will be gradual. But no man can foresee what the industrial and economic situation of Europe will be three months or six months or twelve, after the war ends. All anybody can do is to guess, and one guess is pretty nearly as good as another. To get excited at this time over any of the guesses is to waste energy.

Home and Foreign Trade

A DISTINGUISHED economist has calculated the domestic trade of the United States last year at five hundred billion dollars, or nearly a hundred times the foreign trade. This is probably an exaggeration, for the method by which the result was arrived at is decidedly doubtful. But even if domestic trade were a hundred times greater in volume than foreign trade the actual importance of the latter should not be overlooked.

We consume about six hundred million bushels of wheat a year. But if we produce seven or eight hundred million bushels—it was a thousand millions last year—the price of wheat will fall until somebody buys the surplus above domestic consumption. We must either sell it abroad or to a speculator, who will hold it in store. Thus, a foreign demand for one hundred million bushels may have as great an effect in fixing the price of wheat as the domestic demand for six hundred million bushels has. So with any article of which we produce a surplus. The surplus will press on the market and drag down the price of the whole production until a buyer is found for it. If a man has ten apples to sell in a market where there are buyers for only nine the price of apples will fall until somebody turns up who will take the tenth.

Foreign trade involves even more than disposing of surplus products. We buy normally nearly two billion dollars' worth of foreign goods. About a third of it is raw materials used in our manufactures. Goods that we do not produce, or produce in insufficient quantities—such as coffee, tea, sugar—make up another large part. We must pay for this stuff by selling our own goods abroad, by going in debt abroad, or by shipping gold; and whenever we ship a dollar in gold nine or ten dollars of bank credit goes with it.

Whatever the true ratio of domestic to foreign trade, there is no danger of overestimating the importance of the latter.

HYSTERICAL HISTORY

By Wallace Irwin

I—THE ANGEL SHOWETH HER NOTEBOOK

IT WAS something I'd eaten, or something I'd taken
To wash down my vittles, that made me awaken
All shaken.
Sure as shooting! Right there at the head of my bed
Perched the Angel of History. "Mister," she said,
"I am very near dead;
I've a pain in my head—
Oh, the horrors I've seen in this Epoch of Dread!
To record the damnation
Of civilization
All over creation
Brings nervous prostration.
But I'm glad to reflect"—here she smiled in the pause—
"That History's built on dramatical laws;
And the best way to spice up a drama's a brief
Moment of clowning for Comic Relief.
Thus the great Prussian Scourge, with its iron-fisted Lord,
Gives place to a snicker o'er dear Henry Ford.
If War is a Tragedy, founded on fact,
Then Peace, I am sure, is a Comedy Act."

"Have you gathered the News of the Cruise?"
Of the Angel inspired I inquired.
"Disconnected, occasional views
I can show if desired."
A yard of her scroll
She began to unroll
Till she came, to explain her remarks as above,
To some notes headed "Jitneying After the Dove."
And she read this unclassified,
Let-us-be-pacified,
Quite solemn sissified
Amplification of Brotherly Love.

II—HENRY FORSAKETH A GOOD BUSINESS TO SAVE EUROPE

THE world was acting very rough,
The War had lasted long enough;
So Henry Ford brought down his mitt
And startled all Detroit—to wit:
"I'm getting good and tired of it!
Those dog-goned kings
And dukes and things
Blowing the world to scrap—by jings!
It's obvious the time has come
When some one ought to speak to um.
It's plain to see
That same is Me.
As I am Labor's greatest friend,
It's up to me the war to end.
Each soldier is a working man
Wrongly employed. The Union plan
Of walking out
Will work, no doubt.
So, to that zone of warring states
I'll lead my walking delegates
And call a strike
The very like
Of which ne'er knocked at Labor's gates.

"Sherman's hot word I'll put on ice—
The cry is 'Peace at any price!'
And as I have the price to spend
From out my weekly dividend,
I'll show the Muscovites and Huns
That Capital's against their guns—
Let monarchs insecurely sit
When Truth honks by upon her jit!"

"Go forth! Go forth!" Fame seemed to bid;
And that is just what Henry did.

III—HE GATHERETH HIGH SOULS FROM MANY QUARTERS

TO THE four winds—the four wild winds of Heaven—
Sir Henry pealed upon his honking horn:
"Ye friends of Peace, too proud to fight, and yet
Too kind to see poor Europe cut her throat;
Ye heroes brave enough to come between
Two hostile armies and look quite oblivious
Of several million pounds of flying steel,
Come gather for a sweet excursion tour
At my expense upon a ship named Oscar.
To those dire scenes we'll sail, by song inspired—
'I will not raise my boy to be a soldier!'
We'll stand, a gentle missionary band,
Betwixt ten million warriors, more or less,
Who'll drop their rifles, wipe their dusty helmets,
And quit the trenches sometime before Christmas."

"Which Christmas?" asked a skeptic rather queer.
Quoth Henry: "I have not the least ideer—
But surely there's a Christmas every year!"
He turned his thoughts to matters more severe.

And from four winds came flocking,
On willing feet in cultured sky-blue stocking,
Many a mind
So loftily inclined
I might say "highbrow" were I given to knocking.
And as the good ship Oscar nudged the pier
Who's Who in Utopia was represented.
And as those new biographers,
Movie photographers,
On every side start cranking their machines,
Reverend Floyd Jones brings action to their scenes,
Inspiring other graybeards by his vim
As Reverend Aked leapfrogs over him.
Behold, here's a Jane!
And, the reverse of plain,
Clad in a Robe of Peace, with satin train,
Inez Milholland Hyphen Boissevain,
Prepared to lend her voice to any spiel,
Looks every inch a Goddess by Lucile.
At last down came the plank
And the wild sea, spink-spank,
Slapped the tame Oscar as her prow obese
Plowed the outrunning wave.
"How will her crew behave?
Will they find billows in their quest for Peace?"
Asked a reporter, glasses to his eyes,
As toward the distant Oscar went his gaze.
"It seems to me I see among those guys
A look that can be taken many ways.
Perhaps it is the roughness of the sea
Which casts that bilious hue
Among those comrades new;
But, candidly, it sort of looks to me——"

IV—HE TAKETH STOCK OF HIS PACIFIERS

"WHO'LL stop the war?"
"I," wrote Jane Addams,
"With my Votes for Madams;
With my Hull House advisers
Applied to Kaisers;
With my strong position
On Prohibition;
For War's wild dragon
Is a form of jag-on.
Trust me, Henry—
I'll stop the war."

"Who'll calm the anger?"
"I," said Judge Benny.
"I'm as able as any
At checking abuses
Among the newsies.
A boys' court tangle
Or gangsters' wrangle
I'm able to coddle—
For I'm the model
Of Pacifiers.
Trust me, Henry—
I'll calm the anger."

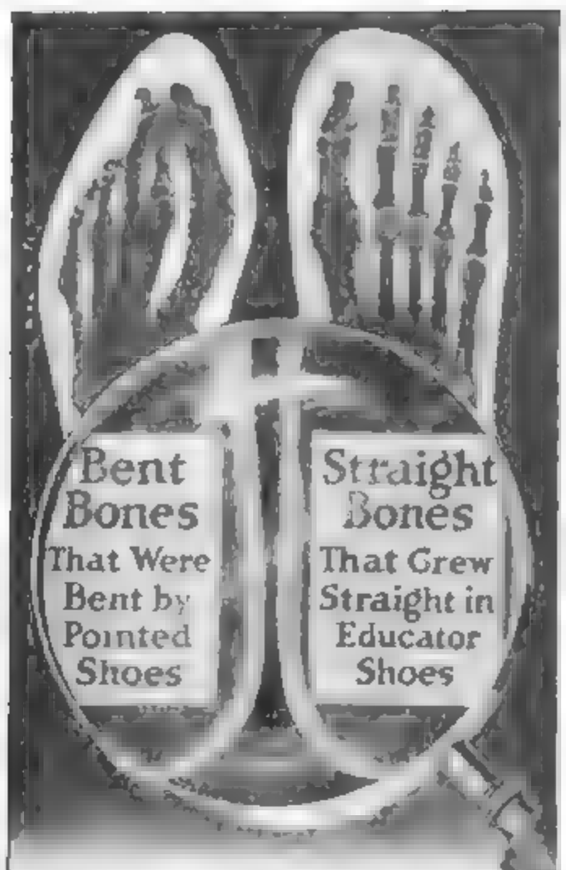
"Who'll scold the Generals?"
"I," answered Ida;
"For I can't abide a
Land despoiler
Or Standard Oiler.
My stern down-calling
Of wrongs appalling
Causes big gunners
To quake on their runners.
Cheer up, Henry—
I'll scold the Generals."

"Who'll cheer the soldiers?"
Inez Milholland
Cried: "I'm the big doll and
Attract much attention
At any convention.
If they gaze my direction
And see my complexion,
They'll swallow a bullet
And warble, 'Some pullet!'
Believe me, Henry—
I'll cheer the soldiers."

"Who'll stop the cannon?"
"I," said Rev. Aked.
"The Truth, which is naked,
I'll clothe in a fichu
Of wonderful tissue.
Defying war's puppies,
Right up to the Kruppies
I'll bear the white pigeon
Of bloodless religion.
Fear not, Henry—
I'll stop the cannon."

"Who'll do the talking?"
"I!!" Such a yammer,
Competitive clamor,
Arose from each tripper
That Henry, the skipper,
Hid up a mast'ed
As long as it lasted:
Then exhorted: "Go slow dears!
I'm running this show, dears,
For one blessed purpose—
I'll do the talking!"

The Watch Dog



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V—AN AVERAGE DAY ON THE PEACE SHIP

THEY were out upon the ocean, fifteen minutes from the Hook,
When the Leading Pacifier said, with half-distressful look:
"To bring about an all-world peace we ought, by hook or crook,
To draw up Resolutions or write something in a book."

A Boy Reformer shouted out: "Resolved—That it is time
To publish all Preparedness as both a shame and crime——"
Whereat a boy reporter gave forth a lowering glare
And muttered: "Treason! Treason to my Woodrow! Have a care!"

A Lady Leader war-cried: "Votes for Women!" loud and clear;
But a Lady Scribe retorted: "Woman's place is in her sphere!"
The Captain separated them; but, while their wrath still stirred,
A Judge had called a Financier a short and ugly word.

"Oh, Peace!" the Captain shouted; "ye Disciples of the Dove!
Bring forth our trusty Preacher—let him lecture us on Love!"
But the Clergyman was absent—it was found out, infra dig,
He was beating up the Editor, for something, in the brig.

"We could spread our gentle doctrine o'er the land and o'er the sea
Could we only get together and forget to disagree——"
Thus the Captain was explaining when, it pains me to relate,
His remark was never finished—someone floored him with a plate.

Late that night the Captain wireless-flashed to William Jennings B.:
"There is mutiny among us. How to stop it? C. O. D."
The reply: "When peace exhorters come together it is best
Just to turn the hose upon them and let Nature do the rest."

VI—A COMPLETE HISTORY OF THE FORD PROPAGANDA AS CARRIED OUT IN THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND

THEY stopped his boat at quarantine;
He struggled to explain.
As Milton says: "He sailed right in
And sailed right out again."

VII—HENRY GREETETH THE KING OF DENMARK AND TELLETH THE BEST FORD JOKE

IT WAS the King of Denmark
Who sat upon his pier,
No raconteurs had sought his shores
For many a weary year.
He sat and wove a rosy wreath
As languidly sighed he:
"Ah, lives another one like Fred
In land or sky or sea?"

It was his elder chamberlain
Beside the monarch stood
A-telling tales of Poles and whales
In hopes of making good;
But the potentate grew sadder
And wildly moaned the while,
"Are there no funny things on earth
Since the Doc went out of style?"

But ho! across the waters
A vessel hove in view;
Upon its peak in letters freak
Plain labeled OSCAR TWO.
"Oh, stop them!" cried the monarch,
"And summon all aboard."
The minion did as he was bid,
And out stepped Henry Ford.

And out stepped peaceful Henry,
With all his peaceful crew,
The comely Jane and Benny plain,
And Reverend Aked too.
Then up the King of Denmark
Bespake in accents clear:
"If ye have aught grotesque to tell,
I prithee tell it here!"

Then boldly answered Henry:
"I am no roving soul.
I did not seek McKinley's Peak,
Nor have I found a Pole.
But of the brave explorers
Who chase the wildling geese,
Inscribe my name and give me fame—
For I am seeking Peace."

The King he nudged his elbow
Into his chamberlain,
And, with a wink, remarked: "I think
We've found a funny vein."
Then, to the weary Fordgonauts:
"Your quest is far from tame.
Have ye a plan of action
To find that What's-Its-Name?"

"I have a plan of action,"
Thus Henry did proclaim.
"I've seen it in a vision
And well I love that same.
For in the field of Flanders
Embattled hosts I see;
Two million men on either side,
All in a killing bee.

"I see the embattled armies,
Their cannons raised to shoot;
I see their angry captains
On fiery chargers scoot.
But, right between the trenches,
What is it now I see?
It is My Expedition,
Serenely led by Me.

"Up now I hold my finger;
All mark the signal high.
The shrapnel stops exploding,
The bullets cease to fly.
A self-respecting silence
Falls on that lustful horde—
Don't look surprised—they've realized
That I am Henry Ford.

"'Comrades,' I say distinctly,
'Be gentle, if you can!
It isn't right, it's not polite,
To shoot one's fellowman.'
Whereat the opposing armies
Look rather shamed and flat.
'Oh, Sir'—they blush amidst the hush—
'We never thought of that!'

"At once they break each cannon
And throw away each gun.
The Germans kiss the English,
The French kiss everyone.
Hands clasped, they join together
In chatty social teas——"
"Whoa!" cried the King, and took a breath;
Then murmured: "Go on, please!"

"And when the tea is over
Among our new-found mates
We telegraph the Kaiser,
Who quickly abdicates.
King George he follows ditto;
The Czar he does the same.
And, Europe lacking monarchs,
A certain man of fame——"

"Enough!" The King of Denmark
Grinned wide his trustful look.
"Friend, you have had a vision
Was never dreamed by Cook.
Oh, come again to Denmark
When you your peace have made!"
And he dropped a wreath of roses
'Cross Henry's shoulder blade.

VIII—THE ANGEL DROPPETH THE SUBJECT FROM A GREAT HEIGHT

THE Angel of History, perched on my bed,
Reeled up her scroll on a shade-roller spring.
"That's all for to-night," she unfeelingly said.
"But, Angel," I cried—"you tormenting old thing—
Your tale's just begun—such a trick doesn't go.
No story can stop at the Preface, you know."
Fair History smiled like a woman unchid.
"Ford's did,"
She replied, starry-eyed.
"'Tis a modern adventure, which truly deserves
To be painted in free post-impressionist curves;
A splendid hypothesis, lacking conclusion,
That ends where it started, in gorgeous confusion."
"But what of our Henry?" I gasped. "Oh, he's home!"
So she played me this tune on the back of a comb:

"Henry is back in America,
Talking a trifle vague,
While the rest of his crew, having nothing to do,
Are seeing the sights at The Hague.

"'I delivered my message to Europe,'
He says round the Works to the boys;
'I bade them to halt—and it wasn't my fault
That my words were drowned out by the noise.'"

So saying, the Angel, without a farewell,
Borrowed my ink and went flying pell-mell
Toward some big Russian battle whose name
I can't spell.

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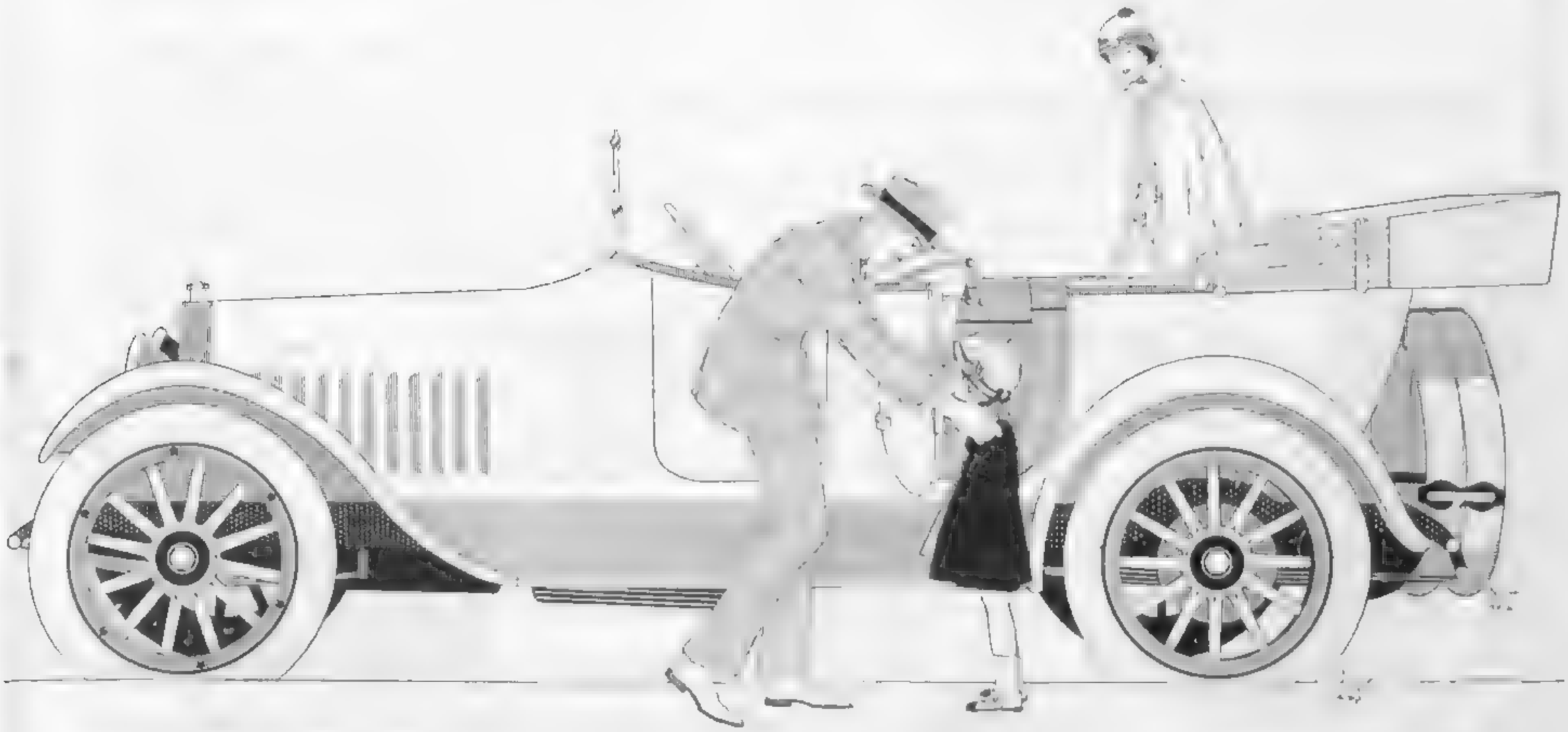

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High engine speed is the reason for this. The crank-shaft turns over 3400 revolutions per minute. Better than 56 a second.

That's about 1200 revolutions faster than most engines of its size. It accounts for the tremendous increase in power.

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It was a great achievement, perhaps without a parallel in America.

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Too, he insisted on long mileage on gas, for there is no dodging, no short-cut, nothing psychic, nor supernatural, about what makes an engine go.

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That's why it is so easy to drive a 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers; why you feel perfect velvet underneath your right foot; why you never take another man's dust; why you hug the road and drive straight as an arrow.

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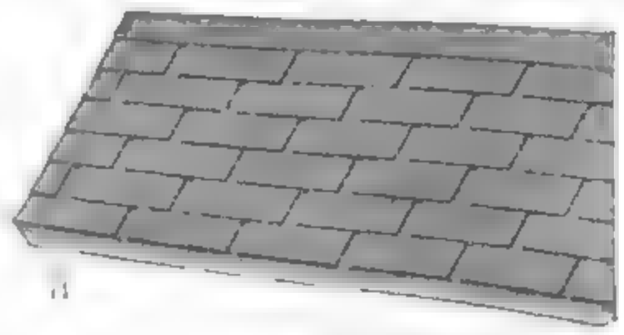

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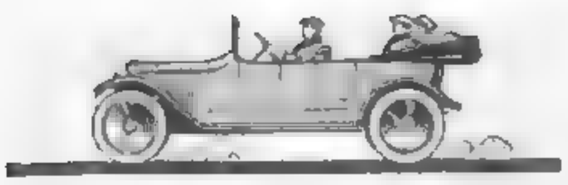

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WEAR

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WEAR

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Raybestos
BRAKE LINING

Sold by all first class garages and auto supply houses

THE SUB-DEB

(Continued from Page 6)

were welcome to mail it. It would go to the Dead Letter Office, since there was no Harold. It could not come back to me, for I had only signed it "Barbara." I had it all figured out carefully. It looked as if I had everything to gain, including the furs, and nothing to lose. Alas, how little I knew!

"The best laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley." Burns.

Carter Brooks ambled into the room just as I sealed it and stood gazing down at me.

"You're quite a person these days, Bab," he said. "I suppose all the customary Christmas kisses are being saved this year for what's his name."

"I don't understand you."

"For Harold. You know, Bab, I think I could bear up better if his name wasn't Harold."

"I don't see how it concerns you," I responded.

"Don't you? With me crazy about you for lo, these many years! First as a baby, then as a sub-sub-deb, and now as a sub-deb. Next year, when you are a real Debutante ——"

"You've concealed your infatuation bravely."

"It's been eating me inside. A green and yellow melancholly—hello! A letter to him!"

"Why, so it is," I said, scornfully.

He picked it up, and looked at it. Then he started and stared at me.

"No!" he said. "It isn't possible! It isn't old Valentine!"

Positively, my knees got cold. I never had such a shock.

"It—it certainly is Harold Valentine," I said feebly.

"Old Hal!" he muttered. "Well, who would have thought it! And not a word to me about it, the secretive old duffer!" He held out his hand to me. "Congratulations, Barbara," he said heartily. "Since you absolutely refuse me, you couldn't do better. He's the finest chap I know. If it's Valentine the family is kicking up such a row about, you leave it to me. I'll tell them a few things."

I was stunned. Would anybody have believed it? To pick a name out of the air, so to speak, and off a malted milk tablet, and then to find that it actualy belonged to some one—was sickning.

"It may not be the one you know," I said desperately. "It—it's a common name. There must be plenty of Valentines."

"Sure there are, lace paper and Cupids—lots of that sort. But there's only one Harold Valentine, and now you've got him pinned to the wall! I'll tell you what I'll do, Barbara. I'm a real friend of yours. Always have been. Always will be. The chances are against the family letting him get this letter. I'll give it to him."

"Give it to him?"

"Why, he's here. You know that, don't you? He's in town over the holidays!"

"Oh, no!"

"Sorry," he said. "Probably meant it as a surprise to you. Yes he's here, with bells on."

The wretch! He put the letter in his pocket before my very eyes, and sat down on the corner of the writing table.

"You don't know how all this has releived my mind," he said. "The poor chap's been looking down. Not interested in anything. Of course this explains it. He's the sort to take love hard. At college he took everything hard—like to have died once with German measles."

He picked up a book, and the charred picture was underneath. He pounced on it. "Pounced" is exactly the right word.

"Hello!" he said. "Family again, I suppose. Yes, it's Hal, all right. Well, who would have thought it!"

My last hope died. Then and there I had a nervous chill. I was compelled to prop my chin on my hand to keep my teeth from chattering.

"Tell you what I'll do," he said, hatfully cheerful. "I'll be the Cupid for your Valentine. See? Far be it from me to see love's young dream wiped out by a hard-hearted family. I'm going to see this thing through. You count on me, Barbara. I'll arrange that you get a chance to see each other, family or no family. Old Hal has been looking down his nose long enough. When's your first party?"

"Tomorrow night," I gasped out.

"Very well. Tomorrow night it is. It's at the Andrews, isn't it?"

I could only nod. I was beyond speaking. I saw it all clearly. I had been wicked in decieving my dear family and now I was to pay the penalty. He would know at once that I had made him up, or rather he did not know me and therefore could not possibly be in love with me. And what then?

"But look here," he said, "if I take him there as Valentine, the family will be on, you know. We'd better call him something else. Got any choice as to a name?"

"Carter," I said frantically. "I think I'd better tell you. I ——"

"How about calling him Grosvenor?" he babbled on. "Grosvenor's a good name. Ted Grosvenor—that ought to hit them between the eyes. It's going to be rather a lark, Miss Bab!"

And of course just then mother came in, and the Brooks idiot went in and poured her a cup of tea, with his little finger stuck out at a right angle, and every time he had a chance he winked at me.

I wanted to die.

When they had all gone home it seemed like a bad dream, the whole thing. It could not be true. I went upstairs and manacured my nails, which usually comforts me, and put my hair up like Leila's.

But nothing could calm me. I had made my own fate, and must lie in it. And just then Hannah slipped in with a box in her hands and her eyes frightened.

"Oh, Miss Barbara!" she said. "If your mother sees this!"

I dropped my manacure scizzors, I was so alarmed. But I opened the box, and clutched the envelope inside. It said "from H——." Then Carter was right. There was an H after all!

Hannah was rolling her hands in her apron and her eyes were poping out of her head.

"I just happened to see the boy at the door," she said, with her silly teeth chattering. "Oh, Miss Barbara, if Dennis had answered the bell! What shall we do with them?"

"You take them right down the back stairs," I said. "As if it was an empty box. And put it outside with the waste papers. Quick."

She gathered the thing up, but of course mother had to come in just then and they met in the doorway. She saw it all in one glance, and she snatched the card out of my hand.

"From H ——!" she read. "Take them out, Hannah, and throw them away. No, don't do that. Put them on the servant's table." Then, when the door had closed, she turned to me. "Just one more ridiculous episode of this kind, Barbara," she said, "and you go back to school—Christmas or no Christmas."

I will say this. If she had shown the faintest softness, I'd have told her the whole thing. But she did not. She looked exactly as gentle as a macadam pavment. I am one who has to be handled with gentleness. A kind word will do anything with me, but harsh treatment only makes me determined. I then become inflexable as iron.

That is what happened then. Mother took the wrong course and threatened, which as I have stated is fatal, as far as I am concerned. I refused to yield an inch, and it ended in my having my dinner in my room, and mother threatening to keep me home from the party the next night. It was not a threat, if she had only known it.

But when the next day went by, with no more flowers, and nothing apparently wrong except that mother was very dignified with me, I began to feel better. Sis was out all day, and in the afternoon Jane called me up.

"How are you?" she said.

"Oh, I'm all right."

"Everything smooth?"

"Well, smooth enough."

"Oh, Bab," she said. "I'm just crazy about it. All the girls are."

"I knew they were crazy about somthing."

"You poor thing, no wonder you are bitter," she said. "Somebody's coming. I'll have to ring off. But don't you give in, Bab. Not an inch. Marry your Heart's Desire, no matter who butts in."

Well, you can see how it was. Even then I could have told father and mother, and got out of it somehow. But all the girls knew about it, and there was nothing to do but go on.

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All that day every time I thought of the party my heart missed a beat. But as I would not lie and say that I was ill—I am naturaly truthful, as far as possible—I was compelled to go, although my heart was breaking.

I am not going to write much about the party, except a slight discription, which properly belongs in every theme.

All parties for the school set are alike. The boys range from knickerbockers to college men in their Freshmen year, and one is likely to dance half the evening with youngsters that one saw last in their perambulaters. It is rather startling to have about six feet of black trouser legs and white shirt front come and ask one to dance and then to get one's eyes raised as far as the top of what looks like a particularly slender pair of tree trunks, crowned with snow, and see a little boy's face.

As this theme is to contain discription I shall discribe the ball room of the club where the eventful party occurred.

The ball room is white, with red hangings, and looks like a charlotte russe with maraschino cherries. Over the fireplace they had put "Merry Christmas," in electric lights, and the chandaliers were made into Christmas trees and hung with colored balls. One of the balls fell off during the Cotillion, and went down the back of one of the girl's dresses, and they were compelled to up-end her and shake her out in the dressing room.

The favors were insignificant, as usual. It is not considered good taste to have elaborate things for the school crowd. But when I think of the silver things Sis always brought home, and remember that I took away about six Christmas Stockings, a toy Baloon, four Whistles, a wooden Canary in a cage and a box of Talcum Powder, I feel rather resentful.

Hannah went with me, and in the motor she said:

"Oh, Miss Barbara, do be careful. The family is that upset."

"Don't be a silly," I said. "And if the family is half as upset as I am, it is throwing a fit at this minute."

We were early, of course. My mother beleives in being on time, and besides, she and Sis wanted the motor later. And while Hannah was on her knees taking off my carriage boots, I suddenly decided that I could not go down. Hannah turned quite pale when I told her.

"What'll your mother say?" she said. "And you with your new dress and all! It's as much as my life is worth to take you back home now, Miss Barbara."

Well, that was true enough. There would be a riot if I went home, and I knew it.

"I'll see the stuard and get you a cup of tea," Hannah said. "Tea sets me up like anything when I'm nervous. Now please be a good girl, Miss Barbara, and don't run off, or do anything foolish."

She wanted me to promise, but I would not, although I could not have run anywhere. My legs were entirely numb.

In a half hour at the utmost I knew all would be known, and very likely I would be a homless wanderer on the earth. For I felt that never, never could I return to my Dear Ones, when my terrible actions became known.

Jane came in while I was sipping the tea and she stood off and eyed me with sympathy.

"I don't wonder, Bab!" she said. "The idea of your family acting so outragously! And look here ——" She bent over me and whispered it. "Don't trust Carter too much. He is perfectly infatuated with Leila, and he will play into the hands of the enemy. *Be careful.*"

"Loathesome creature!" was my response. "As for trusting him, I trust no one, these days."

"I don't wonder your Faith is gone," she observed. But she was talking with one eye on a mirror.

"Pink makes me pale," she said. "I'll bet the maid has a drawer full of rouge. I'm going to see. How about a touch for you? You look ghastly."

"I don't care how I look," I said, recklessly. "I think I'll sprain my ankle and go home. Anyhow I am not allowed to use rouge."

"Not allowed!" she observed. "What has that got to do with it? I don't understand you, Bab, you are totaly changed."

"I am suffering," I said. I was, too.

Just then the maid brought me a folded note. Hannah was hanging up my wraps, and did not see it. Jane's eyes fairly bulged.

"I hope you have saved the Cotillion for me," it said. And it was signed H——!

"Good gracious," Jane said breathlessly. "Don't tell me he is here, and that that's from him!"

I had to swallow twice before I could speak. Then I said, solemnly:

"He is here, Jane. He has followed me. I am going to dance the Cotillion with him although I shall probably be disinherited and thrown out into the world, as a result."

I have no recollection whatever of going down the staircase and into the ballroom. Although I am considered rather brave, and once saved one of the smaller girls from drowning, as I need not remind the school, when she was skating on thin ice, I was frightened. I remember that, inside the door, Jane said "Courage!" in a low tense voice, and that I stepped on somebody's foot and said "Certainly" instead of apologizing. The shock of that brought me around somewhat, and I managed to find Mrs. Andrews and Dorothea, and not disgrace myself. Then somebody at my elbow said:

"All right, Barbara. Everything's fixed."

It was Carter.

"He's waiting in the corner over there," he said. "We'd better go through the formality of an introduction. He's positively twittering with excitement."

"Carter," I said desperately. "I want to tell you somthing first. I've got myself in an awful mess. I ——"

"Sure you have," he said. "That's why I'm here, to help you out. Now you be calm, and there's no reason why you two can't have the evening of your young lives. I wish *I* could fall in love. It must be bully."

"Carter ——!"

"Got his note, didn't you?"

"Yes, I ——"

"Here we are," said Carter. "Miss Archibald, I would like to present Mr. Grosvenor."

Somebody bowed in front of me, and then straightened up and looked down at me. It was the man of the Picture, little mustache and all. My mouth went perfectly dry.

It is all very well to talk about romance and love, and all that sort of thing. But I have concluded that amorus experiences are not always agreeable. And I have discovered something else. The moment anybody is crazy about me I begin to hate him. It is curious, but I am like that, I only care as long as they, or he, is far away. And the moment I touched H's white kid glove, I knew I loathed him.

"Now go to it, you two," Carter said in cautious tone. "Don't be conspicuous. That's all."

And he left us.

"Suppose we dance this. Shall we?" said H. And the next moment we were gliding off. He danced very well. I will say that. But at the time I was too much occupied with hateing him to care about dancing, or anything. But I was compelled by my pride to see things through. We are a very proud family and never show our troubles, though our hearts be torn with anguish.

"Think," he said, when we had got away from the band, "think of our being together like this!"

"It's not so surprising, is it? We've got to be together if we are dancing."

"Not that. Do you know, I never knew so long a day as this has been. The thought of meeting you—er—again, and all that."

"You needn't rave for my benefit," I said freesingly. "You know perfectly well that you never saw me before."

"Barbara! With your dear little Letter in my breast pocket at this moment!"

"I didn't know men had breast pockets in their evening clothes."

"Oh well, have it your own way. I'm too happy to quarrel," he said. "How well you dance—only, let me lead, won't you? How strange it is to think that we have never danced together before!"

"We must have a talk," I said desperately. "Can't we go somwhere, away from the noise?"

"That would be conspicuous, wouldn't it, under the circumstances? If we are to overcome the family objection to me, we'll have to be cautious, Barbara."

"Don't call me Barbara," I snapped. "I know perfectly well what you think of me, and I ——"

"I think you are wonderful," he said. "Words fail me when I try to tell you what I am thinking. You've saved the Cotillion

(Continued on Page 37)

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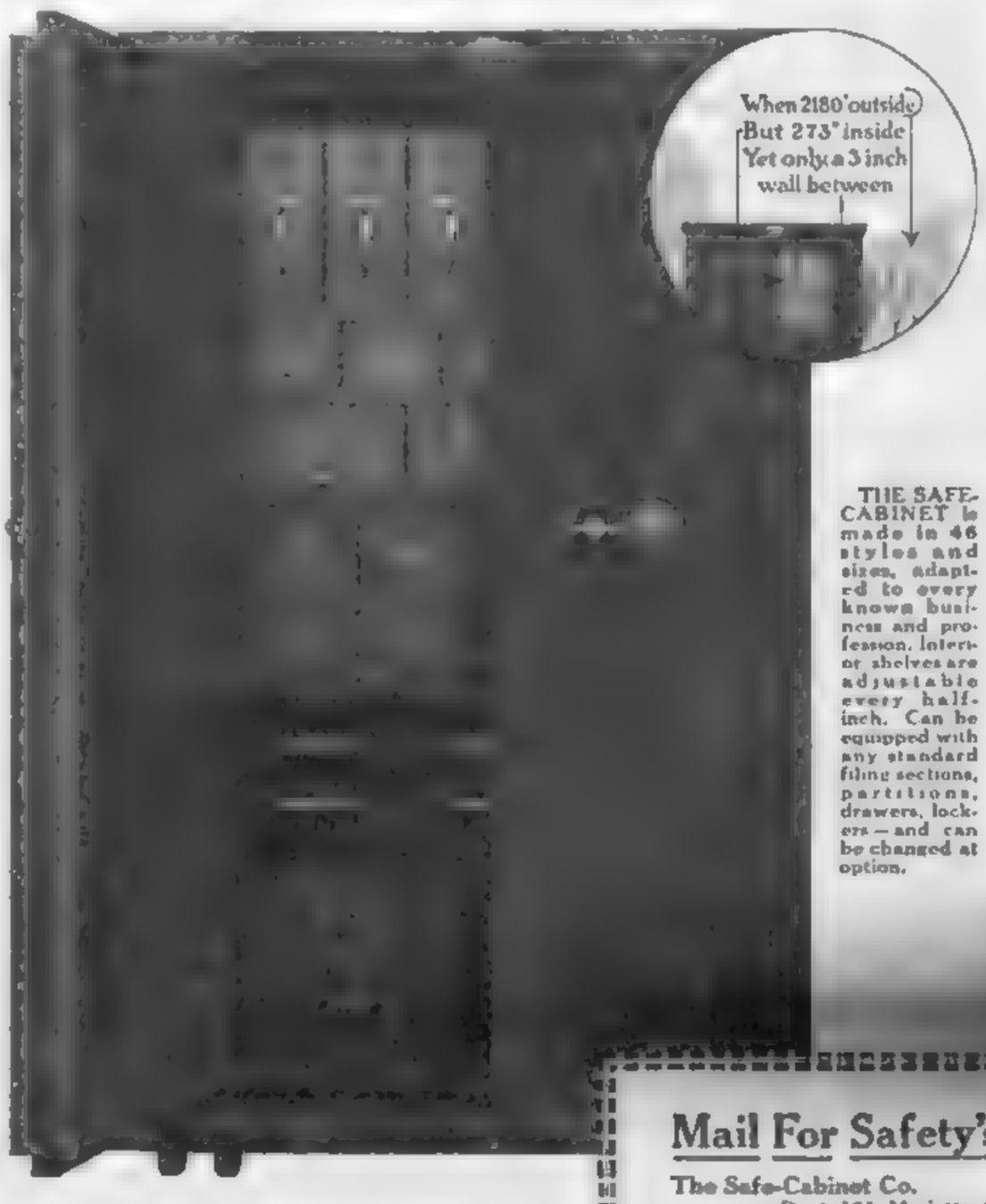

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Please arrange with my dealer to supply me with the AutoStrop Safety Razor for 30 days' trial without obligation of purchase.

My dealer's name is _____

His address is _____

My name is

My address is

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., 345 Fifth Avenue, New York

This offer is also good in Canada. 83–87 Duke Street, *Toronto*

(Continued from Page 34)

for me, haven't you? If not, I'm going to claim it anyhow. *It is my right.*"

He said it in the most determined manner, as if everything was settled. I felt like a rat in a trap, and Carter, watching from a corner, looked exactly like a cat. If he had taken his hand in its white glove and washed his face with it, I would hardly have been surprised.

The music stopped, and somebody claimed me for the next. Jane came up, too, and clutched my arm.

"You lucky thing!" she said. "He's perfectly handsome. And oh, Barbara, he's wild about you. I can see it in his eyes."

"Don't pinch, Jane," I said coldly. "And don't rave. He's an idiot."

She looked at me with her mouth open.

"Well, if you don't want him, pass him on to me," she said, and walked away.

It was too silly, after everything that had happened, to dance the next dance with Willie Graham, who is still in knickerbockers, and a full head shorter than I am. But that's the way with a party for the school crowd, as I've said before. They ask all ages, from perambulaters up, and of course the little boys all want to dance with the older girls. It is deadly stupid.

But H seemed to be having a good time. He danced a lot with Jane, who is a wretched dancer, with no sense of time whatever. Jane is not pretty, but she has nice eyes, and I am not afraid, second cousin once removed or no second cousin once removed, to say she used them.

In the agregate, it was a terrible evening. I danced three dances out of four with knickerbockers, and one with old Mr. Andrews, who is stout and rotates his partner at the corners by swinging her on his waistcoat. Carter did not dance at all, and every time I tried to speak to him he was taking a crowd of the little girls to the fruit-punch bowl.

I determined to have things out with H during the Cotillion, and tell him that I would never marry him, that I would die first. But I was favored a great deal, and when we did have a chance the music was making such a noise that I would have had to shout. Our chairs were next to the band.

But at last we had a minute, and I went out to the verandah, which was closed in with awnings. He had to follow, of course, and I turned and faced him.

"Now," I said, "this has got to stop."

"I don't understand you, Barbara."

"You do, perfectly well," I stormed. "I can't stand it. I am going crazy."

"Oh," he said slowly. "I see. I've been dancing too much with the little girl with the eyes! Honestly, Bab, I was only doing it to disarm suspicion. *My every thought is of you.*"

"I mean," I said, as firmly as I could, "that this whole thing has got to stop. I can't stand it."

"Am I to understand," he said solemnly, "that you intend to end everything?"

I felt perfectly wild and helpless.

"After that Letter!" he went on. "After that sweet Letter! You said, you know, that you were mad to see me, and that—it is almost too sacred to repeat, even to *you*—that you would always love me. After that confession I refuse to agree that all is over. It can *never* be over."

"I daresay I am losing my mind," I said. "It all sounds perfectly natural. But it doesn't mean anything. There *can't* be any Harold Valentine; because I made him up. But there is, so there must be. And I am going crazy."

"Look here," he stormed, suddenly quite raving, and throwing out his right hand. It would have been terribly dramatic, only he had a glass of punch in it. "I am not going to be played with. And you are not going to jilt me without a reason. Do you mean to deny everything? Are you going to say, for instance, that I never sent you any violets? Or gave you my Photograph, with an—er—touching inscription on it?" Then, appealingly, "You can't mean to deny that Photograph, Bab!"

And then that lanky wretch of an Eddie Perkins brought me a toy Baloon, and I had to dance, with my heart crushed.

Nevertheless, I ate a fair supper. I felt that I needed strength. It was quite a grown-up supper, with bouillion and creamed chicken and baked ham and sandwiches, among other things. But of course they had to show it was a 'kid' party, after all. For instead of coffee we had milk.

Milk! When I was going through a tragedy. For if it is not a tragedy to be engaged to a man one never saw before, what is it?

And all through the refreshments, I could feel that his eyes were on me. And I hated him. It was all well enough for Jane to say he was handsome. She wasn't going to have to marry him. I detest dimples in chins. I always have. And anybody could see that it was his first mustache, and soft, and that he took it round like a mother pushing a new baby in a perambulater. It was sickning.

I left just after supper. He did not see me when I went upstairs, but he had missed me, for when Hannah and I came down, he was at the door, waiting. Hannah was loaded down with silly favors, and lagged behind, which gave him a chance to speak to me. I eyed him coldly and tried to pass him, but I had no chance.

"I'll see you tomorrow, *dearest*," he whispered.

"Not if I can help it," I said, looking straight ahead. Hannah had dropped a stocking—not her own. One of the favors—and was fumbling about for it.

"You are tired and unerved to-night, Bab. When I have seen your father tomorrow, and talked to him——"

"Don't you dare to see father."

"——and when he has agreed to what I propose," he went on, without paying any attention to what I had said, "you will be calmer. We can plan things."

Hannah came puffing up then, and he helped us into the motor. He was very careful to see that we were covered with the robes, and he tucked Hannah's feet in. She was awfully flattered. Old Fool! And she babbled about him until I wanted to slap her.

"He's a nice young man, Miss Bab," she said. "That is, if he's the one. And he has nice manners. So considerate. Many a party I've taken your sister to, and never before——"

"I wish you'd shut up, Hannah," I said. "He's a Pig, and I hate him."

She sulked after that, and helped me out of my things at home without a word. When I was in bed, however, and she was hanging up my clothes, she said:

"I don't know what's got into you, Miss Barbara. You are that cross that there's no living with you."

"Oh, go away," I said.

"And what's more," she added, "I don't know but what your mother ought to know about these goings-on. You're only a little girl, with all your high and mightiness, and there's going to be no scandal in this family if I can help it."

I put the bedclothes over my head, and she went out.

But of course I could not sleep. Sis was not home yet, or mother, and I went into Sis's room and got a novel from her table. It was the story of a woman who had married a man in a hurry, and without really loving him, and when she had been married a year, and hated the very way her husband drank his coffee and cut the ends off his cigars, she found some one she really loved with her Whole Heart. And it was too late. But she wrote him one Letter, the other man, you know, and it caused a lot of trouble. So she said—I remember the very words—

"Half the troubles in the world are caused by Letters. Emotions are changable things"—this was after she had found that she really loved her husband after all, but he had had to shoot himself before she found it out, although not fataly—"but the written word does not change. It remains always, embodying a dead truth and giving it apparent life. No woman should ever put her thoughts on paper."

She got the Letter back, but she had to steal it. And it turned out that the other man had really only wanted her money all the time.

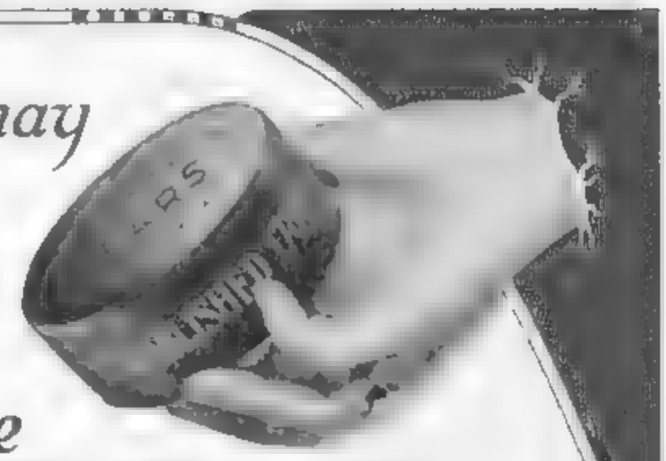
That story was a real ilumination to me. I shall have a great deal of money when I am of age, from my grandmother. And of course father is wealthy. I saw it all. It was a trap sure enough. And if I was to get out I would have to have the letter.

It was the Letter that put me in his power.

The next day was Christmas. I got a lot of things, including the necklace, and a mending basket from Sis, with the hope that it would make me tidey, and father had bought me a set of Silver Fox, which mother did not approve of, it being too expensive for a young girl to wear, according to her. I must say that for an hour or two I was happy enough.

But the afternoon was terrible. We keep open house on Christmas afternoon, and

Now you may Test Pears at Small Expense



(See special offer at the bottom of this advertisement)

Prove it yourself—and know that Pears is the very best soap for your skin in cold weather.

Send to-day for a trial cake and learn to know this delightful soap at our expense. You will be delighted to note the improvement in your skin; and you will find Pears a constant protection against the roughness and chapping so often caused by raw, damp days, and biting, frosty air.

Pears' Soap

has been known for generations as "The Great Complexion Soap" because the skin and complexion reflect so quickly the fine character of the soap itself. It keeps the skin soft and smooth—the complexion fair and fresh because it absolutely frees the delicate pores from impurities of every sort.

Pears thus promotes a natural, healthy condition in which the skin is able to withstand the trying effects of cold, wind and dust.

Do not gloss over skin trouble with cosmetics—use Pears' Soap every day, in any climate, in any weather and enjoy real skin comfort. Sold anywhere in the United States at 15 cents per cake.

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SPECIAL OFFER: Send 4c in stamps to cover mailing cost and we will send, postpaid, a generous trial cake. Pears' [illegible] Address Walter Janvier, United States Agent, 317 Canal Street, New York City.

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That Brings a Bigger Day's Work With Nearly a Third Less Effort

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When experts first saw this revolutionary typewriter they predicted that we would have to raise our price. Yet the public would freely pay more, they declared, to secure a machine that vastly increases **any typist's output** and reduces exertion **about a third.**

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But we equalized the extra cost to us—partly by **simplified** construction, partly by **quantity** production. Hence we're selling the NINE at the old time price and for **17 cents a day!**

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Get outdoors this spring, men! June is coming. Nature calls you to enjoy the healing and sunshine and exercise of work in the open. Nature invites you to plant a garden. Nature will make things grow. *What* Nature makes grow depends on you. Plant good seed.

FERRY'S SEEDS

are good because they are pure-bred. They have been selected from the best fruits of each generation for many years. Ferry's seeds are bred and tested in one of the world's foremost seed institutions. It pays to plant the best. Try these:

Ferry's Thomas Laxton Peas. Very vigorous vines, medium height, large pods; peas very large and tender. One of the best varieties for the Home Garden.

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Write today for Ferry's 1916 Seed Annual, telling what, how and when to plant. Ferry's Seeds are sold by dealers everywhere. They are not expensive, because

"The best is always the cheapest. Reliable seeds cannot be afforded at half price"

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Six and Twelve Cylinder Cars

"America's Best Looking Car" opens touring vistas, as distant and varied as all out-of-doors.

The new *Nationals* are a triumph possible only from a "breed" of cars that have boasted International Speed Champions, and World Stock Car Champions—the climax that culminates fifteen years' experience.

Only a ride can prove to you the uninterrupted pleasure one enjoys when touring in these new commodious craft, regardless of the length of the tour or the roads you encounter.

"Highway" Six	"Highway" Twelve	"Newport" Six
$1690	$1990	$2375

Ask any *National* dealer or write direct for details of "Six" or "Twelve"

NATIONAL MOTOR VEHICLE CO., Indianapolis, Indiana
Sixteenth Year

father makes a champagne punch, and somebody pours tea, although nobody drinks it, and there are little cakes from the club, and the house is decorated with poin—(Memo: Not in the dictionery and I cannot spell it, although not usualy troubled as to spelling.)

At eleven o'clock the mail came in, and mother sorted it over, while father took a gold piece out to the post-man.

There were about a million cards, and mother glanced at the addreases and passed them round. But suddenly she frowned. There was a small parcel, addressed to me.

"This looks like a Gift, Barbara," she said. And proceded to open it.

My heart skipped two beats, and then hammered. Mother's mouth was set as she tore off the paper and opened the box. There was a card, which she glanced at, and underneath, was a book of poems.

"Love Lyrics," said mother, in a terrible voice. "To Barbara, from H——"

"Mother ——" I began, earnestly.

"A child of mine receiving such a book from a *man*!" she went on. "Barbara, I am speechless."

But she was not speechless. If she was speechless for the next half hour, I would hate to hear her really converse. And all that I could do was to bear it. For I had made a Frankenstein—see the book read last term by the Literary Society—not out of grave-yard fragments, but from malted milk tablets, so to speak, and now it was pursuing me to an early grave. For I felt that I simply could not continue to live.

"Now—Where does he live?"

"I—don't know, mother."

"You sent him a Letter."

"I don't know where he lives, anyhow."

"Leila," mother said, "will you ask Hannah to bring my smelling salts?"

"Aren't you going to give me the book?" I asked. "It—it sounds interesting."

"You are shameless," mother said, and threw the thing into the fire. A good many of my things seemed to be going into the fire at that time. I cannot help wondering what they would have done if it had all happened in the summer, and no fires burning. They would have felt quite helpless, I imagine.

Father came back just then, but he did not see the Book, which was then blazing with a very hot red flame. I expected mother to tell him, and I daresay I should not have been surprised to see my furs follow the book. I had got into the way of expecting to see things burning that do not belong in a fireplace. But mother did not tell him.

I have thought over this a great deal, and I beleive that now I understand. Mother was unjustly putting the blame for everything on this school, and mother had chosen the school. My father had not been much impreased by the catalogue. "Too much dancing room and not enough tennis courts," he had said. This, of course, is my father's opinion. Not mine.

The real reason, then, for mother's silence was that she disliked confessing that she made a mistake in her choice of a school.

I ate very little Luncheon and my only comfort was my pearls. I was wearing them, for fear the doorbell would ring, and a Letter or flowers would arrive from H. In that case I felt quite sure that someone, in a frenzy, would burn the Pearls also.

The afternoon was terrible. It rained solid sheets, and Dennis, the butler, gave notice three hours after he had recieved his Christmas presents, on account of not being let off for early mass.

But father's punch is famous, and people came, and stood around and buzzed, and told me I had grown and was almost a young lady. And Tommy Gray got out of his cradle and came to call on me, and coughed all the time, with a whoop. He developed the whooping cough later. He had on his first long trousers, and a pair of lavender Socks and a Tie to match. He said they were not exactly the same shade, but he did not think it would be noticed. Hateful child!

At half past five, when the place was jamed, I happened to look up. Carter Brooks was in the hall, and behind him was H. He had seen me before I saw him, and he had a sort of sickley grin, meant to denote joy. I was talking to our Bishop at the time, and he was asking me what sort of services we had in the school chapel.

I meant to say "non-sectarian," but in my surprise and horror I regret to say that I said, "vegetarian." Carter Brooks made his way to me like a cat to a saucer of milk, and pulled me off into a corner.

"It's all right," he said. "I 'phoned mama, and she said to bring him. He's known as Grosvenor here, of course. They'll never suspect a thing. Now, do I get a small 'thank you'?"

"I won't see him."

"Now look here, Bab," he protested, "you two have got to make this thing up. You are a pair of Idiots, quarreling over nothing. Poor old Hal is all broken up. He's sensative. You've got to remember how sensative he is."

"Go away," I cried, in broken tones. "Go away, and take him with you."

"Not until he has spoken to your Father," he observed, setting his jaw. "He's here for that, and you know it. You can't play fast and loose with a man, you know."

"Don't you dare to let him speak to father!"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"That's between you two, of course," he said. "It's not up to me. Tell him yourself, if you've changed your mind. I don't intend," he went on, impressively, "to have any share in ruining his life."

"Oh piffle," I said. I am aware that this is slang, and does not belong in a theme. But I was driven to saying it.

I got through the crowd by using my elbows. I am afraid I gave the Bishop quite a prod, and I caught Mr. Andrews on his rotateing waistcoat. But I was desperate.

Alas, I was too late.

The caterer's man, who had taken Dennis' place in a hurry, was at the punch bowl, and Father was gone. I was just in time to see him take H. into his library and close the door.

Here words fail me. I knew perfectly well that beyond that door H, whom I had invented and who therefore simply did not exist, was asking for my hand. I made up my mind at once to run away and go on the stage, and I had even got part way up the stairs, when I remembered that, with a dollar for the picture and five dollars for the violets and three dollars for the hat pin I had given Sis, and two dollars and a quarter for mother's handkerchief case, I had exactly a dollar and seventy-five cents in the world.

I was trapped.

I went up to my room, and sat and waited. Would father be violent, and throw H. out and then come upstairs, pale with fury and disinherit me? Or would the whole family conspire together, when the people had gone, and send me to a convent? I made up my mind, if it was the convent, to take the veil and be a nun. I would go to nurse lepers, or something, and then, when it was too late, they would be sorry.

The stage or the convent, nun or actress? Which?

I left the door open, but there was only the sound of revelry below. I felt then that it was to be the convent. I pinned a towel around my face, the way the nuns wear whatever they call them, and from the side it was very becoming. I really did look like Julia Marlowe, especialy as my face was very sad and tragic.

At something before seven every one had gone, and I heard Sis and mother come upstairs to dress for dinner. I sat and waited, and when I heard Father I got cold all over. But he went on by, and I heard him go into mother's room and close the door. Well, I knew I had to go through with it, although my life was blasted. So I dressed and went downstairs.

Father was the first down. *He came down whistling.*

It is perfectly true. I could not believe my ears.

He aproached me with a smileing face.

"Well, Bab," he said, exactly as if nothing had happened, "have you had a nice day?"

He had the eyes of a baciliak, that creature of fable.

"I've had a lovely day, Father," I replied. I could be baciliak-ish also.

There is a mirror over the drawing room mantle, and he turned me around until we both faced it.

"Up to my ears," he said, referring to my height. "And lovers already! Well, I daresay we must make up our minds to lose you."

"I won't be lost," I declared, almost violently. "Of course, if you intend to shove me off your hands, to the first Idiot who comes along and pretends a lot of stuff, I ——"

"My dear child!" said Father, looking surprised. "Such an outburst! All I was

(Continued on Page 41)

Luxurious Comfort

In tires for your pleasure car, the first consideration should be comfort—the ultimate factor to be added to the ease contributed by finely tempered springs, shock absorbers and deep upholstery. Quaker Tires afford maximum comfort in combination with minimum cost.

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Tires for your business car should be selected on the basis of maximum service at minimum cost. Quaker Tires are the tires for business purposes because they yield big dividends in excess mileage, and add comfort in surprising degree.

TEMPERED QUAKER RUBBER

Study this dissected tire.
Note the sturdy tread, the special binder strip, the thick resilient cushion, the multiple plies of Sea Island Cotton duck

QUAKERS have created a demand for tires that do **more** than give mileage. These tires have educated car owners up to the realization that tires of the Quaker type can save their cost by reducing car upkeep, and that they add immeasurably to the comfort of passengers.

FIVE YEARS AGO, we reached the conclusion that the most important advance in tire making would be in the **treatment of the rubber**—the discovery of a process that would give an exact balance of hardness, toughness, elasticity, resiliency and tensile strength; the result was the perfecting of a secret and exclusive method of **tempering** rubber.

BUT entirely aside from the **added features** of **comfort** and **upkeep economy** it effects, **tempered** rubber claims distinction for the **increased mileage** it delivers.

QUALITIES such as Quaker **tempered** rubber Tires embody may, perhaps, be found in **the tire of the future**—why not get these properties **now,** in QUAKERS?

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WHICH collar style best becomes *you?* That is *your* Style. And it must be comfortable, for the man ill at ease can never be considered smartly groomed.

Perhaps no collar house has ever equalled the manner in which E & W 2 for 25c Collars have successfully varied the acceptable styles. But while E & W Collars continuously undergo revision to meet the latest fashion trend, the E & W line has never included a single "freak" design—and never will.

Men dress more carefully than they used to. And wherever you find a true understanding of style, there also you will find these 2 for 25c Collars an accepted standard. Many haberdashers call them "Troy's Best Product."

THREE TYPES OF FACES

We may divide faces into three types—the medium, the long and the round.

Lucky is the man with the medium face—for the vast majority of E & W 2 for 25c Collars will become *him*—are *his styles*.

To the man of longer face and neck we recommend the E & W Collars of greater height. A smart swing away of the front breaks up and thus minimizes the long appearance of a face. Bow ties or large-knotted cravats best become men of this type.

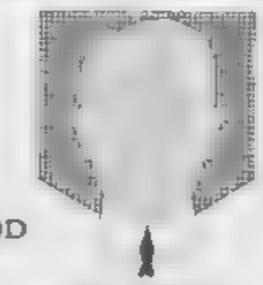
A moderately low collar with straight front best becomes the man with full face.

But whatever your type of face, never forget this: Your collars should be in line with the fashion trend. But newness alone does not make style.

The best Style is *your* Style.

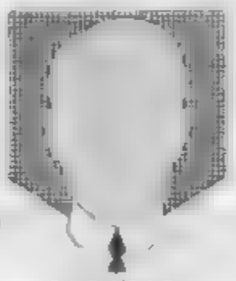
FOR THE LONGISH FACE

GOOD



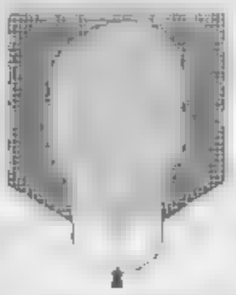
PORTWOOD
A very becoming style to the longish face.

GOOD



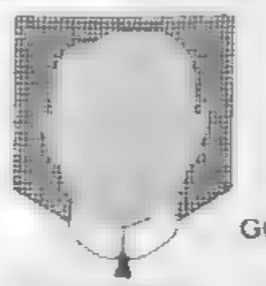
LOGWOOD
Another collar which well becomes the longish face.

NOT GOOD



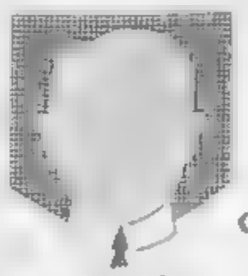
Note how a high, close-front collar exaggerates the longish face.

FOR THE FULL FACE



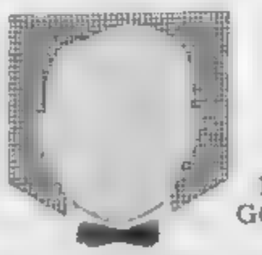
GOOD

TEAKWOOD
Very comfortable, yet very sound in style.



GOOD

OAKWOOD
One of the handsomest low-front collars ever designed.



NOT GOOD

Note how an over-low collar and bow tie cartoon the full face.

E & W

EARL & WILSON

2 for 25 cent

Collars

The best Style is your Style

(Continued from Page 38)

trying to say, before your mother comes down, is that I—well, that I understand and that I shall not make my little girl unhappy by—er—by breaking her heart."

"Just what do you mean by that, Father?"

He looked rather uncomfortable. He hates to talk sentiment.

"It's like this, Barbara," he said. "If you want to marry this young man—and you have made it very clear that you do—I am going to see that you do it. You are young, of course, but after all your dear mother was not much older than you are when I married her."

"Father!" I cried, from an over-flowing heart.

"I have noticed that you are not happy, Barbara," he said. "And I shall not thwart you, or allow you to be thwarted. In affairs of the Heart, you are to have your own way."

"I want to tell you something!" I cried. "I will *not* be cast off! I ——"

"Tut, tut," said Father. "Who is casting you off? I tell you that I like the young man, and give you my blessing, or what is the present-day equivelent for it, and you look like a figure of Tragedy!"

But I could endure no more. My own father had turned on me and was rending me, so to speak. With a breaking heart and streaming eyes I flew to my Chamber.

There, for hours I paced the floor.

Never, I determined, would I marry H. Better death, by far. He was a scheming Fortune-hunter, but to tell the family that was to confess all. And I would never confess. I would run away before I gave Sis such a chance at me. I would run away, but first I would kill Carter Brooks.

Yes, I was driven to thoughts of murder. It shows how the first false step leads down and down, to crime and even to death. Oh never, never, gentle reader, take that first False Step. Who knows to what it may lead!

"One false Step is never retreived." Gray—On a Favorite Cat.

I reflected also on how the woman in the book had ruined her life with a letter. "The written word does not change," she had said. "It remains always, embodying a dead truth and giving it apparent life."

"Apparent life" was exactly what my letter had given to H. Frankenstein. That was what I called him, in my agony. I felt that if only I had never written the Letter there would have been no trouble. And another awful thought came to me: Was there an H after all? Could there be an H?

Once the French teacher had taken us to the theater in New York, and a woman sitting on a chair and covered with a sheet, had brought a man out of a perfectly empty Cabinet, by simply willing to do it. The Cabinet was empty, for four respectable looking men went up and examined it, and one even measured it with a Tape-measure.

She had materialised him, out of nothing.

And while I had had no Cabinet, there are many things in this world "that we do not dream of in our Philosophy." Was H. a real person, or a creature of my disordered brain? In plain and simple language, *could there be such a Person?*

I feared not.

And if there was no H, really, and I married him, where would I be?

There was a ball at the Club that night, and the family all went. No one came to say good-night to me, and by half past ten I was alone with my misery. I knew Carter Brooks would be at the ball, and H also, very likely, dancing around as agreably as if he really existed, and I had not made him up.

I got the book from Sis's room again, and re-read it. The woman in it had been in great trouble, too, with her husband cleaning his revolver and making his will. And at last she had gone to the apartments of the man who had her letters, in a taxicab covered with a heavy veil, and had got them back. He had shot himself when she returned—the husband—but she burned the letters and then called a doctor, and he was saved. Not the doctor, of course. The husband.

The villain's only hold on her had been the letters, so he went to South Africa and was gored by an elephant, passing out of her life.

Then and there I knew that I would have to get my letter back from H. Without it he was powerless. The trouble was that I did not know where he was staying. Even if he came out of a Cabinet, the Cabinet would have to be somewhere, would it not?

I felt that I would have to meet guile with guile. And to steal one's own letter is not really stealing. Of course if he was visiting any one and pretending to be a real person, I had no chance in the world. But if he was stopping at a hotel I thought I could manage. The man in the book had had an apartment, with a Japanese servant, who went away and drew plans of American forts in the kitchen and left the woman alone with the desk containing the Letter. But I daresay that was unusualy lucky and not the sort of thing to look forward to.

With me, to think is to act. Hannah was out, it being Christmas and her brother-in-law having a wake, being dead, so I was free to do anything I wanted to.

First I called the Club and got Carter Brooks on the telephone.

"Carter," I said, "I—I am writing a letter. Where is—where does H. stay?"

"Who?"

"H. Mr. Grosvenor."

"Why, bless your ardent little heart! Writing, are you? It's sublime, Bab!"

"Where does he live?"

"And is it all alone you are, on Christmas Night!" he burbled. (This is a word from Alice in Wonderland, and although not in the dictionery, is quite expresaive.)

"Yes," I replied, bitterly. "I am old enough to be married off without my consent, but I am not old enough for a real Ball. It makes me sick."

"I can smuggle him here, if you want to talk to him."

"Smuggle!" I said, with scorn. "There is no need to smuggle him. The family is crazy about him. They are flinging me at him."

"Well, that's nice," he said. "Who'd have thought it! Shall I bring him to the 'phone?"

"I don't want to talk to him. I hate him."

"Look here," he observed, "if you keep that up, he'll begin to beleive you. Don't take these little quarrels too hard, Barbara. He's so happy to-night in the thought that you ——"

"Does he live in a Cabinet, or where?"

"In a what? I don't get that word."

"Don't bother. Where shall I send his letter?"

Well, it seemed he had an apartment at the Arcade, and I rang off. It was after eleven by that time, and by the time I had got into my school mackintosh and found a heavy veil of mother's and put it on, it was almost half past.

The house was quiet, and as Dennis had gone, there was no one around in the lower Hall. I slipped out and closed the door behind me, and looked for a taxicab, but the veil was so heavy that I hailed our own limousine, and Smith had drawn up at the curb before I knew him.

"Where to, lady?" he said. "This is a private car, but I'll take you anywhere in the city for a dollar."

A flush of just indignation rose to my cheek, at the knowledge that Smith was using our car for a taxicab! And just as I was about to speak to him severely, and threaten to tell Father, I remembered, and walked away.

"Make it seventy-five cents," he called after me. But I went on. It was terrible to think that Smith could go on renting our car to all sorts of people, covered with germs and everything, and that I could never report it to the Family.

I got a real taxi at last, and got out at the Arcade, giving the man a quarter, although ten cents would have been plenty as a tip.

I looked at him, and I felt that he could be trusted.

"This," I said, holding up the money, "is the price of silence."

But if he was trustworthy he was not subtile, and he said:

"The what, miss?"

"If any one asks if you have driven me here, *you have not*," I explained, in an impressive manner.

He examined the quarter, even striking a match to look at it. Then he replied: "I have not!" and drove away.

Concealing my nervousness as best I could, I entered the doomed building. There was only a hall boy there, asleep in the elevator, and I looked at the thing with the names on it. "Mr. Grosvenor" was on the fourth floor.

I wakened the boy, and he yawned and took me to the fourth floor. My hands were stiff with nervousness by that time, but the boy was half asleep, and evidently he took me for some one who belonged there, for he said "Goodnight" to me, and

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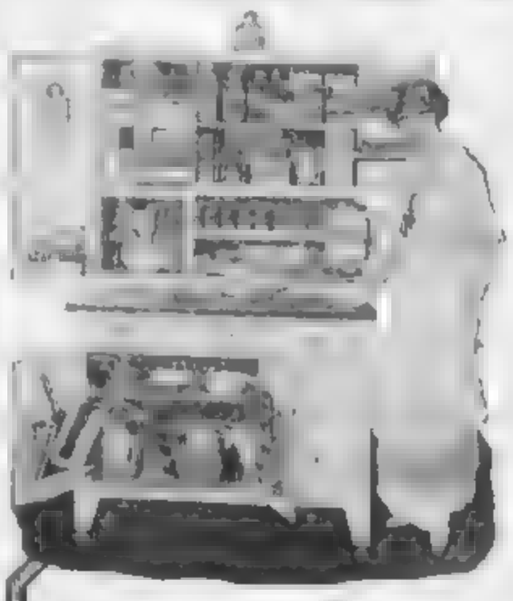

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went on down. There was a square landing with two doors, and "Grosvenor" was on one. I tried it gently. It was unlocked

"*Facilus descensus in Averno.*"

I am not defending myself. What I did was the result of desperation. But I cannot even write of my sensations as I stepped through that fatal portal, without a sinking of the heart. I had, however, had suficient forsight to prepare an alibi. In case there was *some* one present in the apartment I intended to tell a falshood, I regret to confesa, and to say that I had got off at the wrong floor.

There was a sort of hall, with a clock and a table, and a shaded electric lamp, and beyond that the door was open into a sitting room.

There was a small light burning there, and the remains of a wood fire in the fireplace. There was no Cabinet however.

Everything was perfectly quiet, and I went over to the fire and warmed my hands. My nails were quite blue, but I was strangly calm. I took off mother's veil, and my mackintosh, so I would be free to work, and then I looked around the room. There were a number of photographs of rather smart looking girls, and I curled my lip scornfully. He might have fooled them but he could not decieve me. And it added to my bitterness to think that at that moment the villain was dancing—and flirting probably—while I was driven to actual theft to secure the letter that placed me in his power.

When I had stoped shivering I went to his desk. There were a lot of letters on the top, all addressed to him as Grosvenor. It struck me suddenly as strange that if he was only visiting, under an assumed name, in order to see me, that so many people should be writing to him as Mr. Grosvenor. And it did not look like the room of a man who was visiting, unless he took a freight car with him on his travels.

There was a mystery. All at once I knew it.

My Letter was not on the desk, so I opened the top drawer. It seemed to be full of bills, and so was the one below it. I had just started on the third drawer, when a terrible thing happened.

"Hello!" said some one behind me.

I turned my head slowly, and my heart stopped.

The portieres into the passage had opened, and a Gentleman in his evening clothes was standing there.

"Just sit still, please," he said, in a perfectly cold voice. And he turned and locked the door into the hall. I was absolutely unable to speak. I tried once, but my tongue hit the roof of my mouth like the clapper of a bell.

"Now," he said, when he had turned around. "I wish you would tell me some good reason why I should not hand you over to the police."

"Oh, please don't!" I said.

"That's eloquent. But not a reason. I'll sit down and give you a little time. I take it, you did not expect to find me here."

"I'm in the wrong apartment. That's all," I said. "Maybe you'll think that's an excuse and not a reason. I can't help it if you do."

"Well," he said, "that explains some things. It's pretty well known, I fancy, that I have little worth stealing, except my good name."

"I was not stealing," I replied sulkily.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "It *is* an ugly word. We will strike it from the record. Would you mind telling me whose apartment you intended to—er—investigate? If this is the wrong one, you know."

"I was looking for a Letter."

"Letters, letters!" he said. "When will you women learn not to write letters. Although"—he looked at me closely—"you look rather young for that sort of thing." He sighed. "It's born in you, I daresay," he said.

Well, for all his patronizing ways, he was not very old himself.

"Of course," he said, "if you are telling the truth—and it sounds fishy, I must say—it's hardly a police matter, is it? It's rather one for diplomasy. But can you prove what you say?"

"My word should be suficient," I replied stiffly. "How do I know that you belong here?"

"Well, you don't, as a matter of fact. Suppose you take my word for that, and I agree to beleive what you say about the wrong apartment. Even then it's rather unusual I find a pale and determined looking young lady going through my desk in a business-like manner. She says she has come for a letter. Now the question is, is there a letter? If so, what letter?"

"It is a love letter," I said.

"Don't blush over such a confession," he said. "If it is true, be proud of it. Love is a wonderful thing. Never be ashamed of being in love, my child."

"I am not in love," I cried with bitter farcy.

"Ah! Then it is not *your* letter!"

"I wrote it."

"But to simulate a passion that does not exist—that is sackrilege. It is ——"

"Oh, stop talking," I cried, in a hunted tone. "I can't bear it. If you are going to arrest me, get it over."

"I'd rather *not* arrest you, if we can find a way out. You look so young, so new to crime! Even your excuse for being here is so naive, that I—won't you tell me why you wrote a love letter, if you are not in love? And whom you sent it to? That's important, you see, as it bears on the case. I intend," he said, "to be judgdicial, unimpassioned, and quite fair."

"I wrote a love letter," I explained, feeling rather cheered, "but it was not intended for any one. Do you see? It was just a love letter."

"Oh," he said. "Of course. It is often done. And after that?"

"Well, it had to go somewhere. At least I felt that way about it. So I made up a name from some malted milk tablets ——"

"Malted milk tablets!" he said, looking bewildered.

"Just as I was thinking up a name to send it to," I explained, "Hannah—that's mother's maid, you know—brought in some hot milk and some malted milk tablets, and I took the name from them."

"Look here," he said, "I'm unpredjudiced and quite calm, but isn't the "mother's maid" rather piling it on?"

"Hannah is mother's maid, and she brought in the milk and the tablets. I should think," I said, growing sarcastic, "that so far it is clear to the dullest mind."

"Go on," he said, leaning back and closing his eyes. "You named the letter for your mother's maid—I mean for the malted milk. Although you have not yet stated the name you chose; I never heard of any one named Milk, and as to the other, while I have known some rather thoroughly malted people—however, let that go."

"Valentine's tablets," I said. "Of course, you understand," I said, bending forward, "there was no such Person. I made him up. The Harold was made up too—Harold Valentine."

"I see. Not clearly, perhaps, but I have a gleam of inteligence."

"But, after all, there *was* such a person. That's clear, isn't it? And now he considers that we are engaged, and—and he insists on marrying me."

"That," he said, "is really easy to understand. I don't blame him at all. He is clearly a person of diszernment."

"Of course," I said bitterly, "you would be on *his* side. Every one is."

"But the point is this," he went on. "If you made him up out of the whole cloth, as it were, and there was no such person, how can there be such a person? I am merely asking to get it all clear in my head. It sounds so reasonable when you say it, but there seems to be something left out."

"I don't know how he can be, but he is," I said, hopelessly. "And he is exactly like his picture."

"Well, that's not unusual, you know."

"It is in this case. Because I bought the picture in a shop, and just pretended it was him. (He?) And it *was*."

He got up and paced the floor.

"It's a very strange case," he said. "Do you mind if I light a cigarette? It helps to clear my brain. What was the name you gave him?"

"Harold Valentine. But he is here under another name, because of my family. They think I am a mere child, you see, and so of course he took a *nom de plume*."

"A *nom de plume?* Oh I see! What is it?"

"Grosvenor," I said. "The same as yours."

"There's another Grosvenor in the building. That's where the trouble came in, I suppose. Now let me get this straight. You wrote a letter, and somehow or other he got it, and now you want it back. Stripped of the things that baffle my inteligence, that's it, isn't it?"

I rose in excitement.

"Then, if he lives in the building, the letter is probably here. Why can't you go and get it for me?"

"Very neat! And let you slip away while I am gone?"

I saw that he was still uncertain that I was telling him the truth. It was maddening. And only the letter itself could convince him.

"Oh, please try to get it," I cried, almost weeping. "You can lock me in here, if you are afraid I will run away. And he is out. I know he is. He is at the Club ball."

"Naturaly," he said, "the fact that you are asking me to compound a felony, committ larceny, and be an accessery after the fact does not trouble you. As I told you before, all I have left is my good name, and now !"

"Please!" I said.

He stared down at me.

"Certainly," he said. "Asked in that tone, murder would be one of the easiest things I do. But I shall lock you in."

"Very well," I said meekly. And after I had described it—the letter—to him he went out.

I had won, but my triumph was but sackcloth and ashes in my mouth. I had won, but at what a cost! Ah, how I wished that I might live again the past few days! That I might never have started on my Path of Deception! Or that, since my intentions at the start had been so inocent, I had taken another photograph at the shop, which I had fancied considerably but had heartlessly rejected because of no mustache.

He was gone for a long time, and I sat and palpatated. For what if H. had returned early and found him and called in the police?

But the latter had not occurred, for at ten minutes after one he came back, entering by the window from a fire-escape, and much streaked with dirt.

"Narrow escape, dear child!" he observed, locking the window and drawing the shade. "Just as I got it, your—er—gentleman friend returned and fitted his key in the lock. I am not at all sure," he said, wiping his hands with his handkerchief, "that he will not regard the open window as a suspicious circumstance. He may be of a low turn of mind. However, all's well that ends here in this room. Here it is."

I took it, and my heart gave a great leap of joy. I was saved.

"Now," he said, "we'll order a taxicab and get you home. And while it is coming suppose you tell me the thing over again. It's not as clear to me as it ought to be, even now."

So then I told him—about not being out yet, and Sis having flowers sent her, and her room done over, and never getting to bed until dawn. And that they treated me like a Child, which was the reason for everything, and about the Poem, which he considered quite good. And then about the letter.

"I get the whole thing a bit clearer now," he said. "Of course, it is still cloudy in places. The making up somebody to write to is understandable, under the circumstances. But it is odd to have had the very Person materialise, so to speak. It makes me wonder—well, how about burning the letter, now we've got it? It would be better, I think. The way things have been going with you, if we don't destroy it, it is likely to walk off into somebody else's pocket and cause more trouble."

So we burned it, and then the telephone rang and said the taxi was there.

"I'll get my coat and be ready in a jiffey," he said, "and maybe we can smuggle you into the house and no one the wiser. We'll try anyhow."

He went into the other room and I sat by the fire and thought. You remember that when I was planning Harold Valentine, I had imagined him with a small, dark mustache, and deep, passionate eyes? Well, this Mr. Grosvenor had both, or rather, all three. And he had the loveliest smile, with no dimple. He was, I felt, exactly the sort of man I could die for.

It was too tradgic that, with all the world to choose from, I had not taken him instead of H.

We walked downstairs, so as not to give the elevator boy a chance to talk, he said. But he was asleep again, and we got to the street and to the taxicab without being seen.

Oh, I was very cheerful. When I think of it—but I might have known, all along. Nothing went right with me that week.

Just before we got to the house he said:

"Goodnight and goodbye, little Barbara. I'll never forget you and this evening. And save me a dance at your coming-out party. I'll be there."

I held out my hand, and he took it and kissed it. It was all perfectly thrilling. And then we drew up in front of the house and he helped me out, and my entire family had just got out of the motor and was lined up on the pavment staring at us!

"All right, are you?" he said, as coolly as if they had not been anywhere in sight. "Well, good night and good luck!" And he got into the taxicab and drove away, leaving me in the hands of the enemy.

The next morning I was sent back to school. They never gave me a chance to explain, for mother went into hysterics, after accusing me of having men dangling around waiting at every corner. They had to have a doctor, and things were awful.

The only person who said anything was Sis. She came to my room that night when I was in bed, and stood looking down at me. She was very angry, but there was a sort of awe in her eyes.

"My hat's off to you, Barbara," she said. "Where in the world do you pick them all up? Things must have changed at school since I was there."

"I'm sick to death of the Other Sex," I replied languidley. "It's no punishment to send me away. I need a little peace and quiet."

And I did.

CONCLUSION:

All this holiday week, while the girls are away, I have been writing this theme, for literature class. Today is New Years and I am putting in the finishing touches. I intend to have it tiped in the village and to send a copy to father, who I think will understand, and another copy, but with a few lines cut, to Mr. Grosvenor. The nice one. There were some things he did not quite understand, and this will explain.

I shall also send a copy to Carter Brooks, who came out handsomly with an apoligy this morning in a letter and a ten pound box of Candy.

His letter explains everything. H. is a real person and did not come out of a Cabinet. Carter recognized the photograph as being one of a Mr. Grosvenor he went to college with, who had gone on the stage and was playing in a stock company at home. Only they were not playing Christmas week, as business, he says, is rotten then. When he saw me writeing the letter he felt that it was all a bluff, especially as he had seen me sending myself the violets at the florists.

So he got Mr. Grosvenor, the blonde one, to pretend he was Harold Valentine. Only things slipped up. I quote from Carter's letter.

"He's a bully chap, Bab, and he went into it for a lark, roses and poems and all. But when he saw that you took it rather hard, he felt it wasn't square. He went to your father to explain and apologized, but your father seemed to think you needed a lesson. He's a pretty good Sport, your father. And he said to let it go on for a day or two. A little worry wouldn't hurt you."

However, I do not call it being a good sport to see one's daughter perfectly wretched and do nothing to help. And more than that, to willfully permit one's child to suffer, and enjoy it.

But it was father, after all, who got the Jolt, I think, when he saw me get out of the taxicab.

Therefore I will not explain, for a time. A little worry will not hurt him either.

I will not send him his copy for a week.

Perhaps, after all, I will give him somthing to worry about eventually. For I have recieved a box of roses, with no card, but a pen and ink drawing of a gentleman in evening clothes crawling onto a fire-escape through an open window. He has dropped his Heart, and it is two floors below.

My narative has now come to a conclusion, and I will close with a few reflections drawn from my own sad and tradgic Experience. I trust the Girls of this School will ponder and reflect.

Deception is a very sad thing. It starts very easy, and without Warning, and everything seems to be going all right, and No Rocks ahead. When suddenly the Breakers loom up, and your frail Vessel sinks, with you on board, and maybe your dear Ones, dragged down with you.

Oh, what a tangeled Web we wieve,
When first we practice to deceive.

Sir Walter Scott

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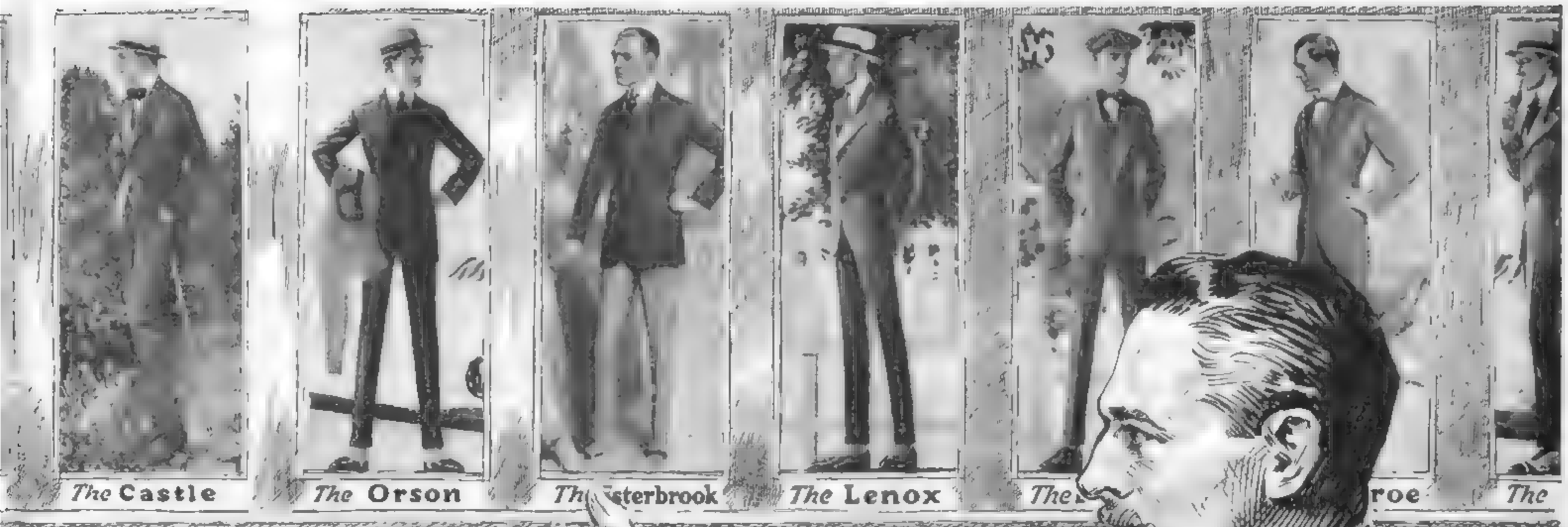

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THE DESIRE OF THE MOTH

(Continued from Page 20)

hundred feet from base to crest. Pringle bore obliquely up to the right. Speed was his best safety now; he pushed on boldly, cheered by the thought that if seen by any of the posse he would be taken for one of their own number. But Foy, seeing him, would make the same mistake! It was an uncomfortable reflection.

The pitch was less abrupt now and there were no more ledges; instead, bowlders were strewn along the rounded slope, with bush and stunted trees between.

Through these Pringle breasted his way, seeking even more to protect himself from above than from below, forced at times to crawl through an open space exposed to possible fire from both sides; so came at last to the masses of splintered and broken rock at the foot of the cliff, where he sank breathless, panting.

The tethered constellations paled in the sky; the moon rose and lit the cliff with silver fire. The worst was yet to come. Foy would ask no questions of any prowler, that was sure; he would reason that a friend would call out boldly. And John Wesley had no idea where Foy or his cave might be. Yet he must be found.

With a hearty swig at the canteen Pringle crept off to the right. The moonlight beat full upon the cliff. He had little trouble in that ruin of broken stone to find cover from foes below; but at each turn he confidently looked forward to a bullet from his friend.

"Foy! Foy!" he called softly as he crawled. "It's Pringle! Don't shoot!"

After a space he came to an angle where the cliff turned abruptly west and dwindled sharply in height. He remembered what the Major had said—the upper entrance of the cave came out on the highest crest of the hill. He turned back to retrace his painful way. The smell of dawn was in the air; the east sparkled. No sound came from the ambush all round. The end was near.

He passed by his starting point; he crept on by slide and bush and stone. The moon magic faded and paled, mingled with the swift gray of dawn. He held his perilous way. Cold sweat stood on his brow. If Foy or a foe of Foy were on the cliff now, how easy to topple down a stone upon him! The absolute stillness was painful. A thought came to him of Stella Vorhis—her laughing eyes, her misty hair, the little hand that had lingered upon his own. Such a little, little hand!

Before him a narrow split opened in the wall—such a crevice as the Major had described.

"Foy! Oh, Foy!" he called. No answer came. He raised his voice a little louder. "Foy! Speak if you're there! It's Pringle!"

A gentle voice answered from the cleft:

"Let us hope, for your sake, that you are not mistaken about that. I should be dreadfully vexed if you were deceiving me. The voice is the voice of Pringle, but how about the face? I can only see your back."

"I would raise my head, so you could take a nice look by the well-known cold gray light of the justly celebrated dawn," rejoined Pringle, "if it wasn't reasonably sure that a rifle shot would promptly mar the classic outlines of my face. They're all around you, Foy. Hargis, he gave you away. Don't show a finger nail of yourself. Let me crawl up behind that big rock ahead and then you can identify me."

"It's you, all right," said Foy when Pringle reached the rock and straightened himself up.

"I told you so," said Pringle, peering into the shadows of the cleft. "I can't see you. And how am I going to get to you? There are twenty men with point-blank range. I'm muddy, scratched, bruised, stuck full of thorns, tired and hungry, sleepy and cross—and there's thirty feet in the open between here and you, and it nearly broad daylight. If I try to cross that I'll run twenty-five hundred pounds to the ton, pure lead. Well, we can put up a pretty nifty fight, even so. You go back to the other outlet of your cave and I'll stay here. I'm kind o' lonesome too. Toss me some cartridges first. I only got five. I left in a hurry. You got forty-fives?"

"Plenty. But you can't stay there. They'll pot you from the top of the bluff, first off. Besides, you got a canteen, I see. You back up to that mountain mahogany bush, slip under it, and worm down through the rocks till you come to a little scrub-oak tree and a big granite bowlder. They'll give you shelter to cross the ridge into a deep ravine that leads here where I am. You'll be out of sight all the way up once you hit the ravine. I'd—I'd worm along pretty spry if I was you, going down as far as the scrub oak—say, about as swift as a rattlesnake strikes—and pray any little prayers you happen to remember. And say, Pringle, before you go . . . I'm rather obliged to you for coming up here—risking taking cold and all. If it'll cheer you up any I'll undertake that anyone getting you on the trip will think there's an awful echo here."

"S'long!" said Pringle.

He wriggled backward and disappeared. Ten minutes later he writhed under the bush at Foy's feet.

"Never saw me!" he said. "But I'll always sleep in coils after this—always supposing we got any 'after this' coming to us."

"One more crawl," said Foy, leading the way. "We'll go up on top. Regular fort up there. If we've got to die we'll die in the sun."

He stooped at what seemed the end of the passage and crawled out of sight under the low branches of a stunted cedar. Pringle followed and found himself in the pitch dark.

"Grab hold of my coat tail. I know my way, feeling the wall. Watch your step or you'll bark your shins."

The cave floor was smooth underfoot, except for scattered rocks; it rose and dipped, but the general trend was sharply upward.

"You're quite an institution, Pringle. You've made good Stella's word of you the best ever!" said Foy as they mounted. "But you can't do me any good, really. I'll enjoy your company, but I wish you hadn't come."

"'Sall right. I always like to finish what I begin."

"Well," remarked Foy cheerfully, "I reckon we've reached the big finish, both of us. I don't see any way out. All they've got to do is to sit tight till we starve out for water. Wish you was out of it. It's going to be tough on Stella, losing her friend—and—and me, both at once. How's she making out? Full of fight and hope to the last, I'll bet."

"They had me under herd; but she was wishing for the Bar Cross buddies to butt in, I believe. Reckon your sheriff-man guessed it. He had her under guard too."

"Nice man, the sheriff! How'd you get away from your herder?"

"He don't just remember," said Pringle.

"Who was it?"

"Applegate. Dreadful absent-minded, Applegate is. Ouch! There went my other shin. Had any sleep?"

"Most all night. Something woke me up about two hours ago and I kept on the lookout ever since."

"That was me, I guess. I had to step lively. They was crowding me."

"If the Bar Cross happened to get word," observed Foy thoughtfully, "we might stand some hack. But they won't. It's good-by, vain world, for ours! Say, in case a miracle happens for you, just make a memo about the sheriff being a nuisance, will you?"

"I'll tie a string on my finger. Anything else?"

"You might stick around and cheer Stella up a little. I'll do as much for you sometime. I'm thinking she'll feel pretty bad at first. Here we are!"

A faint glimmer showed ahead. They crawled under low bushes and stumbled out into what seemed at first a dazzle of light; into a small saucer-shaped plat of earth a few feet across, inclosed by an irregular oval made by great blocks of stone, man-high. Below, a succession of little cliffs fell away, stair fashion, to an exceeding high and narrow gap which separated Little Thumb Butte from its greater neighbor, Big Thumb Butte.

"Castle Craneycrow," smiled Foy with a proprietary wave of his hand. "Just right for our business, isn't it? Make yourself at home, while I take a peep around." He bent to peer through bush and crack. "Nothing stirring," he announced. He leaned his rifle against a walling rock. "Let's have a look at that water."

He raised the canteen to his lips—Pringle struck swift and hard to the tilted chin. Foy dropped like a poled bullock; his head

struck heavily against the sharp corner of a rock. Pringle pounced on the stricken man. He threw Foy's sixshooter aside; he pulled Foy's wrists behind him and tied them tightly with a handkerchief. Then he rolled his captive over.

Foy's eyes opened; they rolled back till only the whites were visible; his lips twitched. Pringle hastily bound his handkerchief to the gash the stone had made; he sprinkled the blood-streaked face with water; he spilled drops of water between the parted lips. Foy did not revive.

Pringle stuck his hat on the rifle muzzle and waved it over the parapet of rock.

"Hello!" he shouted. "Bring on your reward! I've got Foy! It's me—Pringle! Come get him; and be quick—he's bleeding mighty bad."

"Come out, you! Hands up and no monkey business!" answered a startled voice not fifty yards away.

"Who's that? That you, Nueces? Give me your word and I'll lug him out. No time to lose—he's hurt, and hurt bad."

"You play fair and we will. I give my word!" shouted Nueces.

"Here goes!" Pringle pitched the rifle over. A moment later he staggered out between the rocks, bearing Foy's heavy weight in his arms. The head hung helpless, blood-spattered; the body was limp and slack; the legs dragged sprawling; the dreaded hands were bound.

Pringle laid his burden on the grass.

"Here he is, you hyenas! His hands are tied—are you still afraid of him? Damn you! The man's bleeding to death!"

VI

"YOU treacherous, dirty hound!" said Breslin.

"Of all the low-down skunks I ever seen you sure are the skunkiest!" said Nueces. "The sheriff was right after all. Cur-dog fits you to a T." He finished washing out the cut on Foy's head as he spoke. "Now the bandages, Anastacio. We'll have the blood stopped in a jiffy. Funny he hasn't come to. It's been a long while. It ain't the head ails him. This isn't such a deep cut; it oughtn't to put him out. Just happened to strike a vein." He bound up the cut with the deftness of experience.

"I hit him under the jaw," observed Pringle. "That's what did the business for him. He'll be around directly."

Anastacio looked up at Pringle; measureless contempt was in his eyes.

"Judas Iscariot could have sublet his job to you at half price if you'd been in the neighborhood. You are the limit, plus! I hope to see you fry in a New English hell!"

"Oh, that's all right too," said Pringle unabashed. "I might just as well have that forty-five hundred as anyone. It wouldn't amount to much split amongst all you fellows, but it's quite a bundle for one man. That'll keep the wolf from the well-known door for quite a while."

"You won't touch a cent of it!" declared the sheriff.

"Won't I though? We'll see about that. I captured him alone, didn't I? Oh, I reckon I'll finger the money, all righty!"

"Here, fellows; give him a bait of whisky," said Creagan.

Breslin, kneeling at Foy's side, took the extended flask. They administered the stimulant cautiously, a sip at a time. Foy's eyes flickered; his breath came freer.

"He's coming!" said Breslin. "Give him a sip of water now."

"He'll be O. K. in five minutes, far as settin' up goes," said old Nueces, well pleased; "but he ain't goin' to be any too peart for quite some time—not for gettin' down off o' this hill. See—he's battin' his eyes and working his hands around. He sure heard the birdies sing!"

"The rest of you boys had just as well go on down to the shack," directed the sheriff. "Creagan and Joe and me will take care of Foy till he's able to move or be moved, and bring him into camp. You just lead up our three horses and an extra one for Foy—up as far as you can fetch 'em. One of you can ride home behind someone. Call down to the bunch under the cliff that we've got 'em, and for them to hike out to the ranch and take a nap. You'd better turn old Vorhis loose—and that girl. They can't do any harm now."

"Bring my horse too," said Anastacio. "I'm staying. I want to be sure the invalid gets—proper care."

"Me too," said Breslin.

"And I'm staying to kinder superintend," said Nueces dryly. "Sheriff," he added as the main body of the posse fell off down the hill—"and you, too, Barela—I don't just know what's going on here, but I'm stayin' with you to a fare-you-well. You two seem to be bucking each other."

No one answered.

"Sulky, hey? Well, anyhow, call it off long enough to drive this Pringle thing away from here. He ain't fittin' for no man to herd with."

"I'm staying right with this man Foy till I get that reward," announced Pringle. "Those are my superintentions. Much I care what you think about me! There's other places besides this."

Breslin raised his eye from Foy's face and regarded Pringle without heat—a steady, contemplative look, as of one who studies some strange and interesting animal. Then he waved his hand down the pass, where certain of the posse, now departing, were bringing the saddle horses in obedience to the sheriff's instructions.

"They'll carry a nice report of you," observed Breslin quietly. "What do you suppose that little girl will think?"

A flicker of red came to Pringle's hard brown face. Even the scorn of Espalin and Creagan had left him unabashed, but now he winced visibly; and, for once, he had no reply to make.

Foy gasped, struggled to a sitting position, aided by his oddly assorted ministrants, gazed round in a dazed condition and lapsed back into unconsciousness.

"I'll take my dyin' oath it ain't the cut that ails him," said the ranger, tucking a coat under Foy's blood-stained head. "That must have been a horrible jolt on his jaw. Pringle, you're no kind of a man at all—no part of a man. You're a shameless, black-hearted traitor; but I got to hand it to you as a slugger. Two knock-outs in one day—and such men as them! I don't understand it."

"He 'most keel Applegate," said the Mexican.

"Aw, it's easy!" said Pringle eagerly. "There ain't one man in a thousand knows how to fight. It ain't cussin' and gritting your teeth, and swellin' up your biceps and clenching your fists up tight that does the trick. You want to hit like there wasn't anybody there. I'll show you sometime."

He paused inquiringly, as if to book any acceptances of this kindly offer. No such engagements being made, Pringle continued:

"Supposin' you was throwin' a baseball and your hand struck a man accidentally; you'd hurt him every time—only you'd break your arm that way. That ain't the way to strike. I'll show you."

"That wasn't no olive branch I was holdin' out," stated Nueces River. "You'll show me nothin'—turncoat!"

"It helps a lot, too, when the man you hit is not expecting it," suggested Anastacio smoothly. "You might show me sometime—when I'm looking for it."

"Now what's biting you?" demanded Pringle testily. "What did you expect me to do—send 'em a note by registered mail?"

"I'm not speaking about Applegate. That was all right. I am speaking about your friend."

"Here; Kit's coming to life again," said Lisner.

Kitty Foy rolled over; they propped him up; he looked round rather wildly from one to the other. His face cleared. His eye fell upon Pringle, where it rested with a steady intentness. When he spoke at last he ignored the others entirely.

"And I thought you were my friend, Pringle. I trusted you!" he said with ominous quietness. "I'll make a note of it. I have a good memory, Pringle—and good friends. Give me some water, someone. I feel sick."

Espalin brought a canteen.

"Take your time, Chris," said Lisner. "Tell us when you feel able to go."

"I'll be all right after a little. Say, boys, it was the queerest feeling—coming to, I mean. I could almost hear your voices, first. Then I heard them a long ways off but I couldn't make any sense to the words. Here; let me lean my back up against this rock and sit quiet for a while. Then we'll go. I'm giddy yet."

"I've got it!" announced Nueces a moment later. "Barela he's hankering to be sheriff—that's the trouble. He wanted to take Chris himself, to help things along. That would be quite a feather in any man's hat—done fair. And the sheriff, natural enough, he don't want nothing of the kind."

"That's it," said Anastacio, amusement in his eyes. "I knew you were a good

(Continued on Page 60)

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Yet it was an excellent investment.

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From nothing, we have built up and passed all competition to a point where we now supply approximately 95% of all the speedometers consumed in America.

As the giant business grew and grew and grew, so did our idea.

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No wonder our business has expanded to its present overwhelming proportions.

No wonder we have won the good will of manufacturers, dealers and owners.

No wonder the automobile manufacturers themselves automatically and voluntarily, year in and year out, continued to give us larger and larger contracts for hundreds of thousands of speedometers.

No wonder practically every car maker in America will use nothing but the Stewart Speedometer.

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And why not?

What speedometer manufacturer has equal production facilities?

What speedometer manufacturer can equal our national and international service?

What speedometer manufacturer can give each automobile factory such individual and constant attention?

And therein lies the big value of big volume.

Our present enormous production is your best assurance of everlasting protection.

And that's service in the most commercial sense of the word.

Look for the Stewart Speedometer on the car you buy. Over 1,700,000 in use.

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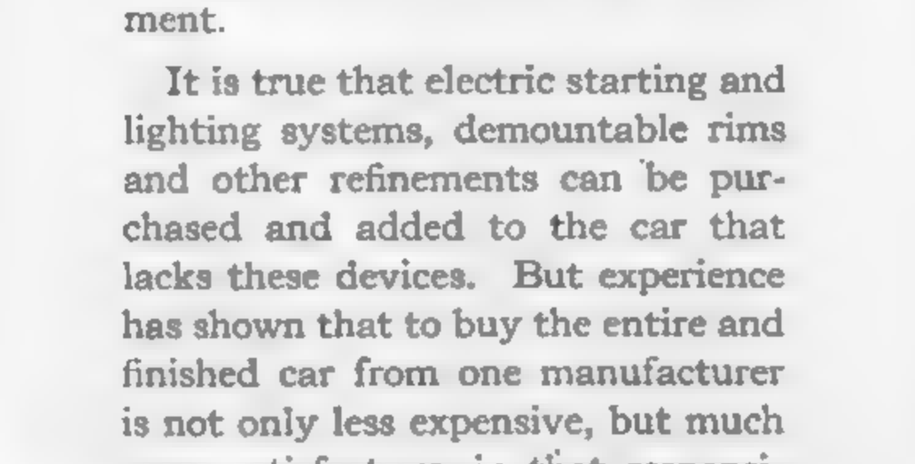

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Maxwell

MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

(Continued from Page 47)

gunman, Nueces, but I never suspected you of brains before."

"What's the matter with that guess?" said Nueces sulkily. "Kid, you're always ridin' me. Don't you try to use any spurs!"

"I'm in on that," said Pringle, rising brightly. "That's my happy chance to join in this lovin' conversation. Speaking about gunmen, I'm a beaut'! See that hawk screechin' around up there? Well, watch!"

The hawk soared high above. Pringle barely raised Foy's rifle to his shoulder as he fired; the hawk tumbled headlong. Pringle jerked the lever, throwing another cartridge into the barrel as if to fire again at the falling bird. Inconceivably swift, the cocked rifle whirled to cover the seated posse.

"Steady!" said Pringle. "I'm watchin' you, Nueces! Chris, when you're able to walk go on down and pick you a horse from that bunch. Unsaddle the others and drive 'em along a ways as you go." Still speaking, he edged behind the cover of a high rock. "I'll address the meetin' till you get a good head start. . . . Steady in the boat!"

"Well, by Heck!" said Nueces.

"And I thought you had betrayed me!" cried Foy.

"Well, I hadn't. This was the only show to get off. . . . I hate to kill you, Nueces; but I will if you make a move."

"Hell! I ain't makin' no move! What do you think I am—a damn fool?" said Nueces. "If I moved any it was because I am about to crack under the justly celebrated strain. Say, young fellow, it strikes me that you change sides pretty often."

"Yes; I am the Acrobat of the Breakfast Table," said Pringle modestly. "Thanks for the 'young fellow.' That listens good."

"Look out I don't have you performing on a tight rope yet!" growled the sheriff hoarsely. "There'll be more to this. You haven't got out of the country yet."

"That will be all from you, Sheriff. You, too, Creagan—and Espalin. Not a word or I'll shoot. And I don't care how soon you begin to talk. That goes!"

Espalin shriveled up; the sheriff and Creagan sat sullen and silent.

Foy got to his feet rather unsteadily.

"Chris, you might slip around and gather up their guns," said Pringle. "Pick out one for yourself. I left yours where I threw it when I yanked it out of your belt. I meant to knock you out, Chris—there wasn't any other way; but I didn't mean to plumb kill you. You hit your head on a rock when you fell. It wouldn't have done any good to have got the drop on you. You had made up your mind not to surrender. You would have shot anyhow; and, of course, I couldn't shoot. I'd just have got myself killed for nothing. No good to play I'd taken you prisoner. This crowd knew you wouldn't be taken—except by treachery. So I played traitor. As it was, when I knocked you out you didn't look much like no put-up job. You was bleeding like a stuck pig."

"Hold on, there, before you try to take my gun!" warned old Nueces River as Foy began taking the collection. "You got the big drop on me, Pringle, and I wouldn't raise a hand to keep Chris from getting off anyhow—now. But I used to be a ranger—and the rangers were sworn never to give up their guns."

"How about it, Pringle?" asked Foy, who had already relieved the sheriff and his satellites of their guns. "He'll do exactly as he says—both ways."

"I wasn't done talking yet," said Nueces irritably. "But I'll let Chris take my gun on one condition."

"What's that?" inquired Pringle.

"Why, if you ain't busy next Saturday I'd like to have you call around—about one o'clock, say—and kick me good and hard."

"Let him keep his gun. He called me a young fellow. And I don't want Breslin's anyway. He's all right. Not to play any favorites, let Anastacio keep his. There are times," said Pringle, "when I have great hopes of Anastacio. I'm thinking some of taking him in hand to see if I can't make a man of him."

"Ananias the Amateur," said Anastacio, "I thank you for those kind words. And I'd like to see you Saturday about two—when you get through with Nueces. I'm next on the waiting list.

"This will be a lesson to me never to let my opinion of a man be changed by anything he may do."

"If you fellows feel that way," said Foy, "how about me? How do you suppose I feel? This man has risked his life fifty times for me—and what did I think of him?"

"If you ask me, Christopher," said Anastacio, "I think you were quite excusable. It was all very well to dissemble his love—but I should feel doubtful of any man that handed me such a wallop as that until the matter had been fully explained."

"What I want to know, Pringle, is, how the deuce you got up here so slick?" said Nueces.

"Oh, that's easy! I can run a mile in nothing flat."

"Oh—that's it? You hid in the water pen?"

"Under the troughs. Bright idea of yours, them fires! I knew just where not to go. After you left I hooked a horse. If you'd had sense enough to go with the sheriff and eat your supper like a human being I'd 'a' hooked two horses, and Chris and me would now be getting farther. I don't want you ever to do that again. Suppose Chris had killed me when I tried to knock him out! Fine large name I would 'a' left for myself, wouldn't I?"

"If you had fought it out with us," said Breslin musingly, "you would have been killed—both of you; and you would have killed others. Mr. Pringle, you have done a fine thing. I apologize to you."

"Why, all that goes without saying, my boy. As for my part—why, I don't bother much about a blue-tin heaven or a comic-supplement hell, but I'm right smart interested in right here and now. It's a right nice little old world, take it by and large, and I like to help out at whatever comes my way, if it takes fourteen innings. But, so long as you feel that way about it, maybe you'll believe me now when I say that Christopher Foy was with me all last night and he didn't shoot Dick Marr."

"That's right," said Foy. "I don't know who killed Dick Marr; but I do know that Creagan, Joe Espalin and Applegate intended to kill me last night. They gave me back my sixshooter, that Ben Creagan had borrowed—and it was loaded with blanks! Then they pitched onto me, and if it hadn't been for Pringle they'd have got me sure! We left town at eleven o'clock and rode straight to the Vorhis Ranch."

"I believe you," said Anastacio. "You skip along now, Chris. You're fit to ride."

"Why shouldn't I stay and see it out?"

"It won't do. For one thing, your thinker isn't working as per invoice," said Nueces River. "You're in no fix to do yourself justice. We'll look after your interests. You know some of the posse might be coming back, askin' fool questions. Pull your freight up to the Bar Cross till we send for you."

"Well—if you think Pringle isn't running any risks I'll go."

"We'll take care of Pringle. Guess we'll make him sheriff next fall, maybe—just to keep Anastacio in his place. Drift!"

"No sheriffin' for mine, thanks. Contracting is my line—subcontracting!"

"So long, boys! You know what I'd like to say. You gave me a square deal—you three chaps," said Foy. "Get word to Stella as soon as ever you can. She thinks I'm a prisoner, you know. You know what I want to say there, Pringle—tell her for me. . . . Say! Why don't you all go in now? You boys all know that Stella's engaged to me, don't you? What's the good of keeping her in suspense? Go on to the ranch, right away."

"I told you your head wasn't working just right," jeered Nueces. "We want to give you a good start. They'll be after you again and you're in no fix to do any hard riding. But one of us will go and tell the girl. Breslin, you go."

"Too late," observed Anastacio quietly. "There is Miss Vorhis now, with her father. They're climbing to the gap. Go on, Foy."

"They've got a led horse," said Nueces as Stella and the Major came to the highest point of the Gap. "Who's that for? Chris? But they couldn't know about Chris. And how did they get here so quick? Don't seem like they've had hardly time."

Stella dismounted; she pressed on up the hill to meet her lover. The first sunshafts struck into the gap, lit up the narrow walls with red glory.

"Magic casements!" thought Pringle.

"Watch Foy get over the ground!" said Anastacio. "He'll break his neck before he gets down. I don't blame him. He's nearly down. Look the other way, boys!"

They looked the other way and there were none to see that meeting. Unless, perhaps, the gods looked down from high Olympus—the poor immortals!—and turned away,

shivering, disconsolate, to the cheerless fields of asphodel.

"But they're not going away," said Breslin after a suitable interval. "They're waiting; and the Major's waving his hat at us."

"I'll go see what they want," said Anastacio.

In a few minutes he was back, rather breathless and extremely agitated in appearance.

"Well? Spill it!" said Nueces. "Get your breath first. What's the trouble?"

"Applegate's dead. Joe Espalin, I arrest you for the murder of Richard Marr! Applegate confessed."

"He lied! He lied!" screamed Espalin. "I was with Ben till daylight, at the monte game; they all tell you. The sheriff he try to make me keel heem—he try to buy me to do eet—he keel Dick Marr heemself!"

"That's right!" spoke Creagan, suddenly white and haggard. His voice was a cringing whine; his eyes groveled. "Marr was at Lisner's house. We all went over there after the fight. Lisner waked Marr up—he'd been tryin' to egg Marr on to kill Foy all day, but Marr was too drunk. He was sobering up when we waked him. Lisner tried to rib him up to go after Foy and waylay him—told him he had been threatening Foy's life while he was drunk, and that Foy'd kill him if he didn't get Foy first. Dick said he wouldn't do it—he'd go along to help arrest Foy, but that's all he'd do. The sheriff and Joe went out together for a powwow. The sheriff came back alone, black as thunder—him and Dick rode off together ——"

The sheriff sprang to his feet, his heavy face bloated and blotched with terror.

"He cursed me; he tried to pull his gun!" he wailed. His eyes protruded, glaring; one hand clutched at his throat, the other spread out before him as he tottered, stumbling. "Oh, my God!" he sobbed.

"That will do nicely," said Anastacio. "You're guilty as hell! I'll put your own handcuffs on you. Oddly enough, the law provides that when it is necessary to arrest the sheriff the duty falls to the coroner. It is very appropriate. You must pardon me, Mr. Lisner, if I seem unsympathetic. Dick Marr was your friend! And you have not been entirely fair with Foy, I fear. . . . Creagan, we'll hold you and Joe for complicity and for conspiracy in Foy's case. We'll arrest Applegate, too, when we get to camp. He'll be awfully vexed."

"What!" shrieked the sheriff, raising his manacled hands. "Liar! Murderer!"

"So Applegate's not dead? Well, I'm just as well pleased," said Pringle.

"Not even hurt badly. I was after The Man Lower Down. What the Major told me was that the Barelas were at the ranch—more than enough to hold Lisner's crowd down. So Chris needn't go, after all. They came at daylight. I was expecting that, and waiting. As I told you, that's the best thing I do—waiting."

"But how did you know about Lisner?" demanded Breslin, puzzled.

"I didn't know, for sure. I had a hunch and I played it. So I killed poor Applegate—temporarily. It worked out just right and nothing to carry."

"One of the mainest matters with the widely known world," said Pringle wearily, "is that people won't play their hunches. They haven't spunk enough to believe what they know. Let me spell it out for you in words of two cylinders, Breslin: You saw that I knew Creagan and Applegate, while they positively refused to know me at any price; you heard the sheriff deny that I was at the Gadsden House before I'd claimed anything of the sort. Of course you didn't know anything about the fight at the Gadsden House, but that was enough to show you something wasn't right, just the same. You had all the material to build a nice plump hunch. It all went over your head. You put me in mind of the lightning bug:

"The lightning bug is brilliant,
But it hasn't any mind;
It wanders through creation
With its headlight on behind.

"Come on let's move. I'm fair dead for sleep."

"Just a minute!" said Anastacio. "I want to call your attention to the big dust off in the north. I've been watching it half an hour. That dust, if I'm not mistaken, is the Bar Cross coming; they've heard the news!"

"So, Mr. Lisner, you hadn't a chance to get by with it," said Pringle slowly and thoughtfully. "If I hadn't balked you the Barelas stood ready; if the Barelas failed, yonder big dust was on the way; half your own posse would have turned on you for half a guess at the truth. It's a real nice little world—and it hates a lie. A good many people lay these fine-drawn plans, but they mostly don't come off! Men are but dust, they tell us. It is magnificent dust! This nice little old world of ours, in the long run, is going right. You can't beat the Game! Once, yes—or twice—not in the long run.

"The Percentage is all against you. You can't beat the Game!"

"It's up to you, Sheriff," said Anastacio briskly. "I can turn you over to the Bar Cross outfit and they'll hang you now; or I can turn you over to the Barelas and you will be hung later. Dick Marr was your friend! Take your choice. You go on down, Pringle, while the sheriff is looking over the relative advantages of the two propositions. I think Miss Vorhis may have something to say to you."

She came to meet him; Foy and the Major waited by the horses.

"John!" she said. "Faithful John!" She sought his hands.

"There now, honey—don't take on so! Don't! It's all right! You know what the poet says:

"Cast your bread upon the waters
And you may live to say:
'Oh, how I wish I had the crust
That once I threw away!'"

Her throat was pulsing swiftly; her eyes were brimming tears, bruised for lost sleep.

"Dearest and kindest friend! When I think what you have done for me—how you faced shame worse than death—guarded by unprovable honor—John! John!"

"Why, you mustn't, honey—you mustn't do that! Why, Stella, you're crying—for me! You mustn't do that, Little Next Door!"

"If you had been killed, taking Chris—or after you gave him up—no one but me would have ever believed but that you meant it."

"But you believed, Stella?"

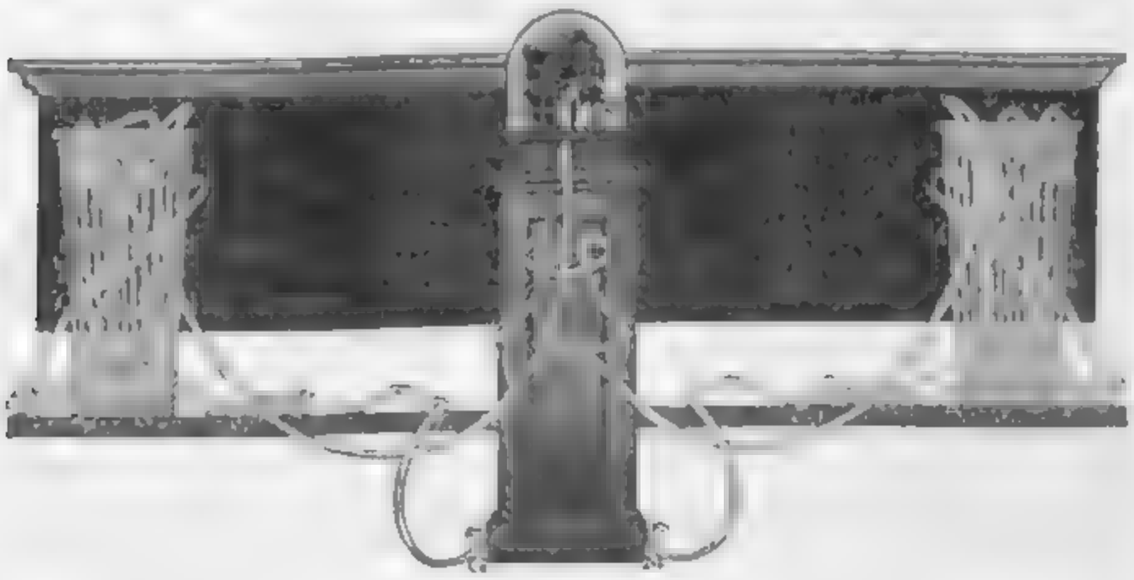
"Oh, I knew! I knew!"

"Even when you first heard of it?"

"I never doubted you—not one instant! I knew what you meant to do. You knew I loved him. The led horse was for you. I thought Chris would be gone. Why, John Wesley, I have known you all my life! You couldn't do that! You couldn't! Oh, kiss me; kiss me—faithful John!"

But he bent and kissed her hands—lest, looking into his eyes, she should read in the book of his life one long, long chapter—that bore her name.

(THE END)



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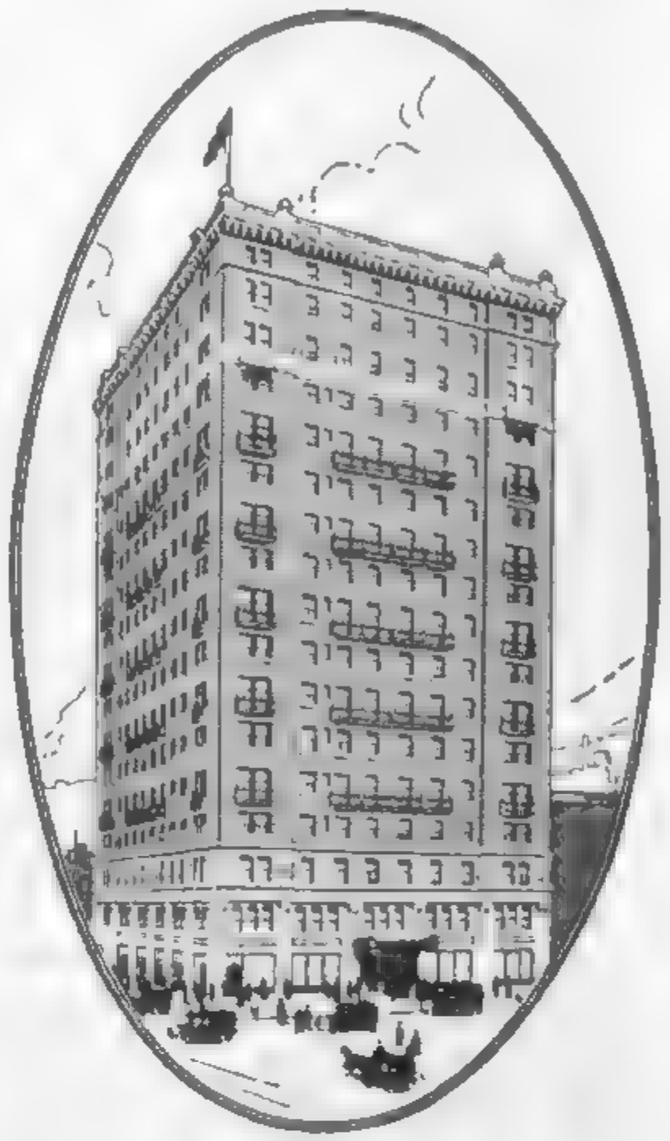

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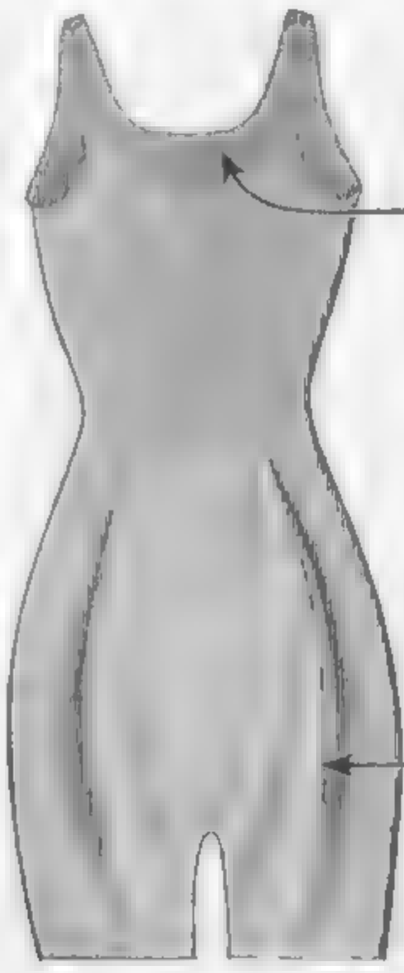

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THE BARGAIN COUNTER—ARE PUBLIC UTILITIES A BUY?

(Continued from Page 27)

Many lawyers are very slow. They will promise anything and then entirely forget it. Moreover, these lawyer receivers generally take the job as a side line. They have duties of their own and other interests of their own to attend to first. They know the receivership is only a temporary job and, therefore, often give it the time they have left over after attending to their regular business. All these things combine to make reorganizations drag along.

In view of this, one is apt to lose a good deal in interest money when buying defaulted securities at the beginning of a receivership. The time to buy such securities is near the end, and usually they can then be bought as cheap or even cheaper, for then the holders are tired out and willing to sell at a sacrifice. This has been true especially in the case of the Kansas City Railway and Light Company. When it went into receivership in June, 1911, it was paying interest on all its obligations and a dividend on the preferred stock. It was even announced that the company had been put into receivership by its own stockholders "in order to conserve the property against unjust legislation by the municipal authorities of Kansas City."

Of course no more dividends were paid on the stock, but the court allowed interest to be continued on the obligations up to September, 1915. Owing to the fact that this plan was then published there was very little decline in the securities at the time of receivership, and it is only recently that they have been selling at anything near bargain prices.

In place of the old company two new companies have been formed, one known as the Kansas City Railways Company, which is acquiring the street railway companies, and the other the Kansas City Electric Light Company, which is to acquire the lighting properties. In compelling the separation of the traction from the lighting properties the people of Kansas City have done a wise thing from their point of view, though it is detrimental to the security holders.

As a rule, traction companies are becoming less and less profitable, while lighting companies are paying better and better. When the two are combined in one company the consumers of light carry not only their own burdens but also those of the traction property. By a system of combined bookkeeping, of which the public authorities frequently cannot make head or tail, a company is able to conceal important facts. Statistics show that a number of traction companies to-day would be in receivership were it not that the lighting companies with which they are combined are carrying the load.

Some Pacific Coast Utilities

A main item in traction companies is the labor expense, and this is continually increasing. Hence the profits on each passenger are continually decreasing. Lighting companies, on the other hand, have a very small labor expense, and improved machinery is continually enabling them to manufacture electricity at lower cost. Hence the profits of the electric current on each consumer are continually increasing. If two such companies combine it is very difficult for a city to get a reduction in lighting rates. Therefore, it is greatly to the advantage of the stockholders to have the companies combine. The people of Kansas City are apparently aware of this fact, as they have insisted on a division.

The old shareholders of the Kansas City Railway and Light Company, I understand, will receive two-thirds of their allotment in shares of the Kansas City Railways Company and one-third in shares of the Kansas City Electric Light Company. As to the future outlook, my guess is as follows: The bonds of both these new companies should be fairly safe and the stock of the lighting company should gradually grow more valuable. I do not, however, see much of a future in the new stock of the traction company. Were I an old stockholder I should switch from the traction to the lighting stock as soon as possible after receiving my allotment.

I have said that the new bonds should be fairly safe. I use the word "fairly" because there are two series of issues, both in the case of the electric light company and the railways company. The series secured by first mortgages should be safe, and the series secured by second mortgages are said to be all right. Second mortgages, however, never appeal to me very much.

Another large traction system that is just emerging from receivership is centered at Oakland, California. The old company was named the Oakland Railways and the new company is named the San Francisco-Oakland Terminal Railways. This is a consolidation of the old Oakland Traction Company, the San Francisco, Oakland and San José Consolidated Railways, the East Shore and Suburban Railway, and the California Railway. Those who visited the California Exposition will remember this line as connecting San Francisco with Berkeley, Alameda, and half a dozen adjoining towns.

This consolidation was put through by a prominent man who a few years ago was rated a millionaire. Like many others he bit off more than he could chew, and the panic of 1913 found him spread out with more loans than he could manage. I do not know why it is, but we are all tempted to judge a man, not by his net assets but by his gross assets. Even worse than this, we judge men by what they spend rather than by what they save.

Municipal Traction Systems

If a man has a million dollars' worth of property we rate him a millionaire even though he may owe a million dollars to the banks. If I desired to put through a big promotion, instead of reducing my expenses and conserving my resources I should buy a palatial residence, rent a steam yacht and increase expenses along all other lines accordingly. One should not infer from this that the well-known promoter of the Oakland Railways acted in any such way. He did not. I merely mention this in passing.

Well, the Oakland Railways have finally been born again and are just now once more beginning to walk. The road has two hundred and fifty-eight miles of electric railways and over four hundred passenger cars.

The Oakland Railways Company is weak in two things: It has no lighting company to help it carry its load, and it is too near San Francisco. I have already referred to the need of lighting companies to help street railways carry their increased burdens. I have not as yet said anything about San Francisco.

Let me say a word here: By the time this article is published a great many readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST will have visited San Francisco. Perhaps you yourself were there this past summer. If so, did you make any inquiries concerning the street railway system? If you did you were told that it is owned by the United Railways Investment Company, which, in turn, is owned by the Philadelphia Company of Pittsburgh, which, in turn, is owned by a lot of investors scattered all over the United States. Before the fire this company was having a hard haul, both literally and figuratively; its expenses were increasing and the hills its cars were obliged to climb were terrible. When the cataclysm came the company was given a good twist.

Of course the friends of the company claim that it is in fine shape and doing well. Quite likely this is true. One thing, however, is certain—the prices at which the securities are selling do not indicate it.

But the great fire was not the only setback these companies have had. There is a strong reform element in this city by the Golden Gate. This reform element decided some time ago that a municipal street railway would be a good thing for San Francisco. They have kept steadily at this idea and are accomplishing something. Municipal street railways are to privately owned street railways what red flags are to bulls. What the result will be I do not know, but there is nothing about the Oakland or San Francisco traction situation that appeals to me.

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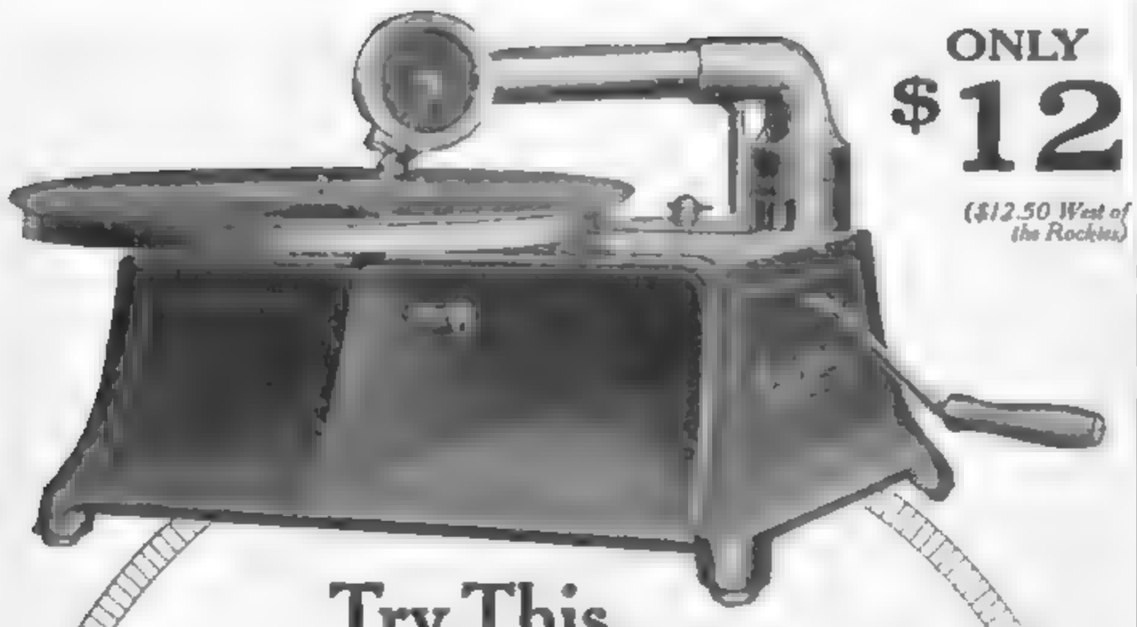

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If you never heard of John Edward Addicks then you never lived in Boston. He was one of the old-time promoters.

At one time he had the entire gas situation of Boston and vicinity in the palm of his hand. He also controlled the situation in other cities. One of the last properties he had was the gas company of Buffalo. Now, Buffalo is a fine city, and at this moment I am in a large hotel of that city, looking out over its vast and active area. But what made Buffalo broke the Buffalo Gas Company. I refer to the development of Niagara Falls for power and lighting. When electric power was transmitted from Niagara Falls to Buffalo the clock struck twelve for the Buffalo Gas Company. There was only one thing for the company to do, and that was to reduce the price, which it did. To-day Buffalo residents get their gas about the cheapest of any people on the face of the earth.

It really was surprising how long this gas company was able to deliver gas so cheaply. For years its bonds sold at only about sixty, and gas men in other cities always insisted that it could survive "only another month" while selling gas at such a low figure. It did, however, survive for many years, and did not go into receivership until September, 1914. Even then it was need of working capital rather than inability to make a dollar that caused it to give up.

At the present time the company is in the hands of a dignified bondholders' committee, and the last statement showed that the net earnings for the year amounted to less than three-fourths of its interest charges. No reorganization plan has yet been announced.

While in Buffalo, the past two days, I have been trying to learn something about this company. Were it a traction company I should not consider touching these securities. Were it an electric-light company I should be very bullish on its securities. Under the circumstances I do not know what to say about the future of the Buffalo Gas Company. A very prominent Buffalo banker, however, gives the following opinion:

"The real fight of the Buffalo Gas Company is not against the electric-light and power interests, but rather against the natural-gas interests. Capitalists identified with the Standard Oil Company supply natural gas to the people of Buffalo, while the Buffalo Gas Company supplies artificial gas. The natural gas is very cheap, but it is dirty and cannot be depended on in cold weather. To give Buffalo good service the two companies should be combined—that is, the Standard Oil people should buy up the Buffalo Gas bonds. If they do so those bonds should be worth more, but otherwise the future is very uncertain."

The Hudson River Properties

Though I very much prefer electric-light and power securities to traction securities, yet the above shows that tractions have not had all the troubles. Not only do gas companies have troubles but some of the very best light-and-power companies of to-day have been through bad receiverships.

Let me tell you about the old Hudson River Electric Power Company, which supplied electricity for operating the lights and street cars of Albany and surrounding cities. This company was promoted by the first banker who ever gave me consulting work to do. That was about seventeen years ago and that banker was then at the head of a large and respected bond house in Boston.

First, a dam was constructed across the Hudson River at Spier Falls, just above Glens Falls, New York. Though the company employed the best engineers that money could get, there was a miscalculation somewhere. It was almost impossible to find a rock-bottom foundation for the dam. Again and again they tried, but each time failed. Finally, after great expense and much lost time, the dam was built; but the money was gone. Instead of being able to complete the whole property for two million dollars, as at first planned, this amount barely paid for the stone work. Therefore, the original company, on which my old employer had sold the bonds, had only a granite quarry to show for the money.

There was only one thing to do: a new company must be organized and more bonds must be sold to provide a power house, water wheels, and the other bare necessities. Hence, another and larger bond issue was sold. It was thought that this would surely complete the work and leave money besides; but not so. It was found that there was no market for the electricity at Glens Falls after it was manufactured and that it must be transmitted to Albany, and perhaps as far as Syracuse; but building great transmission lines for high voltage costs money, and the proceeds of the second bond issue were used up in providing turbines and dynamos.

Again my old employer was faced by the alternative of forming a new company and selling more bonds or of losing his all. He did only what you and I would have done under the circumstances. He again doubled the bond issue and made one final effort to deliver the current to Albany, and he succeeded in his task; but it cost too much money. The game was not worth the candle.

Could the property have been built according to the original estimate, it would have been very profitable; but it could not stand ten million dollars of bonds. Yes, before the property was finally completed it had cost nearly three times the original estimate. Meantime the power companies of the state of New York had been placed under the Public Service Commission and the money market had received two severe blows—in 1903 and 1907.

There was only one thing my old employer could do: he was obliged to let go. Receivers were appointed for his Hudson River companies and even he himself was forced into bankruptcy. For several years the property was operated by these receivers. Finally, in 1911, a reorganization plan was adopted and one of the best banking houses in the country became interested in the property.

Electric Power in Idaho

The bonded debt was cut down over a half and considerable new money was put into the property to make it truly efficient. The old bond issues were entirely wiped out. The holders of the first and original issue of two million dollars were paid off in cash, but the rest of the bondholders were obliged to take common and preferred stock for their bonds. To-day the company probably represents an investment of over twelve million dollars cash. There is a first-mortgage five per cent bond issue for five million dollars; a six per cent preferred stock issue of two million five hundred thousand dollars, which pays nothing to-day but which becomes cumulative this year; and nine million five hundred thousand dollars of common stock outstanding. The bonds and preferred stock should be safe and the common stock may prove a good speculation. The new reorganized company is known as the Adirondack Electric Power Corporation.

Similar failures have been witnessed in other parts of the country—in the South, on the Pacific Coast, in Colorado, and even in Idaho, where coal is so scarce and power is in such great demand for irrigation. Truly I have officiated at so many of these financial funerals that to-day I would not buy the securities of a power company unless it had been reorganized. A reorganization seems almost necessary to test and temper such securities. Certainly, with the many opportunities to buy securities now of those that have been through the wash—to use a technical term—I fail to see why anyone is tempted to buy into one of the untried and unknown.

Let me tell about the Idaho proposition. This was born some fifteen years ago and was christened the Boisé-Payette Electric Power Company. It developed power on the Payette River and sold its product in Boisé, the capital of Idaho. It prospered at the very first. Its dam was of cheap construction. It was free from state or municipal interference. It was not big enough to be the prey of Eastern speculators. It paid interest and sinking-fund charges on its six per cent bonds, and even a dividend on its stock.

Finally one day some New York bankers came along and decided to build another and larger power plant farther up the river. To-day it is one thing to build a power plant and another to market the power. Numerous corporations, like the old Hudson River company to which I have referred, have power enough, but they have no market. Hence, do not be attracted by electric-power securities simply because the company has the power.

So this new Idaho company found it necessary to have a market for its power. Therefore, it purchased the stock of the

(Continued on Page 57)

To equal the Cadillac is the universal ambition

THERE is great gratification for the Cadillac owner in this fact:

That the highest aim of the serious-minded manufacturer is to approximate Cadillac performance.

Consciously or unconsciously, engineers are constantly inspired by the characteristics which distinguish the Cadillac Eight-Cylinder engine.

Consciously or unconsciously, automobile salesmanship—both oral and printed—endeavors to emphasize the claim that other cars possess these Cadillac qualities.

Consciously or unconsciously, that salesmanship continually endeavors to emphasize the very things for which the Cadillac engine is famous.

Other types sometimes claim equality and sometimes superiority, but, consciously or unconsciously, it is always the Cadillac standard which they claim to equal or to surpass.

Fewer cylinders or more cylinders, they apparently have but one criterion, and that is the Cadillac V-type Eight-Cylinder criterion—forgetful of the fact that the high development of the Cadillac engine is only one fine phase of Cadillac performance.

It is well to remember that this has always been true—since the infant days of the industry.

Cadillac quality and Cadillac performance have frequently been on the very verge of being surpassed—according to the enthusiastic advertising and salesmanship of other cars.

The Cadillac market has always been *about* to be taken by storm.

But, somehow, the Cadillac market continues to increase in volume and in enthusiasm, year after year.

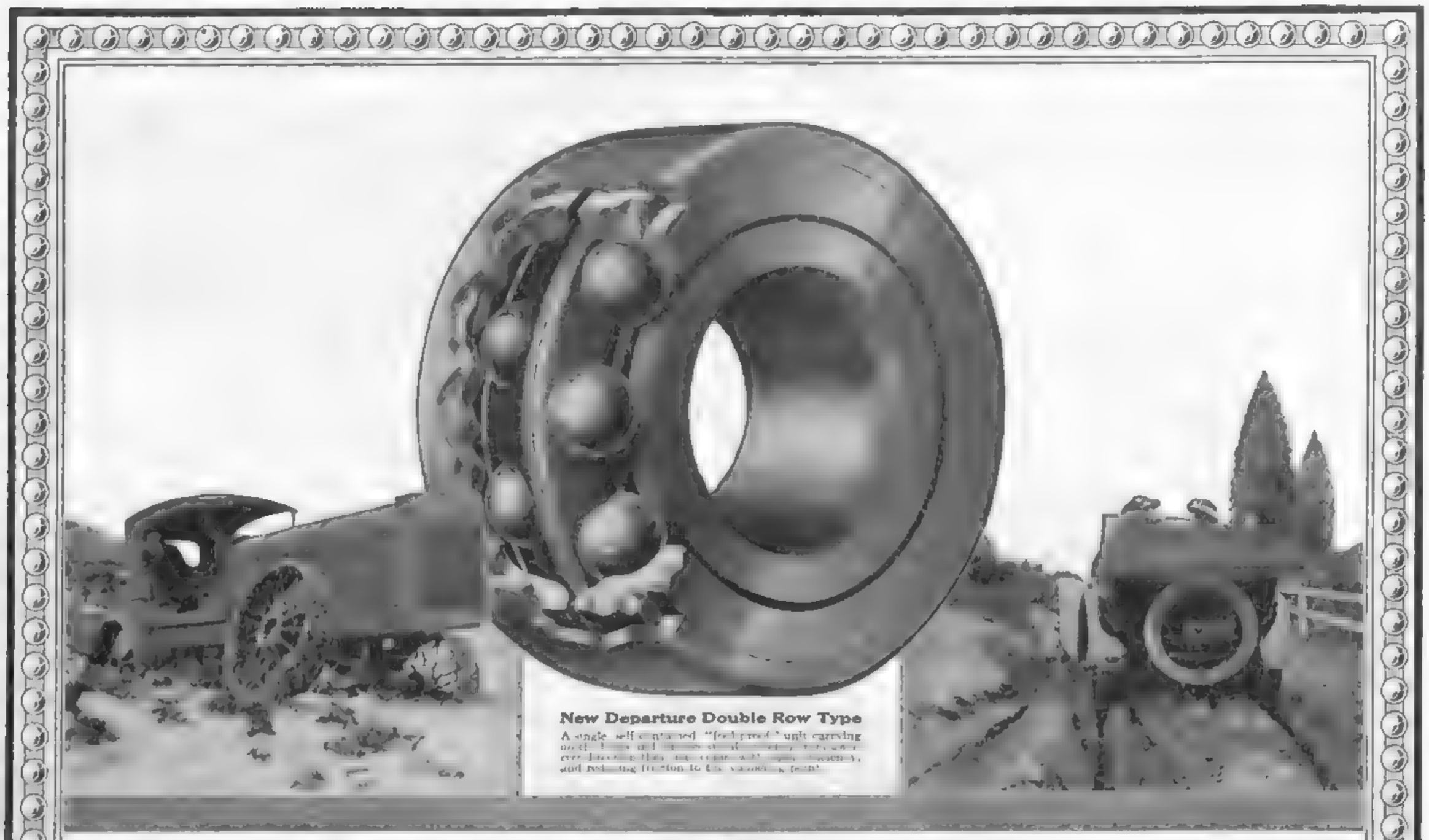
Meanwhile, ambitious aspirants for comparison with the Cadillac have fallen away—one by one—and taken their places in a lower-price class.

The simple truth is, that the beautiful riding qualities which make the Cadillac owner almost forget that he is in a motor car, represent the very uttermost that has yet been accomplished.

Styles and Prices

Standard Seven passenger car, Five passenger Salon and Roadster, $2080. Three passenger Victoria, $2400. Four passenger Coupé, $2800. Five passenger Brougham, $2950. Seven passenger Limousine, $3450. Berlin, $3600. Prices include standard equipment, F. O. B. Detroit.

Cadillac Motor Car Co. Detroit, Mich.



NEW DEPARTURE BALL BEARINGS

Are the Enemies of Friction

They conquer Friction in all its manifold evils in every Bearing part.

New Departure Ball Bearings do not need adjustments because they are self-contained, fool-proof units throughout their entire life.

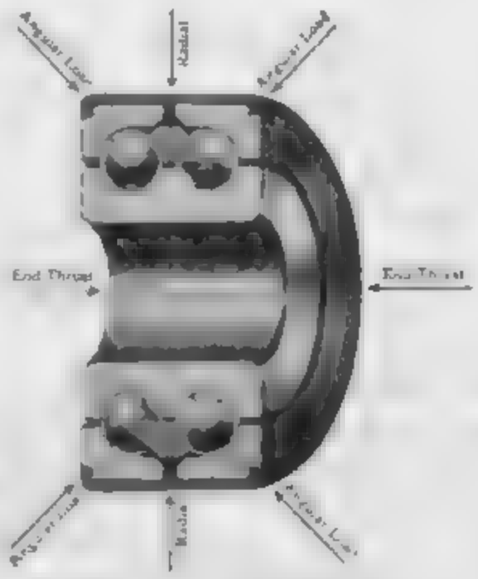
New Departure Ball Bearings protect your car against almost impossible conditions of road—and the strains, the stresses, the shocks, the thrusts of weight and pull upon the chassis.

That's why New Departure Ball Bearings guarantee the maximum life of any car, truck or machine in which they are used.

Any engineer will tell you that the Ball type of Bearing is superior in anti-frictional properties which lessen depreciation.

That's why they save power, fuel, oil, and upkeep cost.

New Departure Ball Bearings in the car you own or are going to purchase are a warranty of its excellence in all these qualities which protect your investment. That's why you should demand them.



Sectional View of the New Departure Double Row Ball Bearing showing design, enabling it to take all radial and thrust loads and stresses

New Departure Ball Bearings are made in three types and a wide range of sizes, thereby providing a correct Bearing for any load or speed in any automobile or machine where friction occurs between rotating members. They are internationally standardized with reference to bore, diameter and width—can be used in replacement of Ball Bearings of any make.

Write us for that instructive Booklet "New Departure Ball Bearings and What They Mean to the Car Owner." You will learn how important this Bearing question is to you. Send us a postcard for it. Ask for Booklet A.

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(Continued from Page 54)

little old company that was supplying power to Boisé, the capital of Idaho. After it purchased this stock, and thus secured control, it began to make improvements in its own name. For instance, the original Boisé company had all its wires on poles when the big interests obtained control. The new interests, however, recognizing the fact that pole lines must soon be banished, began to lay wires underground, in conduits. These conduits were built in the name of the new company. Slowly but surely these conduits began to spread over the city. When old pole lines were rebuilt the new company assumed title to the new line.

All bills for light and power were sent out in the name of the new company. The new company thus secured the goodwill of the business. Everything was done to have the people forget the old Boisé company and its rights, franchises and property. In short, the new company was slowly sapping the life out of the old company.

Meantime the new company was building a large and permanent dam farther up the river, to take the place of the small and temporary Boisé Dam which was then supplying the power. Every day, as the new dam approached completion, the old Boisé bonds, secured on the old dam, were becoming worthless, though the old Boisé bondholders were helpless. The new company had purchased the stock of the old company and was paying interest on the bonds of the old company. What was the next move? Let us see: First, as is usual, the new dam cost much more to build than the estimate; secondly, bad times came, which made it very difficult to secure more money; and, finally, there were internal dissensions. Hence, before the thing was finally worked out, the new company went into receivership.

When the new company started to build, its securities were looked on as gilt-edged, and big New York bankers were tumbling over one another to get the underwriting. Even the old Boisé-Payette bonds were selling at par and the stock at sixty dollars a share, though this stock was originally given away with the bonds. Within a short time the new securities could hardly be sold at any price, while the Boisé-Payette underlying liens had fallen to sixty-two and the old stock was worth nothing!

For some years the different interests in the new company fought over the remains. It seemed impossible for them to get together. Meantime one Idaho company after another went into receivership. Things were in this condition when the matter was first brought to my attention. The old bonds of the different companies were selling very low. Something big had to be done. Finally, interests connected with the Electric Bond and Share Company came to the rescue. Recently a new company has been organized, consolidating the various old companies.

When Water Companies Go Broke

New securities have been issued, consisting of about four million dollars in prior lien six per cent bonds, which should be good; about four million dollars in debenture three per cent to six per cent bonds, which are more speculative; about five million dollars in income bonds; and eight million dollars of common stock. Of course these last two are pure speculations. Their future depends on various factors—the growth of Idaho, the leniency of the Public Utilities Commission, and the efficiency of the management. Your guess on these things may be as good as mine; but this one thing I do say: Such securities on reorganized companies are far better than freshly made securities in most new companies.

If there is any public necessity, it is good water. Street cars, gas and electric lights could be dispensed with; but the health and fire protection of every large community make a water company a necessity. Yet water companies have had their troubles. In every state of the Union water companies have failed. Though the earnings have been satisfactory, either bad management or unfair competition has put them out of business.

Municipal ownership has been the rock on which most of these wrecks have occurred. As water companies perform such an important part in connection with the community's protection against fire and disease, there has been a constantly increasing demand that they be owned by the people themselves. Hence, many plants have either been purchased by the cities and towns or else the people have built competitive plants of their own. When the water companies have been reasonable in their asking price the cities have bought; but when the over-capitalization of certain companies made it very difficult for them to sell at a reasonable price there has been a fight. When a real fight has occurred between a city and a company the city has usually won unless there has been a compromise.

However, water-company failures have not all been due to such fights. The biggest water-company combination the world has ever seen did not go to smash on account of any agitation for municipal control; that combination went into receivership because its owners were not satisfied with merely owning water works. They coveted street railways, wanted to build electric-power plants, develop coal mines and speculate in real estate. It was the old story of the shoemaker not sticking to his last.

A Famous Funeral in Pittsburgh

I refer to the American Water Works and Guarantee Company, which was owned in Pittsburgh up to a few years ago. This company controlled the water supply of over eighty communities. The company had directly outstanding only ten million dollars of preferred stock, paying six per cent and selling at about par, and ten million dollars of common stock, which sold correspondingly high. Its indirect obligations, however, amounted to many millions, and these took the assets when the crash came. These assets consisted of stocks, bonds and notes of the individual water companies.

The crash came very suddenly. One day the stock was paying dividends and the next day the company was in receivership. But it was too big a combination to let drift. Bankers from all over the country hurried to Pittsburgh. A reorganization was soon under consideration. The biggest lawyers in the country were engaged to officiate at the funeral. William Nelson Cromwell, of Panama Canal fame, was the master of ceremonies.

The reorganized company was known as the American Water Works and Electric Company. New bonds were issued to the old stockholders. On the payment of an assessment the old stockholders were given new preferred and common stocks. To-day this new company is free from its guaranties and contingent indebtedness, being capitalized about as follows: Seventeen million dollars of five per cent bonds; five million dollars of seven per cent cumulative first preferred stock; ten million dollars of six per cent second preferred stock; and seven million dollars of common stock. These bonds, now selling round seventy, should be good.

The time to buy is when others are forced to sell and the time to sell is when others are crazy to buy. This, in fact, is the reason why I am writing of reorganizations at the present time. Most domestic stocks are at present high in price; some quotations are out of all reason. Hence, in looking about for something unpopular I was led to the securities of different reorganized companies of which the holders were sick and tired. Yes; there is a time to buy and a time to sell. The best time to buy stocks is during a reorganization, when everybody is tired and disgusted. The best time to sell is during promotions.

Just one word more on water companies. The privately owned are not the only kind that have trouble; sometimes even the municipal plants get into difficulty. The big plant that Austin, Texas, built some years ago is a good illustration of such an instance. Originally there was a privately owned company in Austin, which the city tried to buy. This private water company, however, wanted more money than the city thought the plant was worth. The people of Austin were willing to pay enough for the old plant to take care of the bonds, but they were unwilling to pay for the stock, which they claimed was mostly water.

Here lies an interesting point. Many say to me that a certain public-utility bond issue "must be safe, because not only are the earnings good but the city is willing to pay for the property more than the bonded indebtedness." Do not be fooled by any such statements. No stockholder will ever vote to sell a property for only the amount of the bonds. Either the stockholders must get enough to pay both the bondholders and themselves or else they will not sell.

This apparently was the attitude of the stockholders of the old Austin Water Company. The old company and the city fought.

Macbeth-Evans Alba Pendant Fixtures in Carnegie Library (North Side) Pittsburgh

Good Light as an asset

What would 1 to 5 per cent increase in your employees' efficiency mean in profit in one year? Good Light may make even a greater difference.

Why not consider your light as an asset?

You replace poor typewriters with new ones—*for efficiency*. You adopt the newest filing systems—*for efficiency*. Why not change poor light into good light?—to enable your employees to do more and better work with less eye-strain, less waste and less fatigue.

Alba Lighting Equipment

is a business asset. Alba softens light—makes it kind to the eyes—and distributes the light to the desk, counter or bench where it is needed. It enables employees to do more work easily, quickly, and carefully—without eye-strain and with fewer mistakes and fewer "days off."

Alba carries the efficiency of the day into the night, and makes the best use of electric current—economy. It may even save you money in current.

Further information for Business Men

Would you like further facts about good light—what it means in business efficiency? Send for one of these *free Booklets*.

1—HOMES: Good light in the home is beautiful, makes seeing easy and comfortable, the evening hours cheerful, and brings out the beauty of the surroundings. It prevents eye-strain.

2—DEPT. STORES: Customers stay longer and buy more where seeing is easy and comfortable. They speak well of the store and visit it often.

3—RESTAURANTS: Good light attracts patrons and makes them more comfortable. It is soft, agreeable, restful, promoting relaxation.

4—STORES: Well-lighted stores and windows attract customers, and display merchandise to the best advantage. Customers stay longer and buy more.

5—OFFICES: Good light means more and better work with fewer mistakes, less fatigue, and without eye-strain. Seeing is easy and comfortable.

6—CLUBS: The illumination should be ample, restful, agreeable in color, beautiful, in harmony with the surroundings and entirely without strain.

7—HOTELS: Good light is beautiful, brings out the beauty of the surroundings, makes seeing easy and agreeable. People enjoy themselves more

8—BANKS: Good light is handsome and in harmony with the surroundings. It makes seeing easy, often pays for itself by increasing efficiency and preventing errors.

9—THEATRES: Good light [illegible] restful [illegible] a receptive [illegible]

10—HOSPITALS: The light should be ample, cheerful, and restful to contribute to the comfort and quick recovery of the patients. Good light is needed in the operating rooms for precision and accuracy

11—CHURCHES: The light should be subtle, soft and agreeable. Harsh or brilliant spots, which distract the eye and attention, should be avoided

Macbeth-Evans Glass Co Pittsburgh

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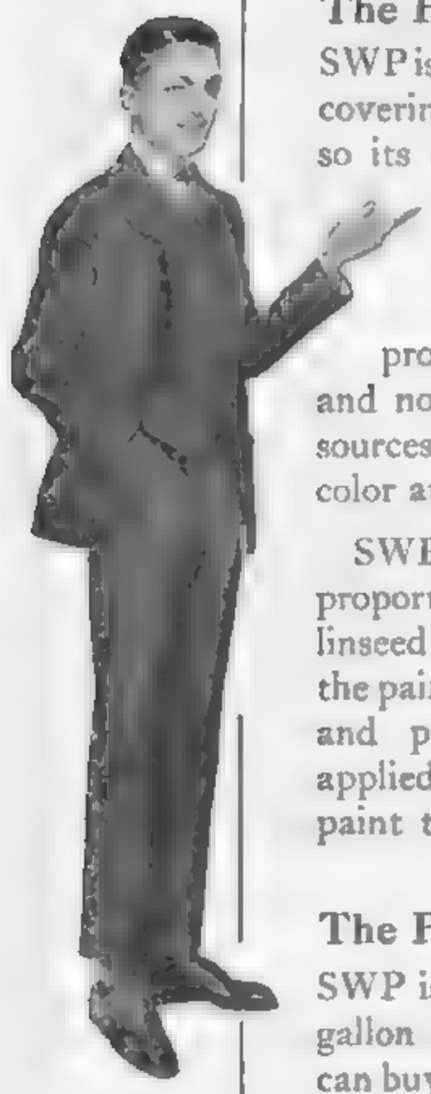
Macbeth-Evans Glass Co Pittsburgh

They Both Agree On SWP

(Sherwin-Williams Prepared Paint)



The Home Owner Says:

SWP is the result of paint tests covering a period of 50 years, so its quality must be right.

SWP is a scientific combination of materials all of which are produced by the company and not bought from outside sources, so long wear and fast color are assured.

SWP includes the right proportions of lead, zinc and linseed oil, which give life to the paint and prevent cracking and peeling when properly applied. So it is the cheapest paint to use in the long run.

The Painter Says:

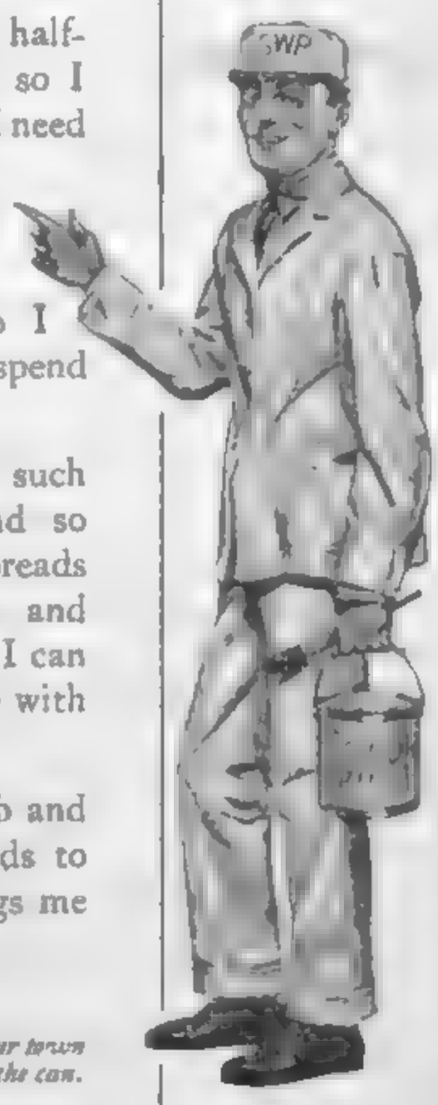
SWP is put up in quart, half-gallon and gallon cans, so I can buy just the amount I need for each job and have no waste.

SWP is ready to apply right from the can, so I save the time I used to spend in mixing.

SWP is prepared with such exactness and is ground so thoroughly that it spreads easily under the brush and covers like a blanket, so I can work faster and do more with less paint.

SWP stays on the job and holds its color, so it adds to my reputation and brings me more work.

The Sherwin-Williams dealer in your town carries SWP. Look for the label on the can.



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PAINTS & VARNISHES

Address all inquiries to 613 Canal Road, N. W., Cleveland, O.

Showrooms—New York, 116 W. 32d St.; Chicago, People's Gas Bldg.; San Francisco, 523 Market St. Sales Offices and Warehouses in principal cities. Best dealers everywhere.

The result was that the city built a plant of its own and the bonds of the private water company suddenly dropped in price from about par to sixty-five cents on the dollar.

Of course the city issued bonds of its own to build its municipal plant on the Colorado River. Being municipal five per cent bonds, these were quickly sold to Northern banks and investors. Really, the purchasers of these bonds only supplied money to ruin the holders of the old private water company's bonds. But their turn came later!

For a few years all went well; but one fine day—or, rather, one very rainy day—there was a cloud-burst on the Colorado River and away went the city's dam, water plant and all! What did the city do? The city defaulted on its new bonds and practically went through a reorganization. For some time it paid no interest, and then it paid, on a sliding scale, three per cent for a few years; then four per cent, and so on.

So you see that even city bonds, when issued for public utilities, are not immune to trouble. Certainly in the Austin case the buyers of the bonds of both the privately owned water company and of the city plant lost money. I was sent there to study the situation, and I know. The only ones who made money were the original promoters of the two plants and the lawyers who handled the funeral arrangements during the reorganization.

My first article in this series was on railroad reorganizations. In that I stated that the immediate future would probably offer many wonderful opportunities for investors to make money by buying certain securities of newly reorganized railroads. Railroads are now unpopular. Hence, those now being reorganized will receive very drastic treatment; while the proposed securities are in very little demand. Yes; the supply of reorganized railroad securities now greatly exceeds the demand. Therefore such securities, if wisely selected, should be a good purchase.

Unpopular Securities

My second article in this series was on industrial reorganizations. I therein stated that the present time probably did not offer many opportunities for investors to make money by buying securities of defunct or recently reorganized industrial companies. Industrials are now too popular. Hence, many of those now being reorganized are reorganized under inflated conditions.

Moreover, the securities of industrial companies are in too great demand. The demand for reorganized and every other kind of industrial securities to-day too greatly exceeds the supply thereof.

In this week's article, the third and last of the series, we have been considering public-utility securities. The question, therefore, now rises: Does the present time offer opportunities for investment in reorganized public utilities? Should stocks or bonds in street railway, electric power, lighting and water companies now be bought?

Certainly such securities are not tremendously popular now. They no longer appear to be the shining gold mines they seemed a dozen years ago. The public is getting too wise. Municipal ownership is becoming too popular. Public-service commissions are becoming too common. No; we cannot class the public utilities with the industrials and say that their condition to-day is too rosy, that their securities are too popular to consider.

On the other hand: Are the public utilities to be classed with the railroads? I think not. The railroads are old and well established. The public utilities are still young, if not unsophisticated. Most railroads have had their troubles for a long time, and have to a large extent become adjusted to them. Many street railway, lighting and water companies have their troubles ahead of them. Their day of readjustment has not really come.

Of course I do not mean that the railroads are to have no more trouble in years to come or that public utilities are to have nothing but troubles. There are and always will be exceptions to all rules. I simply mean that, whether considering railroads, industrials, public utilities or anything else, the wheel of fortune keeps going round. Some class of securities is always at the top; some always at the bottom; some are going toward the top and some are going toward the bottom. The law of action and reaction cannot be suspended.

Action and Reaction

In view of these facts I am neither bullish nor bearish on public utilities, as a whole. I feel sort of half-and-half, as the girl said when the proposing young man pressed her for a yes-or-no answer. I feel that this is no time to get optimistically crazy over public utilities; nor is it a time to get very bearish about them, whether reorganized or unreorganized.

But this I will say: If you want to be on the safe side when buying public-utility securities, buy only such as have had their water squeezed out. There are enough of these to absorb all the idle money you may happen to have.

One thing more: If possible, buy into something near home. Buy securities in a company which operates in your community and which you can watch. Remember that though the field farthest away looks the greenest it is not. If you cannot find anything good about home, and you must invest in some other locality, visit that locality, or write somebody there for first-hand information before investing. Certainly you are not justified in buying stock in a street railway or other company that operates in a distant city, which you have never visited and in which you have no well-informed acquaintances.

Finally, do not be fooled by big names, big cities and big projects. The Illinois Tunnel Company is a case in point. This company, which was financed by big men of the big city of Chicago for a great big job, has been reorganized two or three times.

Notwithstanding these pessimistic tales, I believe it to be good business to stick with any properly reorganized public utility. I am not a theologian, but I have always felt that there is a great similarity between reorganization and regeneration. I believe in both, and prefer to invest my hard-earned money in those corporations that have been reorganized, as on those individuals who have been "born again."

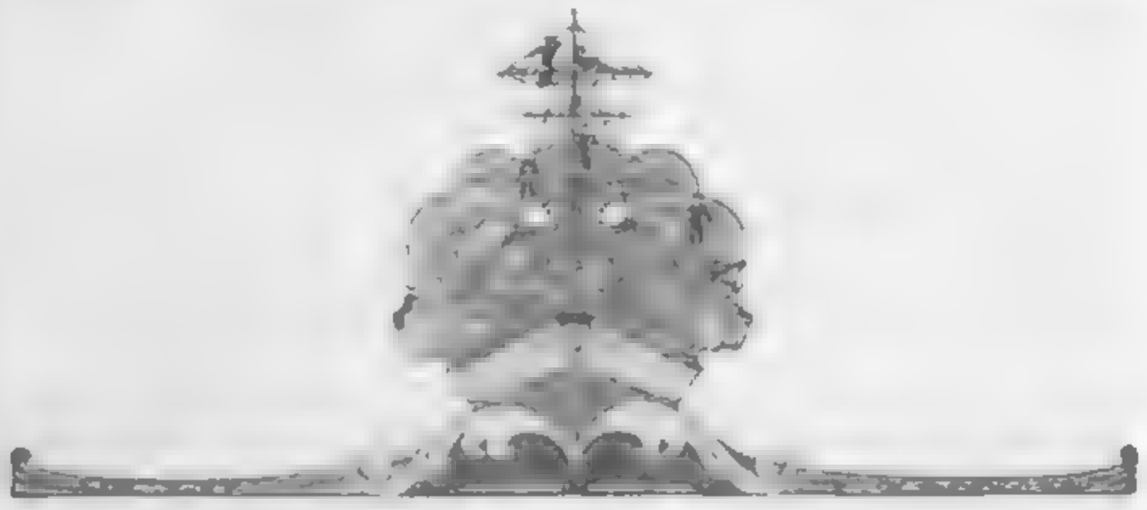
Editor's Note—This is the third and last article in a series by Mr. Babson dealing with Reorganization Opportunities.

The Lost Ranch

CUSTER COUNTY, Montana, went Democratic at the last election—and it went Democratic once before. In the early days of the territory, ranches were polling places. In 1882 Craig McDowell's ranch was so designated.

Just before the polls closed a cowboy rode into the yard with about three hundred ballots all marked for the straight Democratic ticket. The rider said he was from Wooley's Ranch, and the votes were recorded and sent to Miles City, sixty-two miles away.

The only difficulty with the vote—as developed long after election—was that there was no such ranch in Montana.



GOODYEAR
AKRON
TUBES

GOODYEAR Tubes are of uniform thickness and weight because the rubber sheets of which they are made are of uniform thickness and weight.

Accurate instruments are employed to test each sheet of rubber, every yard or so, as it comes from the rolls which prepare it for the tube-makers.

A Goodyear Tube is not strong in one place and weak in another. It is strong all through.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
AKRON, OHIO

Buy Tubes By Name:—Ask For Goodyear

IT is to your own interest to exercise the same care in buying tubes that you do in buying tires.

For the very same reason that you choose Goodyear Tires because they are Goodyear, you should choose Goodyear Tubes.

Ask for the tubes by name, as you ask for the tires.

The quality of the one complements the quality of the other. Both are the product of the same skilled Goodyear workmen.

And as the tires are built for greatest service at the lowest cost, so are the tubes.

In Goodyear Tubes, we have perfected a process of construction that eliminates the causes of common tube troubles and produces a tube of extra strength and extra thickness.

These tubes are literally built up, layer upon layer, of pure gum, and the layers are welded into an air-tight tube.

This is known as the laminated process. It aids us to detect and remove flaws which must go into tubes made by a machine from a single piece of thick rubber.

Each sheet of rubber that goes into a Goodyear Tube is inspected most carefully. Each is measured for thickness. Foreign matter, which makes porous spots and sand holes, is easily seen and eliminated.

So a Goodyear Tube is leakproof; it holds the air pressure; it saves countless annoyances.

At the weakest point of many tubes—the valve patch—Goodyear Tubes show unusual strength.

The Goodyear valve patch is not cemented on. It is vulcanized into the tube, and becomes an integral part. There is no chance for leakage here.

Goodyear Tubes are always gray—the natural color of pure vulcanized rubber.

The extra thickness and extra quality of Goodyear Tubes result in extra service.

Some sizes are 12½% thicker than formerly; some of the larger sizes are 16⅔% thicker.

Thus all sizes wear better; all are less liable to damage or puncture.

Yet Goodyear Tubes cost about the same as others; and they offer the extra advantages of better service, longer service and lower tube cost.

If you use Goodyear Tires, you know that they render extra service at lowest cost, and you will find that Goodyear Tubes do the same.

If you use neither Goodyear Tires nor Tubes, let the tubes prove to you that the Goodyear quality in both is a real advantage.

The Jeffery Sedan

THE CAR WHICH POPULARIZED YEAR-ROUND MOTORING

Just as in 1915 few bought a car that was not self-starting, so in 1916 few will buy a car without an enclosed body of the Sedan type. Both are matters of motoring convenience and luxury which become indispensable as soon as they become known.

The Jeffery Sedan *has made known* this last word in motoring convenience and luxury—and by so doing it has popularized year-round motoring. It is first in the history of the motor car business to offer you all the luxury and distinction of owning and driving a handsome motor Sedan—all possible motoring comfort on the coldest days—shelter from snow, sleet, wind, and rain—*at a moderate price.*

It is built with such perfect craftsmanship that no car within five hundred dollars more than its price can fairly be compared with it. And the individually tailored Sedan top can easily be removed—giving you an admirable open motor car for pleasant-weather touring.

Top removable —Summer Top included

$1165

Divided front seats afford easy access from the tonneau to the front compartment. • Windows, extra wide three-sixteenth inch crystal plate, ground and polished, adjustable for ventilation. Silk curtains. • Upholstery, grey whipcord—leather optional for seats. • Interior illumination from an electric dome light.

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Main Office and Works, Kenosha, Wisconsin

Standard 7-passenger Touring Car, $1035;
without auxiliary seats, $1000
Three-passenger Roadster, $1000
The Jeffery Six, $1450

Prices F.O.B. Kenosha, Wisconsin

Illustrated booklet on request

A WESTERN WARWICK

(Continued from Page 23)

"How could I stop him?" I asked. "He didn't tell me he was going to cut loose, and the rules of the House forbid my going on the floor with a gag and a gang of kidnapers."

"Well, what are you going to do?"

"What is there to do except grin and bear it, and try to figure ourselves out of it in some way?"

"Huh," he said, "I'll find some way!" and he dashed out. That afternoon he sent for Canterbury to come to see him. Canterbury sent back word that he regretted exceedingly he couldn't come. He was composing some gems of deathless verse in the shape of limericks, he said, and couldn't possibly spare the time.

It was as I expected. All the professional reformers and soreheads and mugwumps and others of that ilk straightway crawled under Canterbury's tent. It was pie *à la mode* for those boys. They were all in in an hour. They grabbed the gonfalon of reform from the hands of Canterbury and tried to shove him to the rear row. There is no person in this world who has so keen an eye for the main chance as the professional reformer. He always is out and he always wants to get in. His whole theory of conduct is based on the proposition that you must do what he wants you to do, allowing you no volition in the matter. As many of us when in power have an obsession for doing what we want to do ourselves, the professional reformer invariably is hurled outside because of his demands, and spends the remainder of his reforming years in trying to get back. The difference between a reform movement in politics and an old-line party procedure is that we have bosses, while the reformers have leaders, and we run a machine, while the reformers conduct an organization. Most reform in politics is largely a matter of terminology and terminal facilities.

One day, while the storm was still raging, H. W. Hutt came pompously into my room.

"Senator," he declaimed, "this is serious, very serious."

"What is?"

"These damning exposures of your methods before and since the election of the President. I am appalled. I am shocked. I am astounded. I had no idea that such things happened. It is incomprehensible to me, a lifelong member of our party. I can no longer give my allegiance to any leader who countenances, nay, participates in such crimes against the suffrages of a free people. I am opposed to you from this moment."

"So be it," I said. "I shall try to bear up against the blow."

"What's the matter with Hutt?" I asked Uncle Lemuel Sterry. "He's flown the coop."

"Oh," Uncle Lemuel replied, "Broad didn't let him in on the underwriting syndicate for the new trust."

Canterbury deserved better luck than he had in some of his support. Every old hack reformer jumped in after him, and most of them tried to get ahead of him. Men with grievances, men with delusions, men with disappointed ambitions, men with crank ideas, men who were failures and men who were frauds, joined his crusade eagerly. They had been standing on the sidelines, watching the game, hopelessly out of it; but here arrived Canterbury and declared his intention of organizing a new team, and they all rushed to join. I could call the roll of that outfit and tell what was gnawing each one of them.

Still it wasn't all that sort of support. There are plenty of earnest and sincere men in our country—and some in public life—who have a sort of potential independence. Not many of them are strong enough to assert that independence individually, but all respond eagerly when some leader awakes. We oldsters always have to work with the knowledge that we are sitting over mined places, and that any day a chap may come along and light a fuse. We have our sentries and guards, and take the extremest precautions, but once in a while the mischief is done. After the explosion comes we know exactly what will happen. The professional soreheads and reformers will rush in. Also there will be a large influx of real men who feel that things are neither right nor just, and who generally are correct. After the first flurry the strength and success of a movement of this kind depend on the abilities and honesty and unselfishness of the leaders more than on the virtue of the cause. That is why so many of them fail. Just as soon as they get well under way some of the leaders begin to look about to see what there is in it for themselves. What a pleasant occupation politics would be if we could find some means of abolishing the ulterior motive.

I studied Canterbury carefully. It was beyond my political comprehension that he had staked his political all in this way without the hope of winning a big prize. My problem was to find what he wanted. That solved, I might be able to supply the need, although it would be difficult because he had stirred the country considerably. Still he must want something. What was it? I could not possibly conceive his action as based on an impersonal desire to rid the country of an evil—his conversion had been too sudden. I wondered if he had climbed to the top and had presidential aspirations. Apparently not, for he went his way steadily and showed no signs of any such overweening ambition. To all outward appearances he was earnestly and sincerely engaged in a real reform movement and nothing more. He puzzled me. More than that, he troubled me. Indeed, he frightened me.

We placed our reliance on the increased prosperity. We pooh-poohed the claims of the shouters that anything like a bargain had been made, and said the gigantic financial operations were merely the result of our overwhelming American business genius and acumen. We trotted out the old flag, and shouted that we were ready to stand on a platform and a policy that made that glorious emblem of the brave and the free the banner of a prosperous people even braver and freer through this giant increase in our material resources. We stood pat—we had to. If we had shown any weakness we would have been overwhelmed in a month.

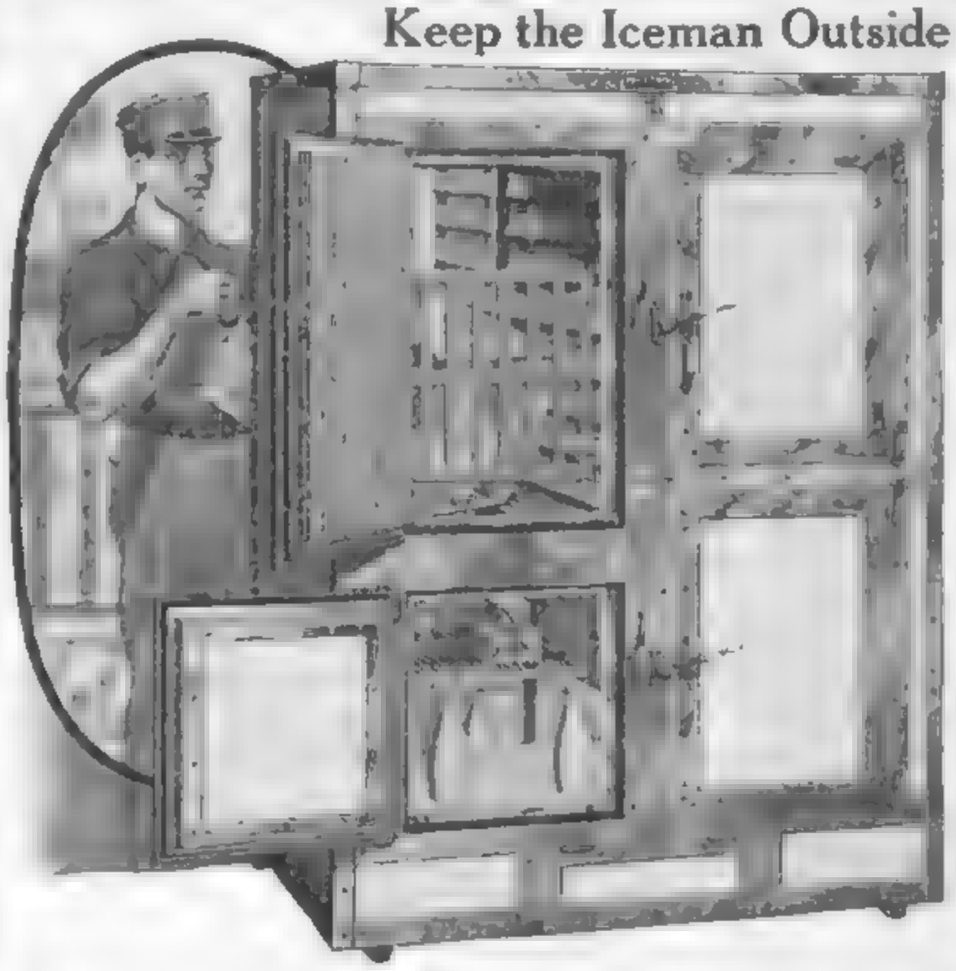
This policy had its effect, especially as our newspapers kept screaming at the people that it was all a bugaboo put forth by a band of self-seeking politicians who, traitors to their own party, desired to wreck that party for their greedy advantages. But the clamor continued. The thing was so easily susceptible of plausible proof. The tariff was too high. The trusts had been formed and were forming. They were absurdly overcapitalized. The group of men connected with them had made enormous sums. The inflation was apparent. I never knew of a better talking issue in all my political experience. The movement of protest grew—we couldn't stop it. Luckily no assault had been made on the President. He was kept out of it. I got the brunt of it and that didn't worry me, except as to what the general result might be.

The captains of high finance were in a funk. They had other and juicier melons to cut. They came running to me constantly with suggestions for allaying the outburst. Still they were not so indigo as to give any of their gains back, nor did they stop trying to get more. They looked to me to pull them out and I tried to, but it was heavy work.

Meantime, the outcry became more insistent. Canterbury made other speeches. Independents in Congress followed him. Unfriendly newspapers held daily lynching parties in their columns, and the victims were the multimillionaires. The people applauded. Nothing so tickles the proletariat as to see a multimillionaire roasting over a fire of public condemnation. The grievance isn't personal, it is financial. Nobody can be really friendly toward a person who has more than he has, and when that person has millions the mass who have only dollars, and few of those, hate him joyously and rejoice over his discomforts.

The President was concerned. We had many talks on the subject. He went so far as to make a speech or two of a reassuring and lamblike—so far as he was concerned—nature. But the storm would not down. It continued for more than a year, skillfully kept alive by our opponents, and it was evident we must do something drastic. I asked the President to call a conference of our fellows—conference—there I go lapsing into the jargon of the political writer, to whom every talk, no matter how informal, between politicians or public officials invariably is a conference. To be exact, this wasn't a conference. It was a heart-to-heart discussion of ways and means among a badly scared lot of leaders, who saw their power and their pork being pushed away from them.

Keep the Iceman Outside



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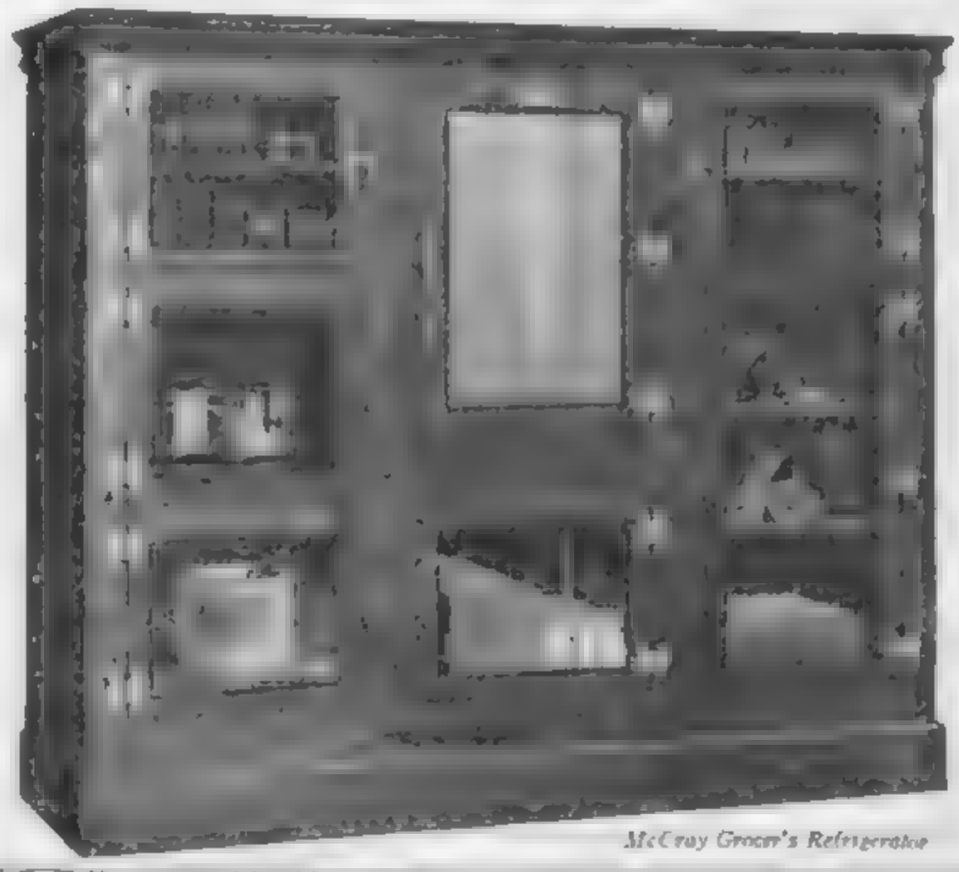

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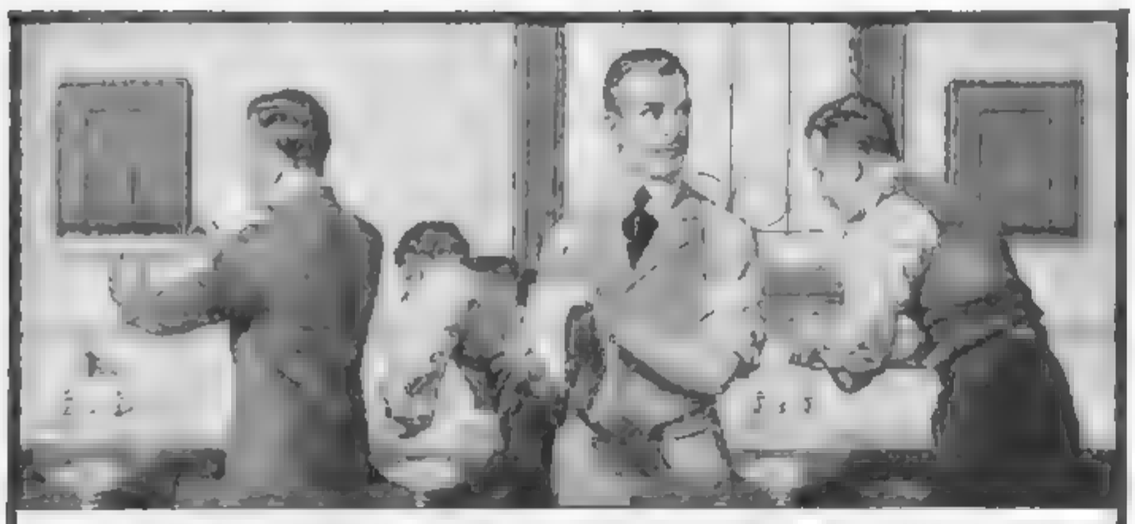

The Towel That Satisfies

When you shake the water off your hands and reach for a towel, what do you get? We experimented for years to satisfy you at that moment—to give you a perfect towel—to make you unconsciously feel—*satisfied*.

You want a clean, soft, absorbent, individual towel that dries the hands quickly and thoroughly and leaves the skin refreshed.

These are a lot of virtues to expect in a towel—one that fills all of these requirements economically must be perfect indeed.

Yet we have at last succeeded in meeting every one of these requirements in

ScotTissue Towels

The Soft, Absorbent, Original Paper Towel

As originators of the paper towel, we assumed the obligation of providing you with a towel that satisfies, not of disappointing you with a towel made to sell at a price. The road was rough at times, but, as is always the case, quality finally conquered over makeshifts.

Our unswerving aim has been to merit your approval whenever you turn with dripping hands and grasp a ScotTissue Towel. Thus we have served the public and protected it against the germ-carrying fabric towel, not by producing a substitute, but a genuine improvement.

The new ScotTissue Cabinet minimizes waste and makes ScotTissue Towels the ultimate in efficient and economical towel service. It automatically delivers one towel at a time, folded, ready for use, which is the proper way to use a ScotTissue Towel.

ScotTissue Towels are easy to buy. Your jobber and dealer nearby recommend them, because the satisfaction which ScotTissue Towels build is a permanent asset to them. Heads of businesses, schools, hotels, institutions, theatres and municipalities should write us before deciding on towel service. Send for samples and booklet:

"Why You Should Install ScotTissue Towels"

In order to insure cleanliness ScotTissue Towels are always packed in a dust proof carton.

This carton contains ScotTissue Towels in a roll for home use.

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Address nearest office.

Manufacturers of ScotTissue Towels and Toilet Paper

There are many uses for ScotTissue Towels that every housewife should know about. Ask for the booklet:

"Why You Should Use ScotTissue Towels in Your Home."

We met and we talked for hours. Masters was there, and Freeman, and Uncle Lemuel Sterry, and Peletiah Mortor, and many others of the tried and true—to themselves. We arrived at the White House by divers routes and in divers manners. I always laugh when I think of that secret convergence of these statesmen. It reminds me of the way the padfooted Manson used to get to see the President. Manson was compelled, by the political exigencies of his state, to oppose us and the Executive, although he was with us on the inside. When it became necessary for Manson to get into the White House he went round the Ellipse, waited until nobody was in sight, climbed over the iron fence and went up through the kitchen. And he's not the only patriot who has entered that historic mansion in similar clandestine manner. A good many of them have wished there was a tunnel from the Capitol to the White House, in order that they might without detection play the political situation in their states, as one end, and the President as the other end, against the common people as the middle.

We talked, but we arrived at no determination. There seemed to be nothing to do. Finally Peletiah Mortor, discarding his Corn-Belt dialect and speaking normally, got up and said:

"Mr. President, we are in a difficult situation. The amount of public sentiment that has been aroused by this man Canterbury and his followers in this matter is as great as it is disconcerting. It is necessary for us to disavow it, to disclaim liability, to shift responsibility, to get out from under. Therefore we must find a scapegoat."

Everybody looked at me. I was uncomfortable.

"All right," I said. "I'm guilty. What do you want me to do? I'm ready."

"Pshaw!" Mortor replied. "I don't mean you, Paxton. You are a senator in your own right, and have no official"—I thought he bore down too hard on that word official—"connection with the Administration. It is the Administration that is under fire and not you. We must find an Administration scapegoat."

The President frowned.

"That does not appeal to me," he said. "I fail to see where any member of my Administration is at fault, unless it is myself. And I can't resign, can I, nor can I be impeached.

"You have no official act of mine as a basis of condemnation. However, if there is anything for me to do I am quite willing to take my share of the doing."

Mortor put his hand on the President's shoulder.

"Oh, no, Mr. President," he hurried to say, "I do not mean you. You have nothing to do with it. Your record is clear. But we must have a scapegoat."

"Have you one in mind?" I asked.

"The Attorney-General."

"MacGruder!" I shouted, jumping to my feet. "MacGruder! Why, MacGruder has done nothing."

"That's just it," Mortor answered. "He has done nothing. Fire him for that."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Eveless Eden

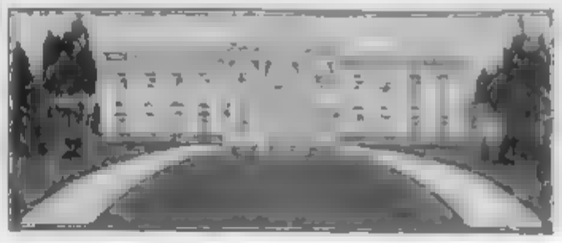
C. L. EDSON, "the man from Arkansaw," who was formerly a paragrapher on a New York newspaper, was wandering along Broadway one evening when he came on a suffragist mounted on a soap box and orating to a considerable crowd of people.

"What would home be without a woman?" the lady was demanding earnestly. "Can any of you gentlemen within sound of my voice think of any home without a woman? Can you?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Mr. Edson mildly; "I can."

"Oh, you can, can you?" said the suffragist with a slight tinge of sarcasm in her tone. "Well, my dear sir, will you kindly tell us what kind of home it is?"

"The Old Soldiers' Home," replied Mr. Edson.



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Bathrooms of Character

THE silence of a Si-wel-clo is a golden silence. The Si-wel-clo suppresses a noise you do not want heard and do not want to hear.

If you are building a home or remodeling, give to your bathroom this gentle attention. Install

The Trenton Potteries Company

SI-WEL-CLO
Silent Closet

Its surface is highly glazed. It does not absorb stain nor discolor—will not crack nor peel.

You will never be proud of a bathroom that contains a noisy closet. If, through oversight or indifference, you permit a noisy closet to be put in, you subject yourself to much embarrassment and self-reproach later on.

The quietness of the Si-wel-clo, the fact that not even a murmur is heard beyond a closed door, is its most dramatic asset, but its cleanliness is of almost equal importance. The Si-wel-clo is made for cleanliness.

Your architect or plumber knows the Si-wel-clo. Speak to him about it.

Booklet M-5
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Shows just how you can make the most of your bathroom space and gives estimates on the cost of different installations. Send for it.

The Trenton Potteries Company
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Largest Makers of Sanitary Pottery in U. S. A.

Sheer But Reinforced!

Durability of heel, toe and sole through reinforcement is combined with beautiful even sheerness of texture in famous

Black Cat
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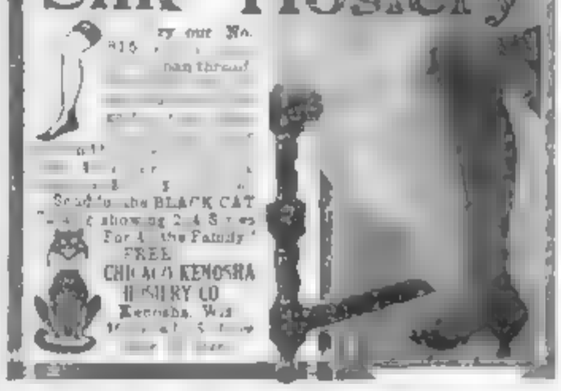

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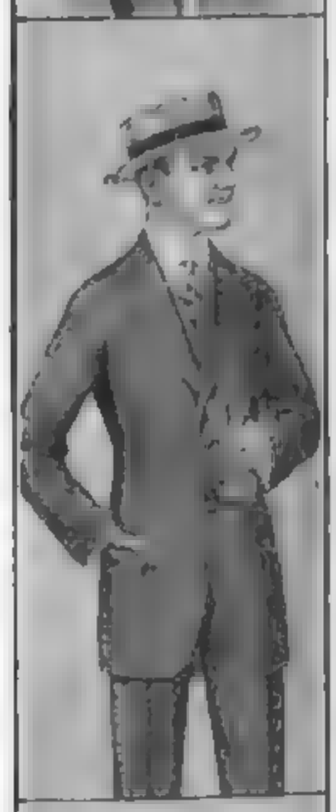

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Did you know that you could shop in New York by mail—get your clothes made to your measure in the latest Metropolitan fashion—tailored by the best tailors that money can employ, and obtain more satisfaction and better fit—at less cost and trouble than the way you are now buying your clothes?

Did you know that thousands of the best-dressed men throughout the country buy their clothes in just this way of the Bell Tailors of New York—the big tailoring institution that has, through its direct personal selling method, greatly reduced the cost of good made-to-measure clothes?

The Bell Tailors have no salesmen, no agents, no out-of-town representatives of any kind. We sell direct to you, the wearer, by mail, and thus eliminate all these great selling costs that would otherwise make it necessary for us to charge many dollars more than we do. We send you our

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Special SUIT

Made to Measure

$13.50

*saving you ??? dollars

Here is the value which has made the Bell Tailors famous from coast to coast—it is the value that has served to introduce our tailoring to thousands of *Post* readers.

We stake our reputation and future patronage of you and your friends on our special made-to-measure suit at $13.50.

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Here is the suit that we will make from the best all-wool and silk-and-wool fabrics, styled and finished as only the best New York custom clothes are made, and charge you only $16.50. This type of tailoring in this grade of woolens is, of course, worth many dollars more than $16.50. The clothes are sold with this guarantee.

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No More Scalded Hands

The strainer lip and lock cover of this vegetable cooker kettle make scalding impossible. As you tip to pour you automatically *lock on the cover.* The steam can't escape—the vegetables can't spill.

Two Lips That Really Pour

As easy to pour left-handed as right-handed with this saucepan. Not only that, the lip is correctly shaped for *pouring.*

Handles That Fit The Hand

Cool and sanitary. No sharp edges to cut. The hollow handle just fits the hand. The extra large base assures rigid construction, strength and perfect balance.

The Notched Ear

This holds the bail where you want it and keeps it cool by preventing its touching the hot rim of the vessel.

ALADDIN ALUMINUM

Our No. 36B (6 quart) Berlin Kettle, also made in 1, 2, 3, 4, 8 and 10 qt. sizes.

Announcing Aladdin Aluminum

ALUMINUM is *the* ideal material for kitchen ware. But we do not ask you to buy the new Aladdin Ware simply because it is aluminum. Neither do we want you to buy Aladdin just because it is made of the *best* aluminum.

But because, in addition, every Aladdin utensil is a masterpiece of kitchen ware design and construction—because each piece is made, not as a man might make it, but as a woman would design the ideal kitchen ware for her own use.

In every one of the nearly three hundred Aladdin utensils there stand out evidences of the two years' thought and skill that experts have already devoted to making Aladdin more convenient to work with, easier to clean, more useful, sanitary and durable.

Just glance at the special Aladdin features shown in the left hand column. These are just a few things out of many. Then go to your dealer's—look over the Aladdin line.

Feel how nicely each piece balances. Notice the seamless rounded corners—the dirtproof rounded beads—the pure aluminum welds (no danger of spouts coming loose)—the neat-fitting covers—the sunken rivets that cannot catch the dish cloth, that mean strength and durability.

See the beauty of line and texture that can come only with the hardest, purest aluminum—the kind of ware that will not chip or flake—that will last, and *last* and last.

Actual capacities—tested to government measure (the number on the bottom of each vessel tells you its capacity).

ALADDIN ALUMINUM COSTS NO MORE

If you don't find Aladdin at your favorite hardware, housefurnishing or department store, send for free catalogue and price list, giving us the name of the store you called on.

LOOK FOR THE LAMP

The Cleveland Metal Products Company
Cleveland Ohio

I called at the following store which did not sell Aladdin Aluminum.

Name of Store

Address

Please send me your catalogue and price list.

Name

Address

EGGSHELL

(Continued from Page 15)

"How very odd!" he said, and felt over the surface of his sock. "There is nothing here that could have done this."

"Maybe a nail has dropped into the cuff of your trouser," suggested the friend.

"Possibly," said Lord Louis. He turned it down and revealed a triangular piece of porcelain about an inch long. "Dear me!" he said. "How did this get here? Ah! I know. I smashed a plate to-day and one of the pieces must have slipped in here unnoticed."

"That's it," said the friend; and, taking the fragment, he held it up to the light. "Hum!" he commented. "You didn't lose much when you broke this. Japanese imitation of eggshell, is it not?"

"On the contrary," said Lord Louis rather coldly, "it is one of the finest specimens I have had the good fortune to examine. I have the rest of the plate here if you would care to see it." He undid the plate and put it into his friend's hands.

"You have cemented it already," remarked that gentleman.

"Yes," said Lord Louis, unexpectedly adding: "Good heavens!" For it suddenly occurred to him that the plate before him, so far as the actual number of pieces was concerned, was intact. There was no room for another fragment.

When he had explained the reason for his ejaculation his companion was duly astonished. Lord Louis took the lately discovered piece and examined it minutely.

"You were right," he said. "This is common Japanese." He turned it over in his hand. "Now what in the world is that for?" And he pointed to a seal of white wax, from which a short length of catgut was protruding.

"Looks like a bit of fishing cast," said the friend. He bent over for a closer scrutiny. "Yes; it is. That particular knot on the inner side is only tied by anglers."

Lord Louis' brows contracted. Dark thoughts were chasing through his brain.

"With your permission," he said, "we will chalk up the score and finish our game upon another occasion."

Whereupon he wrapped up the plate, put the small piece in his waistcoat pocket and hurriedly left the club. So great was his agitation he failed to observe that his sock suspender, which in the excitement of his discovery he had not refastened, was trailing along behind him, gathering dust and fluff with every step he took.

It has been hinted that Lord Louis Lewis was no fool. Once fairly started on the trail he followed it with commendable accuracy. A minute examination of the morsel of china in his pocket revealed the fact that the cast had become kinked just where it joined the wax and had, in consequence, broken. From this observation he reconstructed, with unswerving perception, the whole scheme of which he was to have been the victim. He realized now why the shop had been unlighted; why the plate had been thrust into his hands so unceremoniously and before he had time to fix his glasses. The sensation of the plate's moving from his finger tips was easily explained.

He smiled grimly at the recollection of having been lured into Simon's parlor. Obviously this was done to allow the exchange to be made between the real and the spurious plate. It was clear that some disaster had occurred to the real one before he came upon the scene, and this plot had been hatched that the two dealers might recover their loss at his expense.

Lord Louis carefully considered what course of action he should pursue. He disliked the idea of carrying the matter into a court of law, on account of the publicity in which he would become embroiled. In consequence he decided to deal with it himself and forthwith addressed a note to Simon and Palliser asking them to call on Monday at eleven-thirty.

At this point of his thoughts the clock on the mantelpiece struck twelve. Realizing that the Sabbath had begun, Lord Louis banished from his mind all further considerations and betook himself to bed. The effect of an English Sunday, with its single visit to church, gentle walk on the downs, afternoon nap, and the supper of cold roast beef, acted as a soporific to his tired nerves. When he arose on the following morning he felt himself refreshed and capable of meting out justice with a steady hand.

Punctual to the appointment, Palliser and Simon presented themselves and were shown into a comfortable smoking room. They had not long to wait before Lord Louis, immaculately dressed and wearing in his buttonhole a pink Malmaison, entered the room.

Taking the chair by the writing table, he graciously invited the twain to be seated. After a few well-balanced phrases regarding the weather he begged Simon to present his account. This being placed in his hands, he adjusted his pince-nez and read the contents aloud:

"Simon Caleb, Art Dealer, to Lord Louis Lewis, of Bruton House, Clifton. To breaking one Eggshell Plate, value £500. Price, £500."

He laid the bill upon his desk.

"Mr. Caleb," he said, "you consider this claim to be a just and fair one?"

Simon hesitated.

"Your lordship said you'd be willing to pay it," he remarked rather huskily.

"I did," said Lord Louis. "But I merely wished to know if your conscience was clear." Simon nodded and fixed his eyes on the picture rail. "I understand," pursued the peer, "that your reason for valuing this plate so highly is a family one. I am assuming that, had it not been the property of your uncle, you would have been willing to accept less."

"I might," said Simon. "But it's hard to say."

"It would only make the difference of a pound or two," said Palliser. "Four hundred and ninety-seven at the lowest."

Lord Louis arched his brows.

"Do you value your uncle's association at only three sovereigns?" he asked.

"That's all," said Simon.

"You will forgive me if I speak bluntly," said Lord Louis; "but I have reason to believe that your uncle, whoever he may be, had nothing to do with this plate—that he exists merely as a figure of the imagination. I beg you will not so forget yourself as to interrupt me. This plate was stolen from my collection some twelve years back by a maidservant of the name of Ann Minter. You obtained it from her aunt for the price of sixpence."

Simon and Palliser gasped.

"I can substantiate every word I have uttered," said Lord Louis, leaning back in his chair.

"But even if that is true ——" began Simon.

Lord Louis placed his finger tips together.

"You are doubtless aware it is my custom to insist upon a fair division of profits between the owner and the dealer in matters of this kind. I am afraid, Mr. Caleb, this will reduce your check to—let me see—two hundred and forty-eight pounds ten shillings. I am now going to fetch the plate. Pray excuse me if I leave you for a moment." And, with a bow, he withdrew.

"Here's a go!" said Palliser. "He'll stick to what he says. What are you going to do about it?"

"Nothing," said Simon. "You're the loser. Your share'll pay the old woman—not mine."

Palliser gripped him by the arm.

"None of that!" he said. "We are partners in this deal. Do one crooked thing and I'll show up the whole game."

Simon beat the air in impotent rage.

"It's all your fault," he said. "You and your rotten plan!"

"Don't make a row," said Palliser. "A hundred and fifty is better than nothing. Will you play fair!"

Simon threw back his head.

"Fair?" he exclaimed. "Fair! You're a nice one to talk about fair."

At this juncture Lord Louis, carrying the cemented plate, reëntered the room.

"Well, gentlemen," said he, "what decision have you arrived at?"

"To accept the offer," said Palliser.

"Are you agreeable to that course, Mr. Caleb?" said Lord Louis, turning to Simon.

"I suppose so," growled that gentleman, upon whom Lord Louis' aphorisms on the subject of self-control had failed to make an impression.

"Capital!" said Lord Louis. "We will now proceed with our next inquiry."

Palliser looked up quickly.

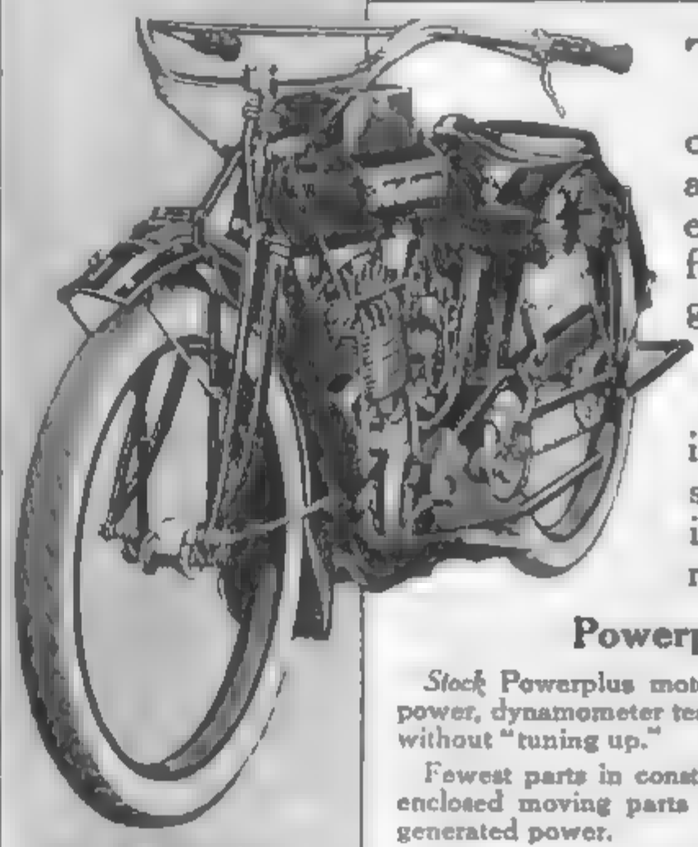
"Next?" he queried.

"That is what I said," remarked Lord Louis. "Here I have the plate. You will see that, to the best of my ability, I have reassembled the broken pieces. Pray observe there is not a single splinter missing."

Now There's An

Indian

For Everybody !



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Stock Powerplus motors develop 15 to 18 horsepower, dynamometer tests, and roll 70 miles an hour without "tuning up."

Fewest parts in construction mean least wear; all enclosed moving parts mean cleanliness and silent generated power.

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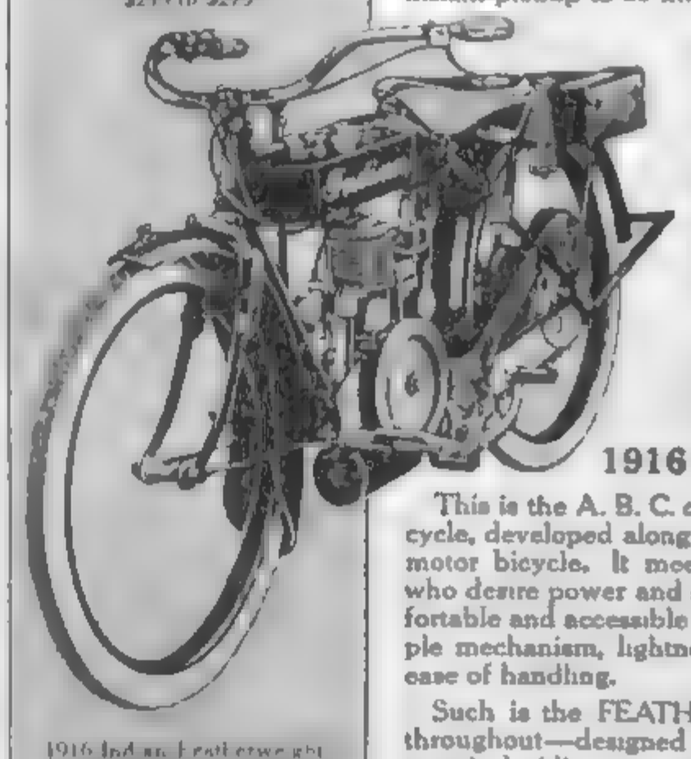

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This is the A. B. C. of motorcycles—a real motorcycle, developed along true motorcycle lines—not a motor bicycle. It meets the demand of thousands who desire power and speed in modified form, comfortable and accessible locomotion at low price, simple mechanism, lightness in weight and consequent ease of handling.

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SHINGLES

"It is marvelous how well your lordship has done the job," said Palliser with an effort to appear appreciative.

Lord Louis smiled.

"I am grateful for your good opinion," he said. "Now, gentlemen, it is here that I am in need of your advices. How comes it, since the plate is intact, that I find myself with a piece left over?"

Simon swallowed heavily.

"Can't say that I follow your lordship's meaning," said he.

Drawing from his pocket the fragment of china that had fallen into his trouser leg, Lord Louis placed it before them.

"There!" said he. "I found this in the cuff of my trouser. It was not there when I entered your shop, for my clothes are carefully brushed in every part; but it was there soon afterward. I think your imaginations will supply you with the circumstances that caused this piece of very indifferent Japanese china to have arrived where I have indicated. I am also of the opinion that you could offer an excellent reason for the existence of this morsel of white wax on the under side of the rim with the catgut attachment."

Palliser stooped and busied himself with his bootlaces. Simon rose and walked unsteadily toward the window.

"I await your explanation," said Lord Louis; then, as no answer came, he struck the table a heavy blow. With a fine disregard for trivialities, he made no effort to stem the tide of ink that, as a result of his violence, flowed from the inverted pot.

"Your silence condemns you," he said. "You stand accused of a fraud both base and despicable. Such conduct cannot go unpunished. I have decided to act in the following way."

With inexorable justice Lord Louis commanded that each of the dealers should pay to the old lady from whom the plate had been obtained a sum of fifty pounds. Palliser's protest that he had no money was waved aside. Lord Louis reminded him that he was himself indebted to Palliser for much about that sum. This he proposed to pay, in person, to Ann Minter's aunt. Failing implicit obedience, he would place the matter forthwith in the hands of the police.

"Though little versed in the law," wound up the peer, "I am confident you would both meet with a severe sentence."

There is little more to narrate. The essence of attack being in surprise, Lord Louis' bombshell completely routed the two dealers, who, after accepting his terms, made their retreat with all available speed.

The door having closed behind them, Lord Louis mopped up the dripping ink with a clean sheet of blotting paper. This done, he lit a cigarette and settled down, with unruffled calm, to peruse the leading article in the Connoisseur.

In direct contrast to this cameo of perfect breeding was the behavior of Simon and Palliser. Without a word having passed between them, they took the road leading toward the suspension bridge; and it was not until they had reached the dead center of that interesting structure that the full blast of their feelings found expression.

The fight itself was more remarkable for its intensity than for any particular exhibition of skill.

In answer to the magistrate's inquiry the tollkeeper was unable to state which of the two combatants was the aggressor. The desire to kill appeared to be equally distributed. Other witnesses declared that, had the parapet of the bridge been a few inches lower, neither of the twain would have been alive to attend the legal proceedings which occurred on the following day before a crowded court.

His Promise

A MOBILE man who was continually hard up had so many notes at the bank he could not leave town except on Sundays and holidays. He had a note falling due every banking day. He dropped into a bank one day and spoke genially to the president.

"I came in to fix up that little matter of mine," he said. "I'd like to renew it for a time."

The bank president had the note on his desk. He picked it up and studied it carefully. "Jim," he finally said, "I don't think this note is made out properly."

"Why not?" asked the alarmed borrower.

"It reads: 'I promise to pay'—not 'I promise to renew.'"

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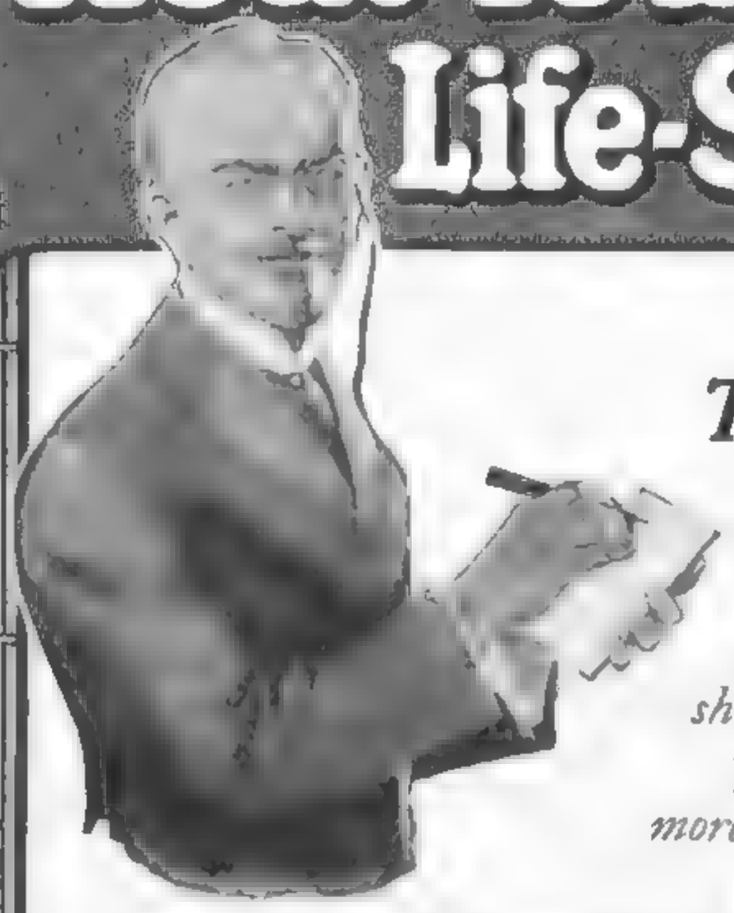

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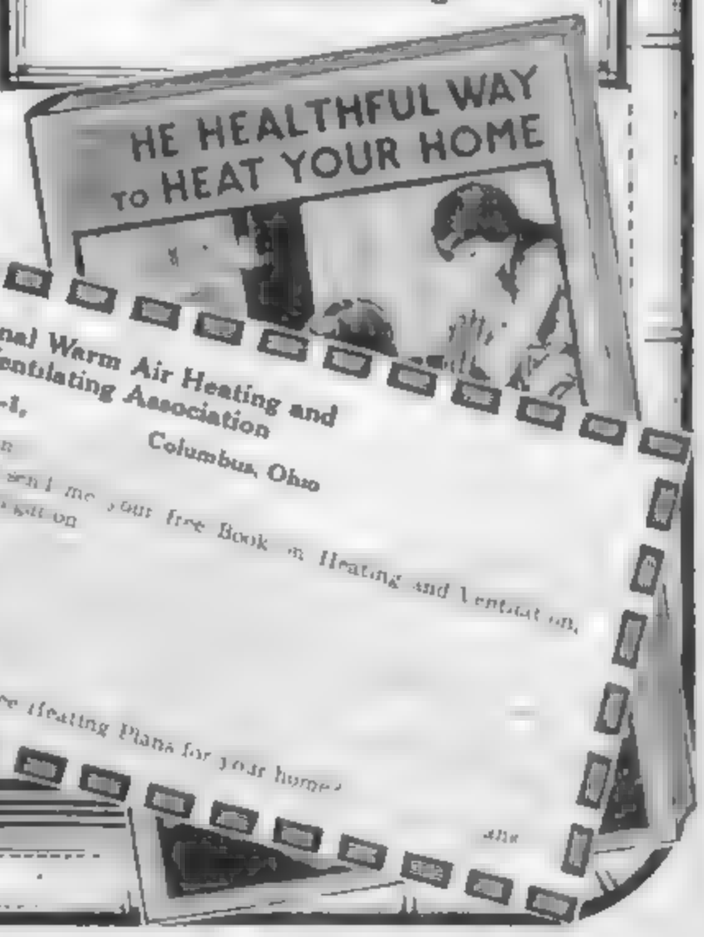
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WHEN a man walks briskly and blithely they say of him in the Far East, that his heart is in his heels.

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"Walk briskly!" they say, and then, "More briskly still"—and the first thing you know, a smile is on your face, and your blood has begun to sing.

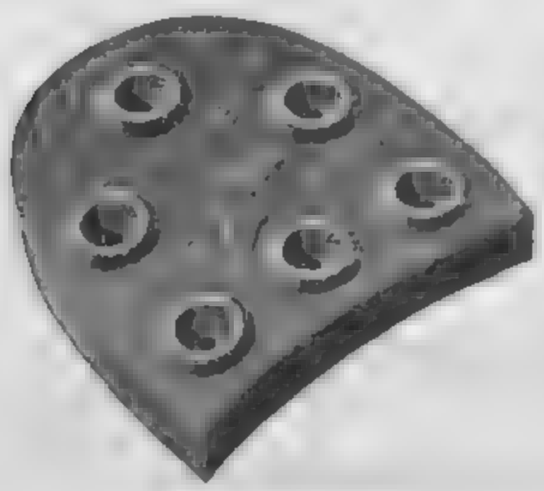
So the old proverb works the other way around—the light heel helps to make the light heart, and all the world looks brighter and better.

Walking *does* become as easy as talking when you wear Wingfoot Air Heels—especially when another pair of Wingfoot's is walking at your side.

If a lighter, livelier tread means nothing to you—if you don't care for the added lift the Air Cushions give your heel—then any heel at all will do.

But if all these things are worth while—if you want to make walking *as easy as talking* don't say "rubber heels" but—"I want Wingfoot Air Heels."

GOOD YEAR
WING FOOT
AIR HEELS



Wingfoot Heels have two distinctive features: The guaranteed strength and quality of the material used; and the raised edges of the air cushions. The raised edges combat slipping—while the air cushions themselves add walking-life and wearing-life—sold by cobbler shops and shoe stores everywhere, fifty cents a pair put on.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

THE FLIGHT

(Continued from Page 11)

south again to Tejon, and up the hot, close cañon through the pass into the winds of the Antelope Valley. Once in the Antelope, and he would be near his journey's end.

IV

SINCE leaving the deserts of the Tulare region Duncan had traveled as much as possible by night. That was the only safe way. He knew that the police were at last on his trail. They did not as yet know where to look, but, thanks to the forgotten trouser guards, they knew what to look for.

He was nearing his place of refuge now. He had come down the upper Antelope in the early hours of the morning, passing Neenach post office at daybreak, and now was in the familiar cañon striking south from the Antelope toward Elizabeth Lake. It was still early—too early for travelers from the Lake. No need to pass another night in the brush. He would be home by sunrise or very soon thereafter.

His place of refuge, toward which he had been heading, was an old board cabin he had bought under the name of Pierre Solnay. It had previously been owned by a bee farmer; it was still owned by one, for he had bought the business as well as the house and ground. This cabin he had stocked with supplies sufficient to last until the following spring or summer; with books, too—he had sent out books. He had even had the foresight to introduce himself in Lancaster and Fairmont, so that people would know who he was and how he looked without making a mystery of him. The best time to adopt a disguise is before it is needed. For the rest, he need not leave the house again all winter, and no one the wiser.

The road followed the edge of the cañon, which was really a narrow valley of a grade mild enough to ride. Four miles more and he would be at the foot of the last stiff climb. Two miles beyond that was the black bowlder. Here he would turn sharply to the right, up an almost obliterated trail, and climb a steepish hill. His ranch lay a mile and a half past the summit of the hill, at the end of the trail. Beyond was nothing—only a wilderness of mountains and cañons. He had no near neighbors. The trail was used only by himself.

Once at the ranch, he was safe until spring. Or, of course, he could remain longer, ordering supplies by stage. He could even include new trouser guards with his purchases if he wished.

The idea made him nervous. If he could but gain the black bowlder without meeting anyone he would never think of trouser guards again! He had an impulse to throw his bicycle into the brush, strip off the rope-ends from his ankles, and do the remaining distance on foot along the mountain ridge. He even weighed the matter mentally; but, as he clearly perceived, he would have to return for the bicycle—he was too near home to hazard that clew; and meantime there was more danger of its being found by some wandering cattleman than there was of his being identified as Duncan on that lonely road coming up out of the desert.

"A bold heart for present danger!" says Gracián.

What a fool he was getting to be! The significance of the trouser guards might never have been perceived by the police. The thing to do was to act boldly, as Gracián would have done; as he himself had done at the station. He was beginning upon a new life. Well, then, begin upon it!

He had hardly arrived at this firmer mental position when he heard the rattle of a wagon coming down the cañon somewhere ahead. What would a sharp-eyed stranger see in a travel-stained wheelman like him on a lonely desert road? What did the police descriptions say? What could they say after the finding of a pair of trouser guards in his room, and no bicycle? No bicycle! There lay the point of the blunder. Foresight! Wisdom! He had not thought of that until this instant.

There was no time to reason the thing out. Springing from his saddle he dragged his bicycle from the road and ran with it to the concealment of a cluster of manzanita bushes. The wagon presently rumbled past and that danger was over. After waiting and listening for a short time, to make sure there was no second wagon, he cut diagonally across to the road, again climbed into the saddle, using the pedal mount, and pushed on up the cañon. No other team appeared, to frighten him. Before long he was climbing the grade, and a little later he was at the black bowlder and, a little later still, in sight of his own familiar cabin.

He was home at last! With trembling fingers he unlocked the door. Swinging it wide he dragged his wheel inside after him, closed the door, opened the windows. He no longer had any fear of the Oakland police. They would never find Duncan now!

He looked round. Nothing had been disturbed. Before leaving he had been so thoughtful as to charge the stove with wood and kindlings, ready for his return. He now touched a match to the paper. Fried eggs were quickly prepared and a pint and a half of exquisite coffee. Then, with a sigh of content, he threw himself upon the bed, dressed as he was, laid his arm over his eyes to shut out the light, and went to sleep. For he was very tired.

In the brush-covered mountains on the desert side of Southern California game is commonly found by tracking. A hunter will work along a mountainside until he comes to a spoor, and then follow it until he comes to the deer. A good hunter can tell from the track alone how long since the animal passed, his speed, his state of mind, his weight, and almost anything else he desires to know; and he can follow such a track all day, over grass, over rocks, or even through a confusion of tramplings made by other deer.

A man who has lived in these mountains thus gets into the habit of watching the ground, even when in the saddle. Not only for game—any tracks are interesting after one has learned to interpret them, those made by man the most interesting of all. They give him something to occupy his mind. There is a vast difference between interest and suspicion.

Deputy Sheriff Frost was jogging along the Elizabeth Lake road, idly watching Duncan's stale bicycle track and the almost as stale superimposed wagon track. The bicycle track had lain underfoot all morning along the Tejon Pass road, in the Valley. He had soon determined its direction; a short hill gave him that information. If a rider is climbing, his wheel track will sway from side to side somewhat; whereas if he is descending, it will lie true and straight. Beyond that he was not much interested in it. Almost everyone in this region of good roads owned a bicycle. Neither was he particularly interested in the wagon tracks after noting that the vehicle was supplied with mule traction and was headed north.

In fact, his mood was not one of interest but of disgust. He had just lost a bad Mexican named Morro, wanted for cattle rustling, by escape over the Kern County line.

Frost was riding slowly up the cañon absent-mindedly keeping the road ahead of him in the picture, when he came to the point where Duncan had turned out for the wagon. He awoke with a start and pulled up. An interesting little story of some kind lay there in the sand.

The bicycle track stopped abruptly. Evidently the rider had been in such a hurry that he leaped from his saddle while still in motion—you could see where his feet had landed—and dragged his machine flatwise out of the road. Why was that? Rattlesnake? He went on for a short distance. No snake. Bear? He smiled contemptuously. This was not a bear country. He rode on farther until he came to the point where Duncan had again mounted his wheel.

Then he sat up straight. The bicycle track now lay above the wagon track instead of beneath!

He rode back to the place of dismounting, and from there followed the tracks of bicycle and rider across the sandy flat to the manzanita bushes. The story needed no enlarging. The man, whoever he was, had jumped from his machine and run at top speed to that hiding place in order to avoid meeting the wagon. Why? Why should an honest man be afraid to meet a farmer in a wagon? He decided to look into the matter. He would follow the fellow and see where he was going and who he was.

Duncan, in his dream, thought he heard someone speak sharply to him; but, instead of responding, he lay for a moment in the warm glow of returning consciousness, trying to remain asleep. It was not until a

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In the old, old days, so great was the reputation of "best Virginia tobacco", that to preserve its fair name a law was passed fixing a high standard of quality. Any tobacco crop that failed to meet these requirements could not be legally marketed.

"Constables are strictly enjoined", says an old time writer, "to make diligent search in destroying such crops; a law indeed for which, to the credit of the Virginians, there is seldom occasion."

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In DUKE'S MIXTURE Granulated Tobacco is this fragrant, honey colored, Virginia tobacco at its best,—the result of 300 years of improvement in cultivation and curing.

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5¢

second call that he took down his arm from his eyes.

Deputy Frost, his star displayed on his coat, was standing opposite the bed.

Duncan sprang to his feet.

"Hands up!" commanded Frost.

And then he knew.

"You've got me!" he said, obeying the order.

The three words were confession enough; but even then Frost was prepared with apologies and excuses, in case the other should ask for an explanation.

Duncan, however, made no such request. Instead, he seemed to take his arrest for granted; and, when Frost found no weapons, even explained that he had thrown his revolver into the bushes on his way to the Berkeley Station and was unarmed. It never occurred to him that the officer neither knew his name nor any charge against him.

"What made you do it, anyhow?" asked Frost diplomatically, to whom the name Berkeley as yet meant nothing.

"An eye for an eye! Mrs. Duncan wrecked my life, and so I wrecked hers. The man was a seducer. I killed them both."

He had said it. No need for further questions. Duncan, the murderer! Supposed by the San Francisco police to have sailed on a four-master for Australia!

"Anyhow, I gave you a good run. You never would have found me if it hadn't been for the trouser guards I forgot."

"I'll have to go through your stuff, Duncan," said Frost; "especially the stuff you brought with you."

Duncan pointed to the bicycle, and Frost cut the rope and opened the pack on the bed. He also unstrapped the tool bag and shook it free of its contents.

"You seem well supplied with the articles," he remarked.

On the bed, on top of the rubber cement, tape, wrenches, air pump, graphite sticks, and tools for keeping the bicycle in order, the last to be shaken from the leather bag, lay a pair of new trouser guards. They had not been forgotten after all.

Duncan looked at them and then at Frost. Then he pressed his hand to his forehead, as if dazed.

"How did you come to follow me?" he asked.

"Saw your track in the road. Noticed you dragged your wheel out behind a bush when a team came along, as no honest man would need to do. Concluded to look into the matter. That's all."

"You didn't know who I was?"

"No."

Duncan darted out his hand, seized the guards, broke them in two on his knee, and flung the pieces out of the window.

"Gracián was right," he said slowly. "'A bold heart for present danger!' I give all trouser guards to the devil!"

And Frost did not ask him to explain.

Greek Meeting Greek

MRS. SULLIVAN and Mrs. Lynch were friends and neighbors—rivals only when it came to expatiating on the merits of their respective sons. Mrs. Sullivan's boy was one of the cheaper clowns of a circus.

Mrs. Lynch's hopeful was an itinerant printer. Both ladies carefully concealed these facts.

"Oi just had a letther from me bhoy, Mrs. Sullivan," said Mrs. Lynch one morning. "He's gettin' to be a great man, so he is. He wrote me that he was edither av a paper away out beyant Milwaukee somewhere. Oi fergit th' name av th' place—but Jimmy is a wondher; some day, like as not, he'll be Prisidint."

"Ayah!" responded Mrs. Sullivan. "Sure, it's only this mornin' Oi got a letther from me own bhoy. He's away off in Rome, Georgia."

"What would he be doin' in Rome?" interrogated Mrs. Lynch with some acidity in her tone.

"What would he be doin' in Rome, is it?" responded Mrs. Sullivan proudly. "It's me that's the happy woman, Mrs. Lynch. Oi suppose he's down there playin' casuno wid th' Pope ivery avenin'."

At a Fraction of the Cost

People used to think that the only really fine decoration for their walls was expensive paper. Now with the introduction of O'BRIEN'S LIQUID VELVET, this idea is changed: mansion and bungalow all alike have beautiful, *washable, velvet walls*—secured through the use of this new decorative medium.

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—An oil base finish of enamel hardness, that dries to the softest and richest of velvet tones. It is thoroughly artistic, extremely durable, and very easily applied.

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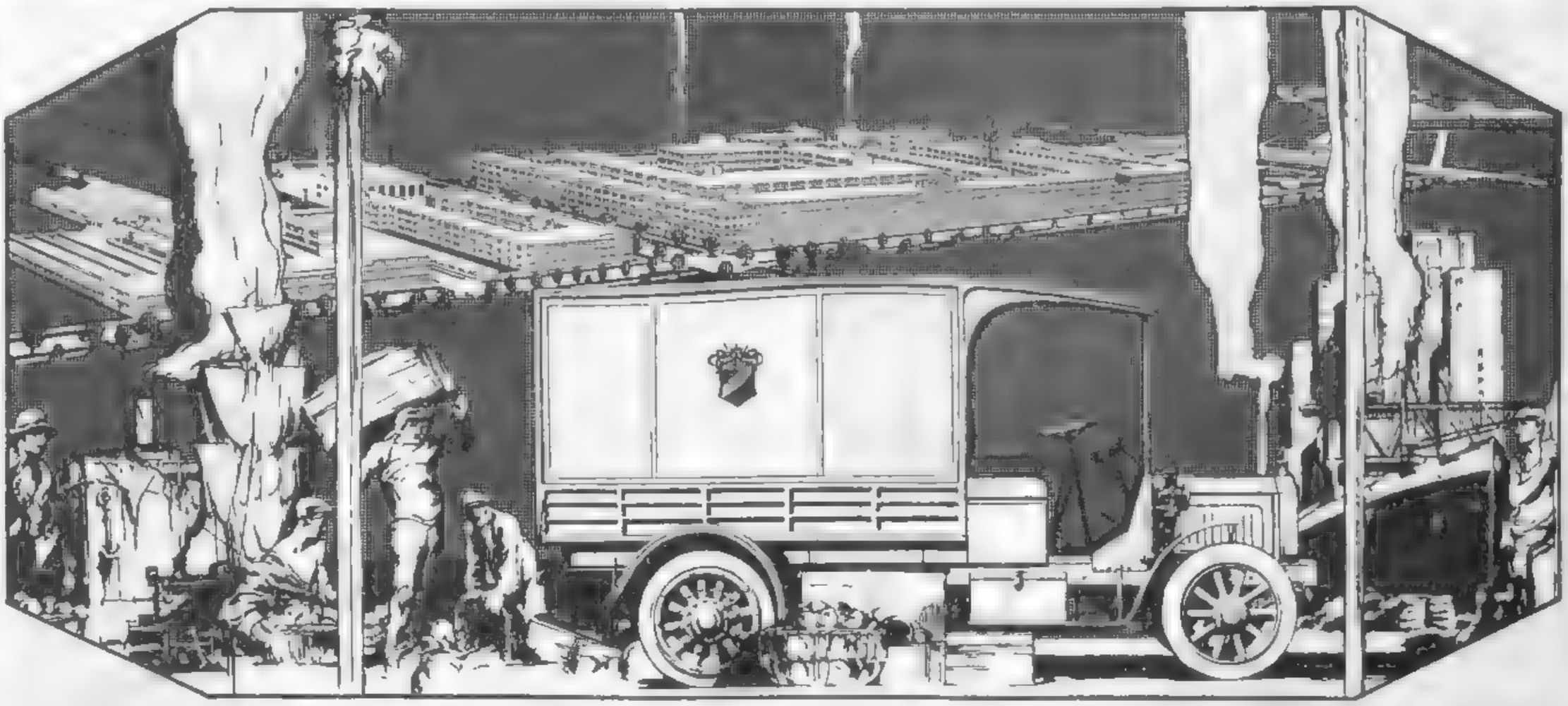

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THEY are true Packards all the way through—of the same quality and stamina as the 10,000 Packard heavy trucks now serving successfully in more than 200 lines of trade. Their construction embodies every efficiency principle learned in the ten years the Packard Motor Car Company has been engaged in truck manufacture. And they are guaranteed by the $25,000,000 investment in the Packard factory—a mile-long plant employing 12,800 workmen.

They are built throughout in that factory—within the 51 acres of floor space where, also, are made Packard Twin-Six Cars and Packard Heavy Service Trucks. It is the only place in which a Packard can be made—because assembled units will not make Packard vehicles.

These Light Service Packard Trucks are built in two sizes, rated respectively at 1 to 1¼ tons and 1½ to 1¾ tons. They provide the speed, ease of operation, activity in traffic, reserve power and permanent economy of maintenance necessary to make light delivery a source of greater profit—qualities to be found only in a vehicle built as these are built.

They are sold with the backing of a world-wide service organization as truly and essentially Packard as the institution of their origin—the institution upon which was conferred the *Highest Award for Motor Vehicles* at the *Panama-Pacific International Exposition.*

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You see O-Cedar Polish everywhere. You see it advertised everywhere, and you see it used everywhere. Both are evidences of its popularity (and popularity generally means superiority). If O-Cedar did not have such popularity, it could not be so extensively advertised.

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THE AVERAGE AMERICAN AND THE ARMY

(Continued from Page 8)

In the Japanese Army no general education is given except such as seems necessary better to fit the soldier for his military duties, but a great deal of work is done in giving the enlisted men special training in agriculture, commerce, industries and trades. The agricultural course includes two hours a week, and is optional. The teachers are professors in agricultural colleges. Certificates are given to soldiers who complete the course. When it does not interfere with military duty or instruction, education is given to noncommissioned officers, to fit them for some profession or business in civil life, and the training given for technical military purposes includes nursing, pharmacy, trades connected with the supply department, horseshoeing, carpentry, tailoring, baking and many others.

In the French Army a system of manual training in barracks was instituted a number of years ago to add to the efficiency in civil life of those who had served an apprenticeship or had followed a trade before joining the army. Moving pictures are used and simple experiments tried in the barracks, soldiers' clubs and recreation rooms. Classes of soldiers are taken on visits to public and private commercial, industrial and agricultural establishments in or near the garrison towns. A course in agriculture is given, supervised by professors of agriculture, who also give lectures as a part of the course. Animal husbandry and veterinary science are taught by veterinarians appointed for that purpose.

In the army of Italy a course in agricultural education was established some years ago very similar to like courses in the Japanese and French Armies. As with most of these courses, the attendance is optional, but prizes are given to stimulate interest.

Among the officers of our army there is a good deal of difference of opinion on the subject of vocational education for enlisted men. Three or four years ago Chaplain John A. Randolph, of the army, submitted a plan for having the men instructed through the several correspondence schools operating in this country. This plan was rejected, "it being deemed impractical by reason of the expense involved."

The idea of a general system of education, vocational and general, for enlisted men, however, is by no means dead in army circles. It is certain to arise again and again; a good deal, in fact, has already been done in the army along these lines. There is at every post a post school for enlisted men, where the common branches of education are taught under the supervision of a chaplain. Entrance into these schools is voluntary; but, once having been entered, the school becomes a part of the soldier's military duty for that school year. These schools are rather insignificant and not in very high favor. There are special schools for cooks and bakers open to all enlisted men, though it is frequently difficult to find volunteers for this instruction. This seems rather odd in view of the fact that good cooks and bakers are seldom in want of jobs in civil life.

What Enlisted Men Can Learn

There is a hospital course which gives training in nursing, sanitation and pharmacy, with X-ray and laboratory work. Some enlisted men have found their civic vocations through this course.

The Signal Corps trains men in several branches of electricity, telegraphy, telephony and aviation. It maintains a signal-corps school and an aviation school. Many soldiers have been enabled to find good positions in civil life through its training.

Trade schools are maintained by the Engineer Corps, and surveying, drafting, photography, carpentry, pipe fitting, cement and masonry work and lithography are taught to such good purpose that on discharge the average soldier gets a good job.

The Ordnance Department has charge of arms, ammunition and equipment, and at every ordnance depot and arsenal, arms, ammunition and equipment for use in the army are manufactured or repaired. Opportunity is here offered for the enlisted men to learn the trades of the machinist, toolmaker, nickelplater, stock fitter, engraver, and many others. Most of this work is done by civilian employees, but there is the best of army authority for the statement that enlisted men can be offered the opportunities just as well as not.

In the operations of the Quartermaster's Corps the enlisted men may learn blacksmithing, horseshoeing, wagon making, carpentry, saddlery, clerical work, bookkeeping, typewriting, stenography, motor-car operating, marine engineering and many other kinds of mechanical work.

A man can hardly serve in the Coast Artillery Corps without learning a civil occupation as well as soldiership. These posts have power plants and train engineers in steam, oil and gas, as well as firemen, mechanics and electricians. This corps maintains schools for selected men where the training in these trades is quite complete.

It is only in the infantry that no opportunities for vocational training exist, except as cooks, bakers, waiters, janitors, and so on.

But the bulk of the army consists, and always will consist, of infantry. It is an infantryman who in middle life and from his editorial desk writes me: "If they"—the soldiers—"had something useful to do, or something they liked to do, to keep them occupied, they would have no time for brooding or restlessness. I am not familiar with conditions in the army at present," he continues, "but twenty years ago, when I was in the service, the soldier had ample time apart from his regular duties for a set course of study." Even so, the soldiers did at that time and still do much work which has no more connection with the national defense than trimming hats. "I did not find," he states, "that many men in the army objected to the strictly military duties of the soldier; but they did object to kitchen duty, fatigue duty, and the hundred and one other things that had to be done round the garrison which were not military."

A Plan for Farmer-Soldiers

Civilian suggestions as to army matters are not often given much consideration; but our friends in the army must admit that we who furnish the boys for the garrisons have some right to a say as to how they shall spend their time. It is really one of the greatest of our national problems. If we are to have a million or two of our "boys away from home" assembled in camps, it is of some consequence to us individually and as a nation whether or not they rust and rot in idleness or futile drill, or shine in use. I say futile drill, for, since the time when my correspondent served, the hours of drill for the infantryman have been increased from "more often one than two hours a day" to four or five.

I suppose that after the canteen was abolished, when all the nonmilitary tasks, like mowing the lawn, were done, something had to be found for these boys away from home to do. They could not be allowed to lie in their bunks or play cards so many hours of the day. But my friend, the editor, says:

"It was my observation that a year of such training produced a fairly dependable soldier. The drill is easily learned—can be learned in three months' time—but it is not drill alone that makes a good soldier. The good soldier is the product of strict attention to all that he is required to do, the result of discipline constantly enforced and obedience constantly exacted."

It may be suggested that this mental and moral training, which is as important as the physical drill, can be acquired just as well by the soldier's doing exactly what his duties require in studying agriculture or electricity, as in anything else.

Anyhow, the people of the country are taking a hand in the matter of thinking what army life means now and what it might be made to mean under an efficient system of army training. More than a hundred daily papers scattered over the country have been featuring in an editorial way arguments for a systematized plan of vocational training in the army. Senator Works has advocated the introduction of a system of crofter soldiers, under which the soldiers would earn their keep by intensive farming. George H. Maxwell has written an impassioned book, one proposal in which is the location of an army of five million

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If you can just get before you the plain, ample facts about Goodyear S-V Truck Tires—we feel perfectly sure of the outcome.

If you, the owner of the truck, will give the tire question your own personal attention—

If you will decide that it deserves at least ten minutes of your time—

If you will simply say to the head of your transportation department:

"Let the Goodyear man come and tell his story."

That's all we could ask—the most we could hope for.

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You recall, perhaps, what that test was—two opposite wheels of a truck equipped with a Goodyear S-V Truck Tire and another tire.

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We've tried to reduce the truck tire question to a matter of business—to cut out favoritism, everyday salesmanship, and haphazard choice.

Business men have responded—whenever and wherever we could get the facts before them.

Will you give your personal attention to a matter that may involve several hundred dollars in a year's time?

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Goodyear S-V Truck Tires are steel base tires of the "pressed-on" type. The method of attachment is the easiest, quickest and most effective yet devised for motor truck tires. There are no holes to bore, no bands to shrink on, no stop-plates or keys to attach, no staples to insert, no wedges, no tinkering whatever. The tire is pressed directly on the wheel to stay until legitimately worn out.

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You pay for the Quality—the Safety costs you nothing

"homecrofters" in the lower valley of the Colorado on five million farms of an acre each, to be tilled by an army reserve on the Japanese system of agriculture. He would locate similar densely populated communities of reserves in other strategic regions, to the glory of the army and the overdoing of truck farming.

I suspect that Senator Works has read Mr. Maxwell's book, the best feature of which lies, in my humble opinion, in its suggestion that an army need not be quite useless to the country in time of peace. He joins with others in the demand for an industrial army, which shall improve waterways, build irrigation works, reclaim swamps, and the like, a part of the year, and drill as soldiers the rest of the time. All these more or less visionary schemes have back of them a demand, growing in some quarters rather insistent, that utility in peace must be considered in any plan for a big army.

There are two things that are scarce in this country and are greatly needed—soldiership and education. Soldiership requires discipline and from one to two hours a day spent in drill. Education requires discipline—though our various student bodies do not seem to think so—and an average of at least three hours a day to be spent in study. Those fond parents who think of their sons as burning midnight oil in college should consult statistics. Three hours—count 'am, three!—is all the time these young geniuses spend, on the average, on those stiff courses they write home about. If they lived under military conditions, as they would in the army, and the drills were so arranged in the day's work, as they are at West Point, as to advantage the study, they would have time for both drill and the stiff course without burning a drop of midnight oil; and there would be plenty of time for all the football, track events and other athletics that are good for any boy—just as at West Point.

Senator Owen's Project

The estimate has been made that the industries of the United States would absorb, if they could get them, two hundred thousand skilled men a year that they cannot now secure in this country. That there is a thirst for this sort of education among our young men is shown by the thousands who are taking correspondence-school courses in technical lines, the growth of our great land-grant colleges, which give agricultural and engineering courses, the popularity of continuation and night schools wherever they have been established, the growing strength of our polytechnic schools, the county-farm-adviser movement, the farmers' short courses and farmers' weeks, the manual-training movement in the public schools, the Y. M. C. A. night schools, the voluntary educational organizations among men like the stationary engineers, and a thousand other symptoms. We are not so efficient a nation as Germany in industrial matters, because we have not supplied the demand for vocational and technical training. We have, in the main, confined it to those who are able to give four years of time to the course and at the same time pay for their board and clothes and rooms.

Senator Owen, of Oklahoma, is the mouthpiece in Congress of those who believe that the army we need can be recruited from an enormous number of young men who would gladly serve four years in the army, supported by the Government, and be paid in education and not in money for their soldiership. Is this class so large? Well, there are many reasons for thinking so. Young men do not expect to receive pay for the time spent in getting an education—provided, always, that it is a good education. They expect to have money spent on them. Thousands of them work their way through school. Millions of them would like to do so if they could get the chance. Senator Owen proposes to have the Government offer the common soldiers the chance to work their way through school by submitting to military discipline and doing the amount of military drill necessary to make them dependable soldiers, much as the officers do at West Point.

How would such a system affect the present schools and colleges? The answer to this may be found perhaps in the statistics of boys who fall by the wayside in preparing themselves for college—and who would prepare and enter if they had the chance. Their name is legion. The great mortality in the public schools occurs in the sixth,

(Concluded on Page 77)

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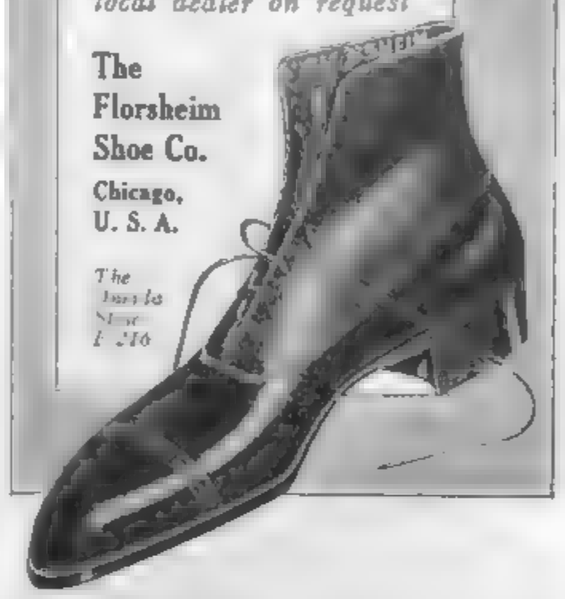
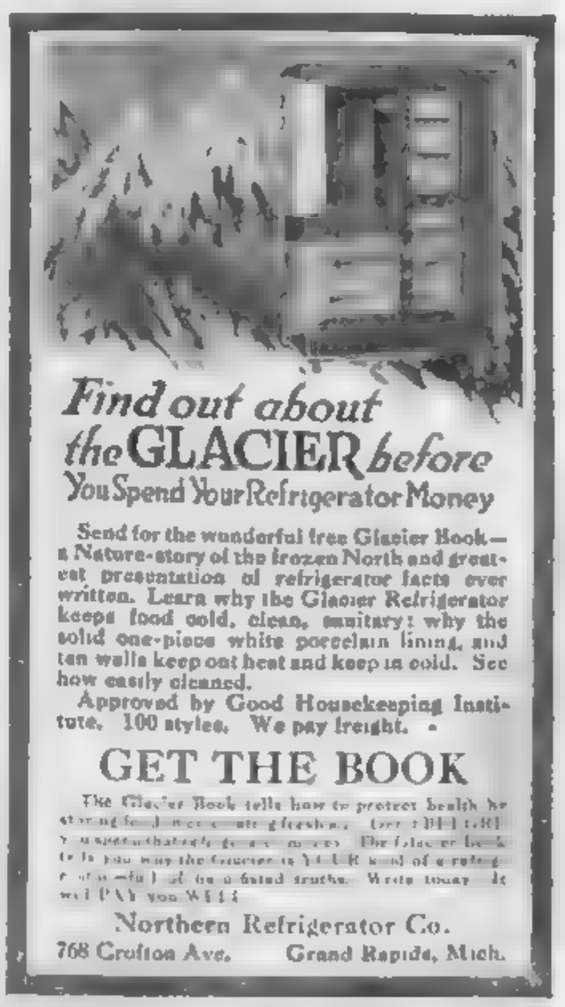


THE SHOE for MEN



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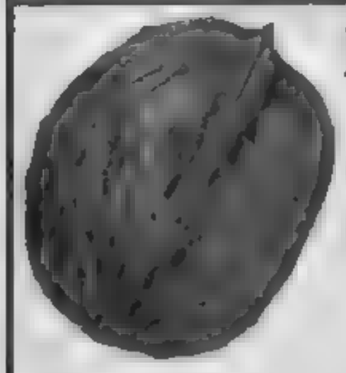

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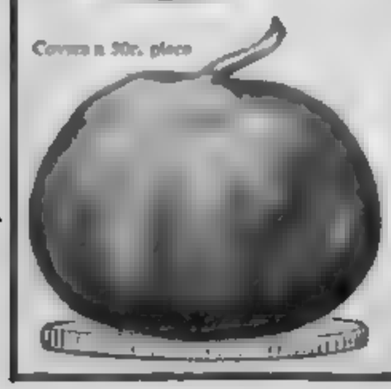

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Columbias are packed with vigor to the binding posts They make things go! They're steady They're uniform They're fruitful

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Remington UMC Shot Shells

REMINGTON UMC

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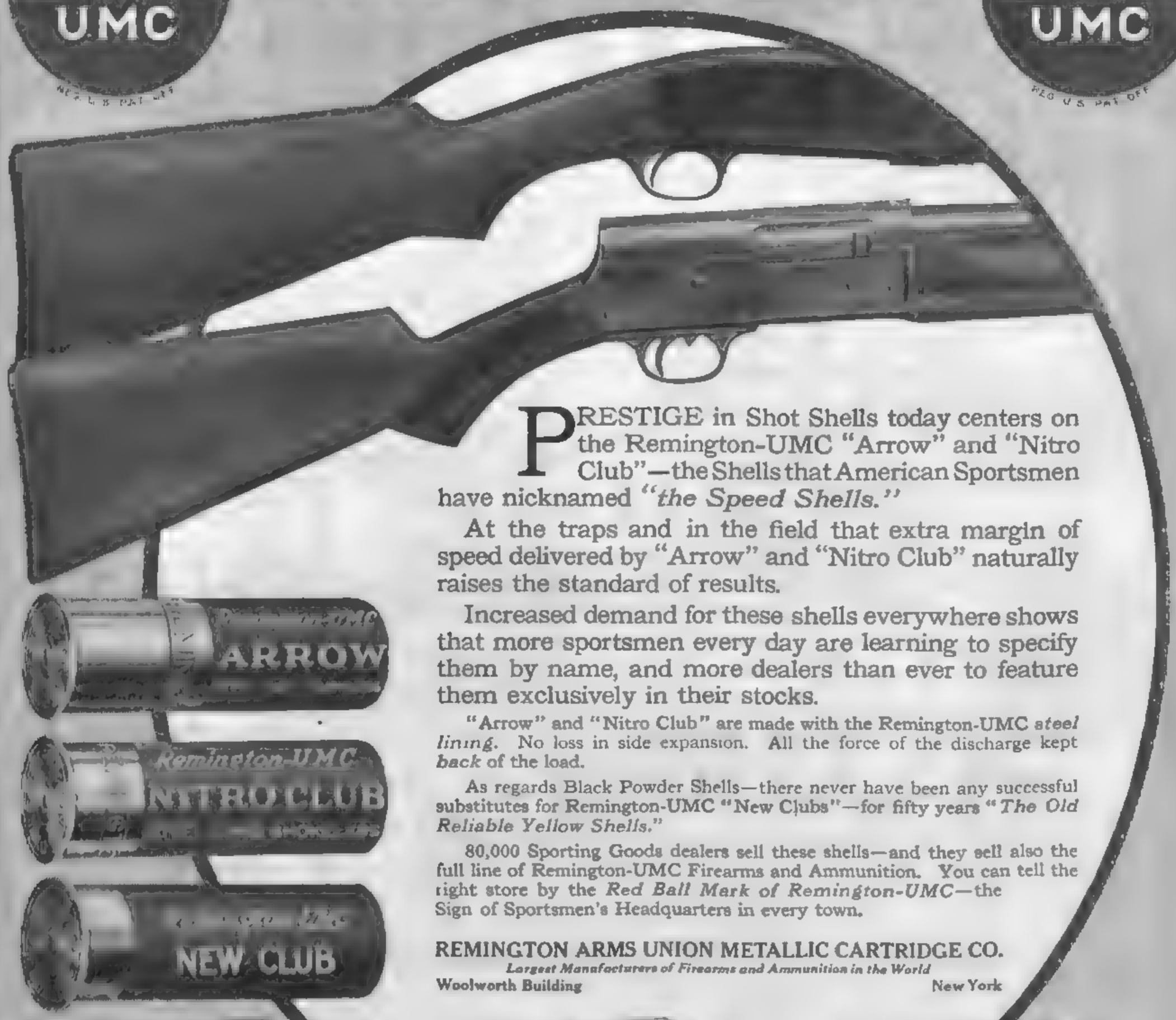


PRESTIGE in Shot Shells today centers on the Remington-UMC "Arrow" and "Nitro Club"—the Shells that American Sportsmen have nicknamed *"the Speed Shells."*

At the traps and in the field that extra margin of speed delivered by "Arrow" and "Nitro Club" naturally raises the standard of results.

Increased demand for these shells everywhere shows that more sportsmen every day are learning to specify them by name, and more dealers than ever to feature them exclusively in their stocks.

"Arrow" and "Nitro Club" are made with the Remington-UMC *steel lining*. No loss in side expansion. All the force of the discharge kept *back* of the load.

As regards Black Powder Shells—there never have been any successful substitutes for Remington-UMC "New Clubs"—for fifty years *"The Old Reliable Yellow Shells."*

80,000 Sporting Goods dealers sell these shells—and they sell also the full line of Remington-UMC Firearms and Ammunition. You can tell the right store by the *Red Ball Mark of Remington-UMC*—the Sign of Sportsmen's Headquarters in every town.

REMINGTON ARMS UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO.

Largest Manufacturers of Firearms and Ammunition in the World

Woolworth Building New York

(Concluded from Page 74)

seventh and eighth grades. The boys fail in their studies, or they lose interest, or—as is oftenest the case—they have to quit because their circumstances are such as to forbid them the luxury of high school. Our high schools are filled with boys and girls who have survived in an elimination contest with poverty. The boy who can finish the eighth grade would be able to prepare for college in the army unless its courses were purely vocational. And in a democracy, if the army is to do an educational work there seems to be no reason why it should refuse to do any teaching for which there is a demand large enough to make its students a considerable military unit.

There are hundreds of thousands of boys who have left school, from the fourth grade up, and have now just come to a realization that they are fitted for no special vocation. These would find in the army the schooling they have missed—and should find better schooling than they could have had elsewhere. There are in the Appalachian Mountains and the regions east and south of them, and running off to the southwest, many thousands of young men who cannot read or write. There were fifty thousand voters in North Carolina at last accounts who were illiterate. I say at last accounts; for one can never tell. The thirst for better schooling is abroad in the South, and adults are attending moonlight schools instead of moonshine stills. In one county in Kentucky the illiterate among the grown-ups fell from over a thousand to less than twenty-five between censuses. Since last accounts they may have taught a lot of citizens to read in North Carolina, where one man who on Monday did not know his letters wrote a perfectly legible letter on Thursday, his fourth evening in a moonlight school. Out of such a population many thousands of the best soldiers in the world could be recruited among men who would be glad to give four years of time for a good education.

These people live in a region in which farming has not been placed on a proper basis. Those mountains and millions of acres elsewhere are being ruined by bad agriculture. Why should not these young men, when discharged, with their certificates or degrees, be equipped to manage those mountain farms so as to turn their native hills into a Switzerland? Why should not the farm boys all over the United States who thirst for training in agriculture—or the city boys, either—get it in the army, and thus be prepared for the agricultural college upon discharge, or for the management of gardens, orchards and farms?

Gaps in National Development

The government of India is just about to open up a huge irrigation project. Portions of this will be reserved for soldiers who have served in the army, and some areas will be granted to such of them as will agree to rear horses and mules for army purchase. It would seem quite feasible for this Government to give a great many soldiers vocations after having given them vocational training in animal husbandry by a very similar device. The army faces a problem in the refusal of our farmers to rear the right sort of horse for cavalry use. Surely we have public domain enough that is adapted to this purpose if we put our student-soldiers at the work. The Reclamation Service has had difficulty in finding farmers skilled in irrigation who can succeed on its projects. An army in which agriculture is taught, as it is in other armies, could fill these gaps in national development, one would imagine.

Not only our army but other armies teach trades in government army factories. There would seem to be ample scope for enlargement of these activities, making education the object of these factory operations and not output, save as a by-product of education. For instance, at Rock Island, Illinois, there is a fine army factory for the making of small arms. It has ample water power, which is capable of enormous additional development. The boys of the engineering department of the University of Cincinnati work on actual jobs while doing their classwork as students. Each student holds down half a job as a civil engineer's helper, a machinist, an electrician, or something of the sort. It sets him back only twenty-five per cent in his classwork—that is, he can do as much classwork in five years as the boy can do in four who attends classes all the time. This has been going on successfully for many years. It would seem as if a division or so of the army might at Rock Island learn a lot of trades and vocations, and make a great many small arms for the army as a part of their course, on the Cincinnati plan, by each man carrying, say, a quarter of a job in the arsenal.

The young men coming to this country from Europe need schooling in both the English language and American patriotism. Why not give it to them in the army, and then discharge them upon their own farms, or the farms of others, after four years of military training with American boys—or do something, for heaven's sake, to fit them for better things than pushcarts and sweatshops?

The expense of this army? General Scott is of the opinion that an army composed of "all men in the nation between eighteen and twenty-one, serving as a patriotic duty, with nominal pay, would cost the nation no more for an adequate force than to maintain its present establishment." The soldiers' pay is a big item in the maintenance of any army, small as it is! If the soldiers were working their way through school by doing soldiering this item would be eliminated.

Buildings? Well, no monumental fabrics would be needed. For a year or so a great many of the students of the Texas College of Agriculture lived in tents. That might not be a bad way for a soldier to live either. My son did it one winter, with the mercury away below zero a part of the time, because he was sick and wanted to recover. Put the Gary system into force and the army would build its own school barracks and get credits on its course of study for doing it.

Education in Place of Pay

The teaching force would, in the main, have to be added to the army; for it would demand the best educational engineers in the country to put this plan on its feet and it would not be fair to expect the army to furnish these. Such teaching as is now done in the army is done with picked-up instructors and without expense. When education comes to be given in lieu of wages it will of necessity have to be as good of its sort as there is to be had anywhere.

The teaching force at West Point is one thing, the tactical corps another. So it would be in the army. Changes would have to be made in the soldier's year too. Now it is divided into two periods—field training in the months of May, June, July, August, September and October usually, and garrison work the rest of the year. How to compromise between strictly military exercises and educational training would be a matter of research and experience. The West Point system gives field training during the months devoted in other colleges to vacations.

Here is our dilemma, both in Washington and back home: We need an army—not so large as the one the Swiss or Australian system would give us, but a pretty large army. The volunteer system will probably not give us the number we need unless the pay is greatly increased and conditions of employment improved. Already the cost of the army is astonishing, considering how small that army is. The compulsory service asked for by the army officers, and in which the best thinkers in public life seem to believe, will not be accepted by the people so long as we are at peace and army conditions are what they are. Some way must be found of paying soldiers in something more precious to them than money if the voluntary system is to furnish us our army.

It is deplored by the army—but admitted nevertheless—that there is a popular prejudice in this country against it. It is admitted that some system should be found which will cause the people to warm up toward the army, and which will spread military knowledge among the masses. Such favor as has been found in the army for the tentative and timid steps that have been taken in vocational and general education has been granted in consideration of these needs. The army needs friends. It needs them badly. It deserves them too; but it ought to make itself still more deserving by developing some political sense.

Such being the fact, I have no doubt that it is carefully considering the scheme of an educational army which would be the Alma Mater of millions in a short time, and would be as popular in Lincoln as is the University of Nebraska, or that other institution of learning—I forget its name—which is so clearly seen from the historic veranda of Fairview.

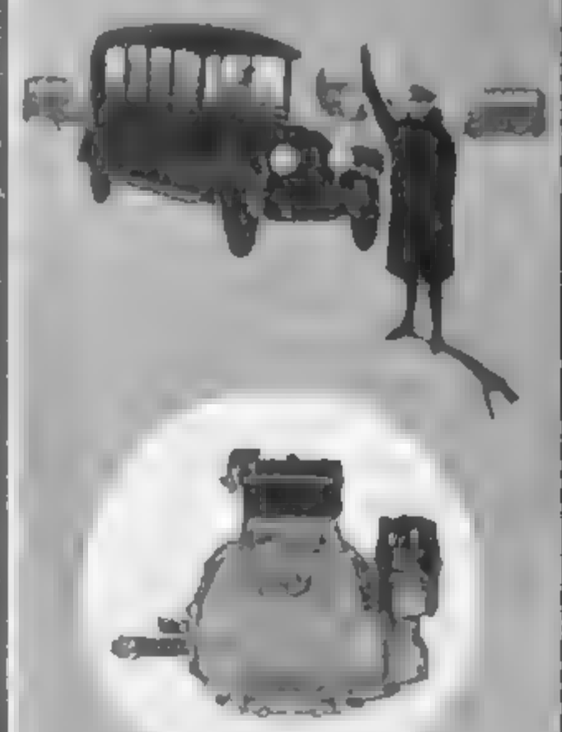
DELCO
ELECTRIC CRANKING LIGHTING IGNITION

THERE is a certain very comforting feeling of pride and satisfaction in the ownership of a Delco Equipped Car.

The simplicity and ease of control — the quick response of the starting motor—the unfailing efficiency of the generator — the amazing flexibility and reliability of the ignition—the sturdiness and freedom from trouble of the entire system all appeal strongly to the man or woman who appreciates the supreme enjoyment of motoring.

There are now more than 325,000 thoroughly satisfied owners of Delco Equipped Cars.

The Dayton Engineering Laboratories Company
Dayton, Ohio



1000 PAGES OF MUSIC—368 PIECES

"THE AMERICAN HOME MUSIC ALBUM" is the most complete collection of standard piano and song music in the world. It contains 124 classic, modern light, operatic and dance compositions and 244 operatic, sacred and martial, [illegible] for these compositions would be $[illegible] per copy. In this book containing 1000 pages and beautifully bound [illegible] See it at your music or book dealer's or send for descriptive catalogue to the publishers

D. APPLETON & CO. 35 WEST 32nd STREET, NEW YORK

Mr. Secretary:

How much valuable time and energy do you spend addressing your membership list, and how much confusion, broken engagements and nightwork is caused by the frequent necessity for getting out and addressing quick notices to members?

This most efficient little

"ASSISTANT SECRETARY"

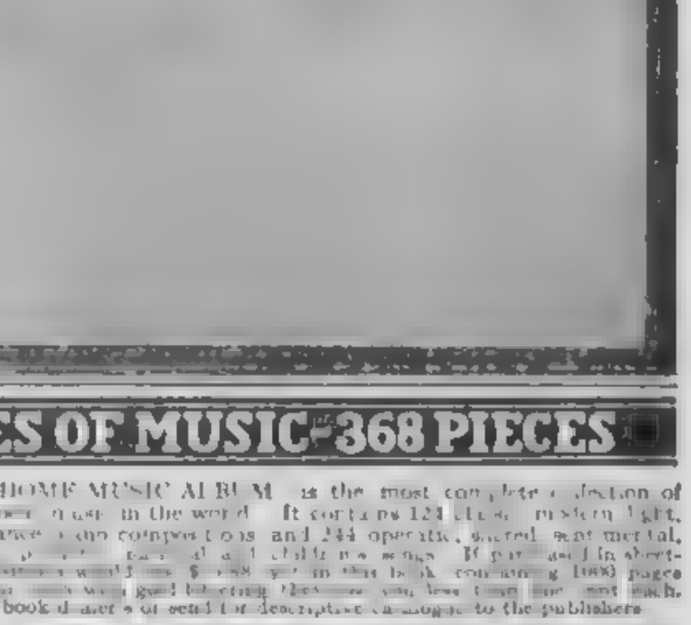
will accurately and neatly address envelopes or cards for your entire membership (if 500 names) in 20 minutes. Will also print notices of 5 lines of 30 letters each at same rate, or *head-up, date and fill-in* statements, bills or notices of dues or assessments with equal rapidity.

A [illegible] which makes an ideal permanent membership record for classified, alphabetical or geographical filing.

Let us show you what thousands of secretaries say of this little assistant, or send you catalogue of

MONTAGUE ADDRESSORS

which include hand, foot and motor power machines for every known kind of addressing, imprinting and listing for any list of one hundred to one million names [illegible] employees, tenants, correspondents, prospects, stock, bond or policy holders.



$40 DELIVERED [illegible] 500 1-line embossed address plates, $47.85, which makes the least expensive as well as most efficient, simple and economical addressing machine known.

MONTAGUE MAILING MACHINERY CO., CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE, U. S. A.
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NEW YORK OFFICE: 279 BROADWAY

Turn the Spot Light of Cost Analysis on your Figure Records

In a recent address bearing upon the importance of a more intimate knowledge of cost accounting in business, Edward N. Hurley, Vice-Chairman of the Federal Trade Commission, said:

"The astonishing thing is that of the 250,000 business corporations in this country, over 100,000 have no net income whatever. In addition, 90,000 make less than $5000 a year, while only 60,000 remaining, the more successful ones, make $5000 a year and over."

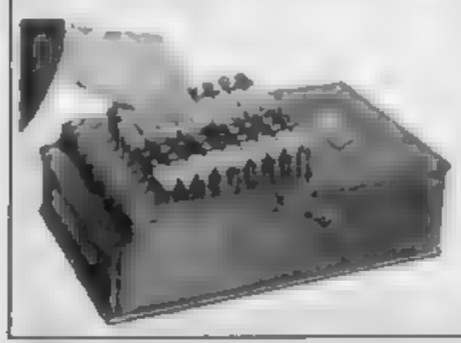
As long as the figure facts lie buried in your records, they throw no light upon the problem of successful business management.

Turn on the spotlight and see what it is costing to make, handle and distribute your goods.

If you are headed the wrong way, you want to know it in time.

The figure facts you need can be secured with the Comptometer quickly and easily without burdensome cost. It puts within easy reach *exact knowledge of the cost of each article produced or handled; expense by departments; by salesmen; by territory, comparative statements of gross and net profits month by month, or even week by week.*

If you have a good cost system, the labor and expense of operating it will be greatly lessened by the rapid work of the Comptometer. Because of its speed and reliable accuracy on all kinds of figure work, it is an indispensable factor in the accounting systems of many successful concerns in all lines of business.



Would you like to talk to a Comptometer man about the application of the machine to your accounting work—its possibilities in time and labor-saving, the short cuts made possible by the instruction service that goes with the machine?

On your invitation, he will be glad to come and lay the facts before you for your consideration, without any obligation on your part. Further information by correspondence if desired.

FELT & TARRANT MFG. CO.
1723 North Paulina Street, Chicago, Illinois

Print Your Own Cards, circulars, book, paper. Press $5. Larger $18. Rotary $60. Save money. Print for others, big profit. All easy, rules sent. Write factory for catalog of presses, TYPE, cards, samples. The Press Co., Meriden, Conn.

FUNNYBONE Published quarterly, contains latest vaudeville [illegible] sketches, minstrel first parts, parodies, [illegible] by same author who writes for Nat Wills, [illegible] Hayes, Joe Welch, etc. Only magazine of [illegible] copy, $1 per year, none free. Money [illegible] Funnybone Publishing Co., 1493 Broadway, New York

Ralston $5.00 SHOES for MEN

THERE'S MORE fit, comfort and style in 1916 Ralstons than you are accustomed to in shoes, even though you are now wearing Ralstons. BETTER than our previous BEST.

RALSTON HEALTH SHOEMAKERS
Brockton (Campello), Mass.

Retails in 3649 good shops mostly at $5, some styles at $4, some at $6
We'll be glad to send booklet.

Your kind of a Shoe

THE CHEMIST'S CHANCE

(Concluded from Page 13)

the fighting Powers will absorb this great output. After hostilities cease in Europe—but not until then—alcohol will be available for other purposes than the making of explosives.

"Whether alcohol will be used straight in motor-car engines, or will be mixed with some other fuel, is a problem. It has not the heat units contained in a gallon of gasoline or kerosene, and therefore its explosion is not so powerful. There is not so much push in it.

"If larger tanks were used automobiles could carry enough alcohol to operate their motors, and they would run more sweetly and with less carbon troubles than with gasoline. And if specially designed to use alcohol the engines would deliver more power. In the existing type of engine the pressure in the cylinder increases from ten pounds a square inch—slightly below atmospheric pressure, which is fifteen—to seventy or eighty pounds. If such an engine is operated on alcohol the power developed will be about ten per cent less. If the compression is increased to one hundred and fifty or one hundred and eighty pounds, however, more power will be developed; but such an engine cannot be run on gasoline, because gasoline at such high pressures ignites spontaneously.

"I have tested about seventy-five different kerosene-using carburetors and not one of them is a commercial success. They all work under laboratory conditions, but they will not work on the road in the way that gasoline or alcohol works. They balk on the hills and are an uncertain proposition for pleasure cars."

Experiments With Benzol

"Another feature that detracts from kerosene is the odor. The car in which it is used smells of kerosene. Even when used only in the lamps it is noticeable. And this unpleasant smell cannot be extracted from the kerosene. Still another objection is that, when spilled, it does not dry up, but remains to collect dirt and make a disagreeable muss.

"I think we shall eventually use some fuel that is prepared from vegetation; but how soon that will come is a hard question to answer.

"As to the cost of alcohol, I think it can be made to sell for twenty cents; but the problem of distribution—as in the case of all substitute fuels—is bound to be a difficult one. Gasoline can be bought almost everywhere. Its distribution is almost perfect."

There is an automobile engineer in New York who is credited with having made about the most thorough tests of benzol thus far undertaken in this country. His tests were made in the summer, the most favorable season.

His effort was to test its work in an ordinary carburetor. He found it made the engine run more smoothly and with less knocking than gasoline. Also, he arrived at the conclusion that, with a carburetor specially adjusted to its use, better results could have been secured. When asked whether he found benzol as efficient as gasoline he answered:

"No; that word is too conclusive to be used in this case. About the best that can be said for benzol as a substitute for gasoline is that it might possibly afford a little relief, provided the European war were over. Its present price now puts it practically out of the running.

"Benzol is made from the distillation of coal and is more of a by-product than is gasoline. The plant is more expensive and coal is a very useful and rather costly commodity. A ton of coal will yield only three to five gallons of benzol. The gas thrown off in making coke must be washed and elaborately treated before the real article of benzol is obtained. It is essentially an expensive process. So, too, is the handling of the raw material. Unlike crude oil, coal cannot be piped and pumped across the continent. It must be loaded into cars and unloaded. In a word, it is bulky and expensive to handle.

"Right now it is understood that the great steel companies are making extensive changes to secure all the benzol possible; but its demand for use in explosives will quite effectively keep it out of competition with gasoline as a motor fuel."

The subject of gasoline is not to be dismissed without a glimpse at its early history.

It first compelled public attention in the rôle of the little demon in the kerosene or coal-oil lamp. In this capacity it kept the coroner and the insurance adjuster working overtime.

When crude oil was first discovered in the Pennsylvania district the public received it as a cure-all for diseases instead of a fuel or an illuminant.

Then it was discovered that by subjecting it to distillation a certain portion of it could be used for lighting purposes, to supplant candles and lamps using whale oil and vegetable oils.

But it was found that a considerable fraction—about twenty per cent—of this oil had so low a boiling point, was so volatile and explosive, that it was extremely dangerous in lamps. At the sign of the coal-oil lamp of that pioneer period fires and explosions were the prevailing program.

It was soon seen by the refiners that, if kerosene was to become a popular illuminant, the "light boiling-point fraction" must be taken off the top and disposed of in some other way. For a considerable time it was turned into the nearest streams and allowed to dispose of itself by evaporation; but experience proved that this was a decidedly dangerous method of disposal. The refiners were forced to recognize the fact that in some way they must find a legitimate commercial outlet for this volatile fluid, which was so explosive that it could not be dumped without great peril to life and property.

King Kerosene Dethroned

Under the pressure of this economic necessity, about 1875 a man named Hull, who was in touch with the Cleveland refineries, invented a vapor stove which was the father of the gasoline stove of to-day. For a time this furnished a very considerable outlet. A considerable quantity of gasoline was also consumed at this period in street lamps and out-of-door lighting systems.

About 1903 the automobile, with its internal-combustion engine, appeared on the scene—just in time to rescue gasoline consumption from a decided setback, due to the fact that gas had come into general use for lighting and heating purposes and was able, on account of its greater cheapness and safety, to push gasoline out of competition to a great extent.

Gasoline has, in short, pushed King Kerosene from the throne. The outcast, the infant terror of the oil industry, has now become the czar of the whole empire of petroleum commerce, and there are few who do not pause at the sign of the garage pump to pay him tribute.

PAIGE

The Standard of Value and Quality

WHEREVER you find a Paige car, you will find a proud, contented owner.

And wherever you find Paige owners you will find people of good taste and unerring judgment—men and women who can readily afford the better things of life, but insist upon an adequate return for every dollar invested.

After all is said and done, no amount of money can buy more than **complete** satisfaction.

The Paige "Six-46" accommodates seven full-grown passengers in luxurious comfort.

In beauty of line and design, it ranks with the finest cars produced by the European makers.

So far as mechanical features are concerned, you have only to glance at the record of this car for the past twelve months.

Without hesitation, we affirm that no more efficient six-cylinder power plant has ever been produced.

The Paige "Six-46" is powerful, speedy, comfortable and—above all—dependable.

It is a **good** car—not merely because we say so—but because its owners have established this fact in the gruelling tests of a full year's road work.

The price—complete—is $1295.

The Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company, Detroit

Fleetwood "Six-36" $1050 — Fairfield "Six-46" $1295

RE-ORDERS

Every business man knows that the stability of his business is measured by re-orders.

If customers do not come back, something is wrong. But if the most careful buyers in the field, having tried the goods, find them satisfactory and come back for more, the business is sound.

Advertising may be judged by the same sure test.

▪ ▪ ▪

In 1915 The Saturday Evening Post carried the equivalent of 1682 full pages of advertising—1,143,502 lines.

Of this, 1429 pages, or 971,991 lines, came from firms which had also advertised in the Post the year before.

These figures mean that:

The Saturday Evening Post drew 85% of its volume in 1915 from the same customers that had bought its space in 1914.

That is, the re-orders of Post advertising amounted to 85%.

This evidence of the stability of modern advertising is not new.

A year ago, similar figures showed that in 1914 the Post obtained 85.8% of its business from firms who had used its columns in 1913.

▪ ▪ ▪

Of such a condition any business, whatever the product or sales method, might well be proud.

It expresses the consensus of experience of astute buyers, extending over a period of years.

It testifies to the establishment of advertising as an integral factor in economic development—as a profitable investment—not an expense, not a speculation.

It means that manufacturers may invest in advertising in full confidence of substantial return.

It reflects the stability, the soundness, the permanence, of advertising today.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Independence Square, Philadelphia

The Saturday Evening Post *The Ladies' Home Journal* *The Country Gentleman*

MOSLER
VESUVIUS
PLUG

"Perfected Spark Plug Construction gives Perfect Motor Operation"—A. R. MOSLER

The Vesuvius Plug is designed and constructed to develop greater power, and insure absolute certainty of operation in any motor, under all conditions. Mechanically perfect, sturdy, and powerful, it is—

Guaranteed to outlast the motor.

$1.00 each, in round metal box.
"Mosler on Spark Plugs"—a book that tells the right plug for your motor—sent free.

A. R. MOSLER & CO.
New York New York

Quality makes it— *"The Indestructible Plug"*

PAY FOR IT OUT OF YOUR PROFITS

First Small Payment Starts Your Success

Marvelous money maker! Prosperous independent business; no experience needed. Small start; post card [illegible] by wonderful new methods. Tremendous big profits every week. Cash rolls in fast at old silver [illegible] picnics, circus crowds, conventions, fairs, on the beach, etc. Pay a little down [illegible] monthly installments from your big earnings.

$5 to $15 A DAY WITH THE
Mandel Post Card Machine

[illegible] pick up $5 to $15 a day with the latest [illegible] instantaneous photography. Press the button, takes, makes and finishes perfect post card pictures in one minute. No films, plates or [illegible]. Material for taking $20 worth of pictures [illegible]. Big chance [illegible]. INVESTIGATE NOW—NOW!

Write For Easy Payment Plan
THE CHICAGO FERROTYPE CO.
1455 Congress St., Dept. 6, Chicago, Ill.

FACTORY to RIDER

Saves you big money. Buy direct—get a dependable bicycle and save money.
RANGER BICYCLES in 44 styles, colors and sizes. Great improvements reduced to [illegible] prices, $11.95 up.
WE DELIVER FREE to you on approval and 10 days trial and riding test.
Our big FREE catalog shows everything new in bicycles and sundries. A cyclopedia of information which every person should have. Write for it.
TIRES [illegible], wheels, parts and supplies at half usual prices. A few good second-hand bicycles taken in trade $1 to $8 each.
Do not buy a [illegible] until you write and learn our *wonderful new offers*, low prices and liberal terms. A postal brings everything. Write now.
MEAD CYCLE CO. DEPT. D-55 CHICAGO

POMPEIAN
OLIVE OIL
ALWAYS FRESH
THE STANDARD IMPORTED OLIVE OIL

PATENTS

Procured for electrical, chemical, automobile, engineering and other inventions. Booklet free. Best references.
MASON, FENWICK & LAWRENCE
Established 1861. Washington, D. C., New York and Chicago

WANTED—AN IDEA! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." RANDOLPH & Co., Dept. 137, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

THE SLEUTH OF THE STARS

(Continued from Page 25)

But I thought the creature was disconcerted. There was the pressure on him of some wish to convince my uncle. He straightened out the papers, set them edge to edge, and moved his finger on them.

"Look," he said, "the writing in the body of this new will—every word and letter is precisely like that in the one you held."

"It is," said Sir Henry.

"No man can doubt it," said Justin.

"No man can doubt it," replied Sir Henry. "I have measured the writing in the body of these two wills with the most delicate instruments. They are precisely alike."

There was an air of triumph in the man as he stooped over the table beside my uncle.

"The signature," he said, "is certain!"

"Now, Justin," replied my uncle, "it is here upon the measurements of these signatures that I find the first elements of variation. These two signatures are not alike."

He paused.

"I have worked upon them with the greatest care. I have found all the writing in the body of these two wills, as you say, precisely, mathematically alike. That accurate similarity holds until one reaches the signature. There it fails. These signatures vary. They vary, Justin, in every stroke of the pen."

"Converse," cried the old man, "a thousand men will swear on the Bible to that signature."

"And if a hundred thousand men swore to it," replied my uncle, "on every Bible in the whole of Christendom, I would say the instruments are right."

"But I will show you, man," cried the astonished creature, "signatures of my brother Peter." And he emptied the drawers of the great table. "See, here are letters with his name. Here is his signature on blank sheets, for me to fill in the legal form and vote his stock in the Barrington quarries. Here are notes and bills and deeds! The stars, Converse, have set you mad!"

Sir Henry took up one of the blank sheets, written at the bottom with Peter Justin's signature, and put it down beside the will.

Then he shook his head.

"The instruments do not lie," he said; "the signatures vary!"

"Then," cried the old man, "you believe my brother's name to this last will a forgery!"

The answer of my uncle was, to me, like the impact of a blow.

"I do not," he said. "It is Peter Justin's signature!"

The old creature steadied himself with his hands on the table, heavily, the palms pressed out; two dominating emotions in his face—hate and the scorn of victory.

"Then," he cried, "why do you come here to annoy me? You admit the signature and you admit that even instruments of delicate proportion show the writing in the two testaments to be precisely alike, eh?"

And his voice rang on the word.

"I do," said Sir Henry.

The emotions in the old man broke out in an oath.

"To the devil with you!" he cried.

Sir Henry stood up then, like a thing of light, I thought, in this place of oppressive shadows.

"A moment, Justin," he said. "We used to believe that everything in Nature was exact. That was error. We look, now, everywhere for the variable. It is in the turning of the earth, the tracks of the stars, and the fingers of this dead man!"

He paused.

"That a thing will happen a second time in Nature, or in life, with no variation is exceedingly remote. If your brother, Justin, had written the body of this second will with his hand, as he wrote the body of the first one, do you know the per cent of probability that even thirty strokes of the pen in the one would be precisely like thirty strokes of the pen in the other?

"I have made the calculation, according to the laws of what mathematicians call the 'relative frequency of coincidence.' And it would occur one time, Justin, in nine hundred and thirty-one quintillion writings!*

"But, sir, there are hundreds of these pen strokes in this will all precisely alike.

*See the expert testimony in the famous Howland will case

The Purple Ribbon

Designates the watch you will always be proud to carry

The Purple Ribbon on a South Bend Watch distinguishes it from all other watches. It is a reminder which says every time you see it: This is a watch you will always be proud to own because of its beauty of design, its life-time accuracy and its high quality.

There are various models, sizes and styles with a price range of $16.00 to $100.00.

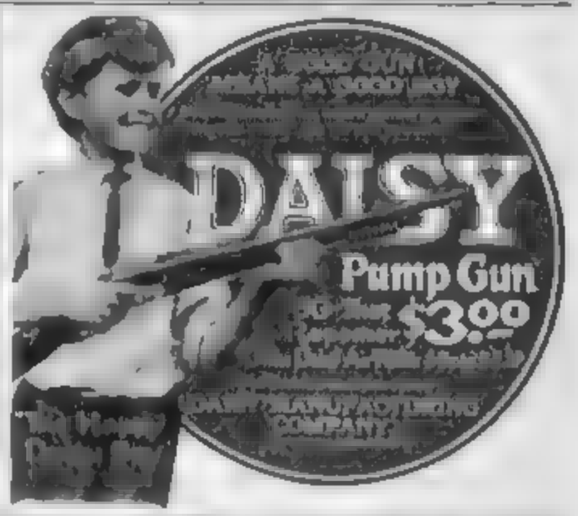
South Bend Watches

The new 19 jewel *Extra-Thin* model at $27.50 possesses features never before offered in any watch of this price.

Catalog upon request

South Bend Watch Company
13 Studebaker Street
South Bend, Indiana

THE "ANY-WEIGHT" Water Ballast Lawn Roller is necessary to a beautiful lawn. Adjustable from light weight for soft spring sod to heavy and still heavier, as demanded by summer drought. Simply fill it with water—"*Any-Weight*" in one minute.
[illegible] sizes—one or [illegible] wide [illegible] with [illegible] rolling [illegible] ning of rollers.
Send for free catalogue at 10c in stamps for [illegible] Care of Lawns."
WILDER STRONG IMPLEMENT CO., Box 17, Monroe, Michigan



"YANKEE" TOOLS

No. 10 (or No. 11). Just grip the handle, turn it to and fro, easy like, and a slick Ratchet movement drives (or draws) the screw. It's fun; not work!

2-in. blade 35c; 3-in. 50c; 4-in. 55c; 5-in. 60c; 6-in. 70c; 8-in. 80c; 10-in. 90c; 12-in. $1.00

"YANKEE" TOOLS *Make Better Mechanics*

Your dealer can supply you

If you don't [illegible] Tool Book" showing all the "Yankee" tools and [illegible] tools

NORTH BROS. MFG. CO., Philadelphia

Satisfy the Practical and Critical Eye

Dependable as to style and service

Style No. 66-1. Full Silk Taffeta lined, made in light weight soft finish Veloure, No. 5633, two-tone Oxford Grey; No. 5634, two-tone Greenish Oxford; and No. 5635, green and brown Mixed; at $25.00

Style No. 1936-1. ¾ lined with Messaline silk Made in same cloths as No. 66-1, at $17.50.
Style No. 67-1. ¾ lined with Silk Taffeta; made in same cloths as No. 66-1; at $22.50.

Write for large pictures of other styles with small samples, and the name of a nearby Dealer who sells Kenyon coats.

Kenyon Sport and Motor Coats, Overcoats and Raincoats, Palm Beach and Tropical Suits, are made in a large variety of light, medium and heavy-weight fabrics, for men and women

C. Kenyon Company

New York: Fifth Av. Bldg., 23d St. & Fifth Av. NEW YORK Chicago: Congress and Franklin Streets

The Secret of Success in Life

is to be ready when opportunity comes.

Opportunity does come to every young man and young woman. Many fail to grasp it because they lack the readiness which can be acquired only through preliminary training.

We have helped thousands of young people to make successes in business and professional life by giving them the training which otherwise they could not have secured. We will do the same thing for you.

If in your spare time this spring and summer you will look after the local renewals and new business of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*, we will defray your expenses in any university, musical conservatory, technical school or business college. You can select the institution; we will pay the bills. Let us tell you about it.

BOX 287, EDUCATIONAL DIVISION
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

The vast system of even celestial mathematics could not estimate a probability on this whole writing within the expression of any known terms of magnitude!

"The two writings, Justin," cried Sir Henry, "are precisely alike not because the fingers of your dead brother moved by the one chance in the thousand quintillion chances but because you traced the writing on a blank sheet above your brother's signature."

The old man's face gorged with blood.

"What do you mean?" he said.

Sir Henry took up one of the blank sheets, written at the bottom with Peter Justin's name, which the old man had brought out in his eagerness to prove the signature. He put it beside the will.

"You took the old will for a model. And you traced the new one on one of these blank sheets above the signature. But no man, Justin, can manufacture a consistency of events. Only Nature can do that. You were too careful, and you were too careless!"

The shaken creature began to tremble.

Sir Henry whipped the big lens, with which he had covered my moth, out of his pocket and held it over a line of the writing.

"Look," he cried, "how the thin track of your tracing pencil comes out under each written word!"

The fearful, trapped old man leaned over and looked down through the lens; then he began to pace the room in a sort of dreadful trot, his shoulders in a kind of hump, his mouth gaping.

We went out, the tiny girl in Sir Henry's arms. The world was clean and sweet in the recovered sun. I followed behind to get the tears of victory out of my eyes. Then, finally, I slipped my hand up to my uncle's shoulder.

"Sir Henry," I said, "I was wrong to wish for Monsieur Dupin."

"Why wrong?" he said.

"Because," I answered, "a sleuth of Paris is no better detective than a sleuth of the stars!"

SENSE AND NONSENSE

They Wanted Him

A NEWSPAPER man ran across the street the other day to a dairy lunch. He was in a hurry. He leaned against the marble counter and ordered a lamb stew. A man who had been out all night swayed against him several times and his breath exhaled whisky and onions.

"One stew! One stew!" called the boy behind the counter to the kitchen.

The newspaper man turned to the inebriate: "Pardon me, sir," he said, "but I think they are paging you."

Some Feet!

SEVERAL negro waiters were standing at a railroad station in a Southern town discussing the merits of one of their fellow craftsmen.

"Dat nigger Henry sure am a hustler, but w'en he moves his feet dey look laik pancakes," said one.

"Pancakes?" shouted another. "W'y man, w'en dat nigger gits good an' goin' dem feet o' his'n don' resemble no pancakes—dey's jes laik embrallar, all spread out."

Home Ties

A SEDATE banker of Hamilton, Canada, was sitting in his office one morning when his ten-year-old hopeful drifted in, bearing with him an expression of unutterable gloom.

"Anything gone wrong, boy?" interrogated the financier. "Why, at your age you ought to be cheerful all the time."

"I know it, Frank; I know it," responded the youngster. "I'm doin' the best I can, but, honest, I had a terrible time up at the house with your wife this morning."

Father's Boy

A GEORGIA Representative received a letter from a man in his district.

"*Dear Sir*," the letter ran: "My youngest son has gone away and enlisted in the regular army. I can't get him out. Won't you help me? He is a good boy and I was raising him for my own use."

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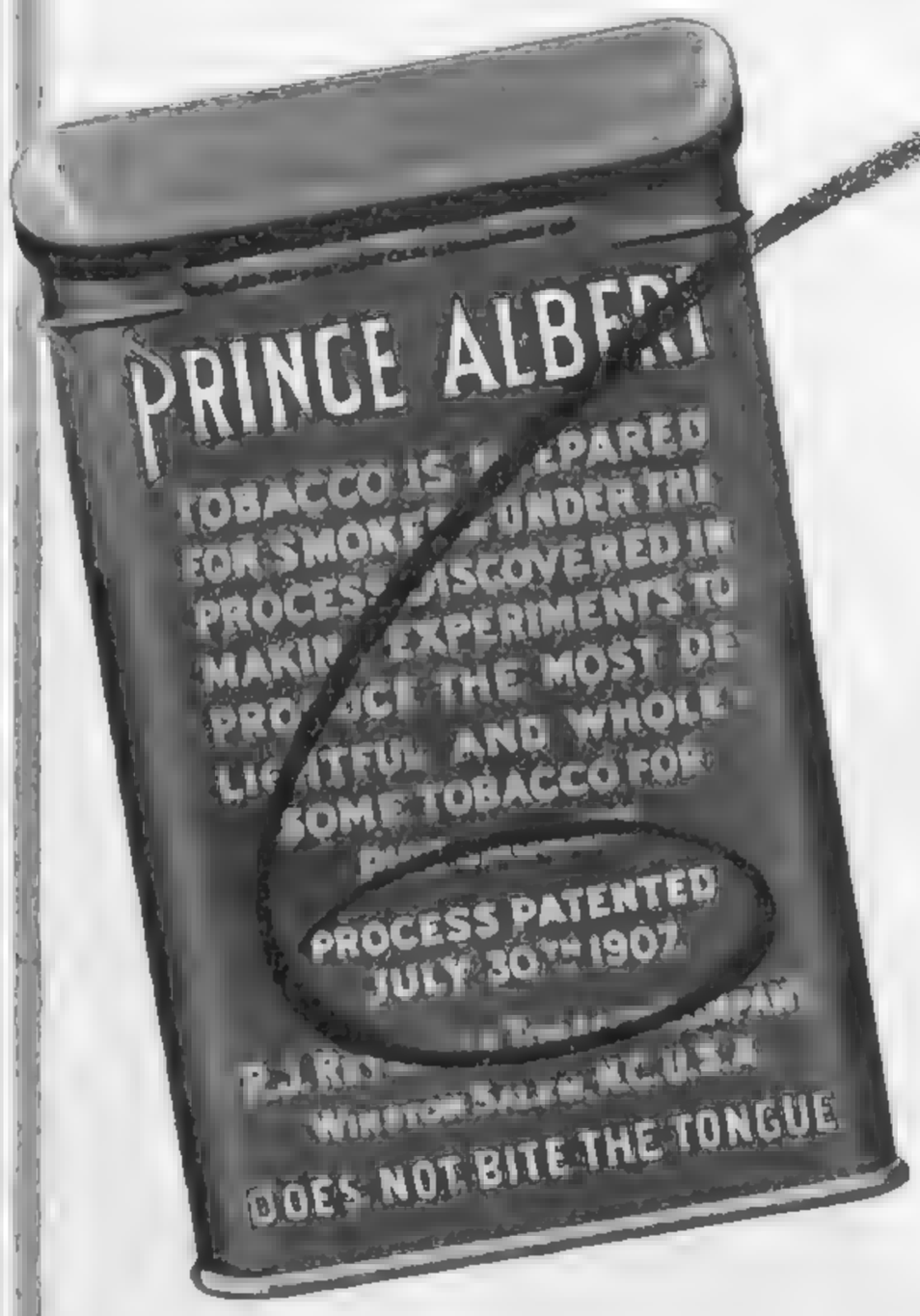
THE clear-skinned, keen-eyed, athletic boy of today is fully alive to the wonderful *flavor* of Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes. He misses this flavor in the imitations of Kellogg's.

He wants the Original Toasted Corn Flakes—with their crisp, fresh-from-the-oven taste—and you can leave it to him to get them.

It is a remarkable fact that there is no storage space at Kellogg's. Each day's production is shipped crisp from the ovens in the Kellogg *WAXTITE* package—that keeps the fresh, good flavor in and all other flavors out.

W. K. Kellogg



Prince Albert tobacco has made three men smoke pipes where one smoked before!

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Lay fire to a jimmy pipe jammed-chock-full of Prince Albert tobacco if you're digging after reasons *why* P. A. has revolutionized the pipe game; *why* P. A. has trebled the number of pipe smokers in six years; *why* Prince Albert is *today smoked in every civilized nation on the globe!*

Give P. A. the third-degree-test-out! Drill like sixty into that enticing flavor, that fragrance, that long-burning coolness. You can smoke P. A. without a let-up every minute you're out of the blankets and your confidence never will be abused! The patented process fixes that—*and frees the tobacco from bite and parch!*

Men who have stowed away gentle old pipes for years have brought them back to the tune of Prince Albert! *It will set free any-pipe-shy-tongue!* It will prove out 100 per cent. any hour of the twenty-four!

It will give *any* man *all* the pipe-happiness he ever did yearn for!

Quick as you get on talking terms with P. A. you'll understand that the patented process has put it in a class by itself—*for no other tobacco can be like Prince Albert!* We control the process exclusively!

Prince Albert has won its way on its merits. Won-over men of all tastes—it's so universal in its popularity; so good, and friendly, and satisfying! *It will win you quick as a flash!*

Prince Albert can be purchased everywhere tobacco is sold in toppy red bags, 5c; tidy red tins, 10c; handsome pound and half-pound tin humidors, and in that classy pound crystal-glass humidor with sponge-moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such bang-up condition!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.

QUICKENING THE PULSE

(Continued from Page 17)

plenty of partisan pooh-poohers; but, all in all, the trip was a success and it will have its effect. The criticism of the first few speeches was that they lacked the punch. They were professorial rather than pugnacious. But when he reached the real Middle West, where the Americans live, he warmed up to the job; and though, to use theatrical parlance, he didn't get across the footlights at the beginning, he not only got across at the end but brought his audiences across to him. He became a real pulse quickener before the trip ended.

One man's reasons for being in favor of preparedness are the same as another man's on the basic idea. All come to a similar end—that America shall be able to defend American honor and ideals. There is vast difference in degree and detail, but the foundation of the desire is identical. Conversely one man's reasons for being against preparedness differ as widely from another man's as the individuals differ. The actuating motive for support of the program is always the same—the United States. The actuating idea—equally patriotic, no doubt—for opposition varies according to the temperament of the opposer. Each person who is against preparedness is against it for individual reasons. He may agree with others, but not collectively.

Opponents to preparedness, as I discovered them in the Middle West, may be broadly classified as follows: Smugs; those opposed on religious and humanitarian grounds; a certain portion of the labor element; socialists constructively; foreign folk, and idealists; and, more numerous than all, the mush brethren and sisters.

The smug is the man who believes that the United States can lick all creation. He sits in his farmhouse or his store, or in his city residence, and announces that they haven't yet got guns big enough to fire from New York or San Francisco to Kansas or Iowa; and why should he worry?

The Remarks of Mr. Smug

"Why, say," he asks, "who's going to fight us? And what if they do? They can't touch me. I don't live on no seacoast. And we can raise a million men to defend this country in a week—a mill-yun men, I tell you! Why, just look at what we did in the Civil War. We had an army then that could have licked the world licked the world! And it wasn't no standing army, neither. It was a volunteer army, and we could get another just like that at any time; but we ain't going to need none, I tell you. Say, mister, when this here war is over those people over there ain't going to want no more fighting with nobody, nohow. They will have their belly full of it. You can't get any of them folks to go to war again for another hundred years. That's why I ain't for any more ships or any more army. We don't need 'em. We are safe and all right away over here, three thousand miles from them countries. How are they going to get at us? And suppose they do! Why, we'll just drive them into the sea. You can't fool me! All this talk is by the steel men and powder men, and their boys who want to make money out of it. Say, just wave the good old Stars and Stripes in this town and holler to the boys to enlist and see what would happen. It will be all right when the time comes, I tell you. But the time ain't coming. We're too big and too powerful and have got too much money for them people. They are all scared of us; and besides, it's a long way from New York out here, and I can't see no foreign warships coming up any of our rivers. Nothing to it, I tell you! Only a job for the trusts to make money and raise the taxes."

That isn't an imaginary conversation. It is a literal transcription of what one man said to me, a man of considerable importance in an important town; and it contains the gist of what a good many other men said to me. Twenty presidents couldn't jar those chaps from their certainty that no harm can befall us.

A great many people are sincerely against preparedness or anything pertaining to war, either possible or probable, on religious grounds, and the views of these are as various as the doctrines they enlist to support their arguments. A number of professional labor men and some of the socialists hold that it is their part to be opposed to preparedness, because if there is a war the workingmen will both fight it and pay for it.

"Let me put it to you this way," said a workingman in Cleveland: "Suppose we have a war—who will fight it? Not the sons of the bankers or the trust magnates or the rich men, but our sons—the working boys, the young men of the working class. We'll be the ones to go into battle—to a great extent. We'll be the ones who will lose our sons. Our daughters and our wives and our mothers will do the bulk of the suffering. We shall have to stand the brunt. And, in the last analysis, who will pay for a war? To put it more concretely, who will pay for all this preparedness? We will. I know they intend to try to tax the men of big income to pay for it, but that makes us laugh. If they take it out of the big incomes the men who have the big incomes will take it out of us. We know that from experience. That's why they don't stir up much enthusiasm among us for preparedness or for possible war. If it comes we'll do our share, but it doesn't make any hit with us to be forced to pay for something that doesn't seem so imminent as they say it is."

German-American Views

The foreign-born, with the exception of the professional agitators, are in a distressed frame of mind. Take the Germans, for example. It is quite possible that the great bulk of the Germans in this country are stunned by what has happened to them. They are American citizens, and for years have been American citizens; but they have retained their love for the Fatherland. Suddenly this war comes and they find themselves execrated for something they had no hand in. They do not understand it. They want to be Americans, and are; but they also do not intend to accept the claim of the enemies of their Fatherland that that Fatherland is an outlaw among nations.

I do not mean professional agitators, or writers, or editors, or professional Germans. I mean the average citizen of German blood or German descent. I talked with one in Milwaukee. He said:

"It is incredible to me that there should be a feeling in this country that we should not sympathize even with our Fatherland. I personally am opposed to the writings and speeches and propaganda of the professional Germans, who are Germans before all else; and I know I speak for a great number of men of German blood who live in this country and are citizens of it when I say that we are Americans first. I admit that this attitude may not be observed among some of our people, but I am speaking of the average American citizen of German birth or descent who has come to this country, and has lived here, and worked here. Of course we want Germany to win, but we don't want Germany to win against the United States. The anti-German shouters do not seem to get that clearly. I wonder whether there is any Englishman, for example, living in the United States, who is a citizen, or any man whose parents were English, who does not want England to win. And yet you do not think that is a crime against his American citizenship.

"We American citizens of German birth or descent are not responsible for what Germany has done or may do, so far as this country is concerned—I mean now the average German citizen—for we have had nothing to do with that. If Germans here have made mistakes that is not our fault; nor is the conduct of the war of our contriving. In all earnestness I want to impress on you that we—the average Germans—are American first. At the same time we are not keen for any preparedness program or any extension of the naval and military power of this country, because we see too plainly what that policy has meant to our Fatherland, and to what a pass it has brought our kin. A good many of us came here to get away from militarism, and we are not to be blamed if we shudder at the thought of any such thing in this country; but we are good Americans, we average Germans, and the United States must make no mistake on that point."

And in addition to these types of opponents to preparedness come the rank and file of professional pacifists, the peace-at-any-price contingent, the idealists, the abolish-war crowd, the world-peace advocates, the turn-the-other-cheek assortment, and the grand phalanx of mush brethren and sisters, all of whom are interesting, most of whom are sincere, and all of whom are earnest and

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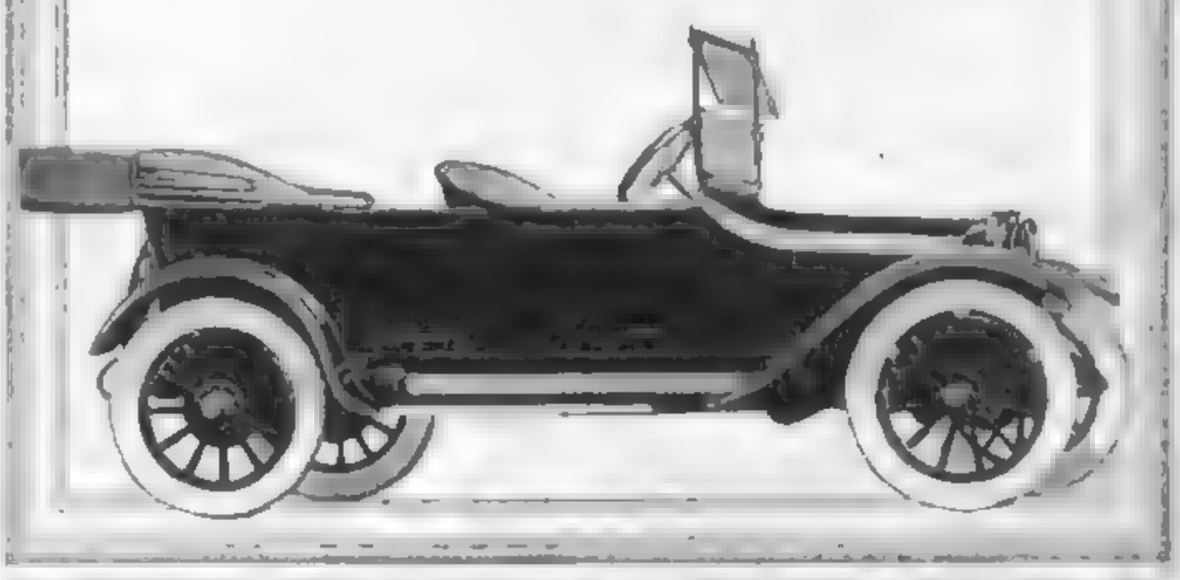

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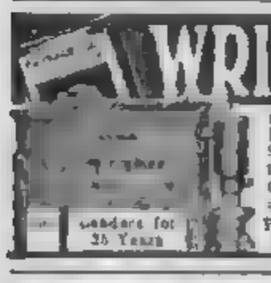

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at times vociferous propagandists. Every community has its quota of these ardent workers against preparedness.

These, in a broad sense, constitute the basis of the opposition to the policy the President advocated on his tour. They are in the minority, and very serene about it, holding that the minority always is right. They are working earnestly everywhere, and have had and are having their effect. They must not be confounded with peace-workers, for if there is any American who does not want peace I didn't find him, albeit I didn't talk much to munitions makers.

Nor have I in mind any discussion of preparedness as opposed to nonpreparedness. I went out to see what happened when the President made his trip. I have set that down here, as I observed it. And the general conclusion of the whole matter is that though it undoubtedly was a good thing for the Middle West to hear from the President, it was a much better thing for the President to hear from the Middle West. There is a closer understanding all round.

The Lad and the Dad

MY FRIEND Johnny Jones once played hooky from school—
A quite reprehensible thing.
'Twas in plain contravention of precept and rule—
A most inexcusable thing.
Played hooky, with many a sly backward look,
Till he found him a place by the bank of a brook,
Where he skillfully wriggled a worm on a hook—
A quite unforgivable thing.

His desk was deserted, his slate lay there spurned—
A clearly intolerable thing.
His books all unread and his lessons unlearned—
A quite unpermissible thing.
He fished with some qualms when he thought of his sin,
Of the schoolroom where properly he should have been;
But, oh, what the joy when he drew a fish in!—
Oh, surely a terrible thing!

My friend Johnny Jones smelled of fish at the eve—
Quite truly a dangerous thing.
There was mud on his trousers and some on his sleeve—
A quite unexplainable thing.
So when he got home Father Jones crisply said:
"I'll see you a minute or two in the shed";
And he spanked Johnny soundly and put him to bed—
A parentally natural thing.

My friend Jones the Elder, one hot summer day—
A natural, natural thing—
Pulled down his desk top, pushed his papers away—
A very explainable thing.
He said, as he pulled his desk shut with a jerk:
"I'm off for some place where the game fishes lurk;
I'm blessed if this life should be made just for work!"—
A really quite sensible thing.

So he left all his books and his letters and bills—
You'll agree, an excusable thing—
And took himself off to the woods and the hills—
A surely forgivable thing.
He fished with some qualms when he thought of the bills
And the papers and books—but the joy of the rills
And the brooks, and the call of the woods and the hills!—
A quite understandable thing.

Now, he didn't play hooky—oh, no, not at all!—
'Twas a quite, oh, quite usual thing.
And Johnny Jones did, as perhaps you recall,
That quite inexcusable thing.
But the spirit of vagrancy Johnny Jones had
Was much the same spirit as that of his dad;
And I say there's small choice between dad and the lad—
A truly heretical thing. *James W. Foley.*

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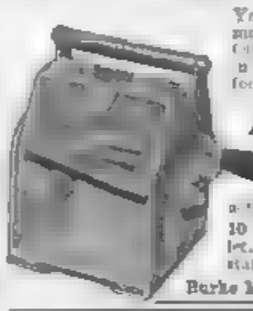

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10 Days' Free Trial—write for booklet. Send name of nearest dealer and state make of razor.
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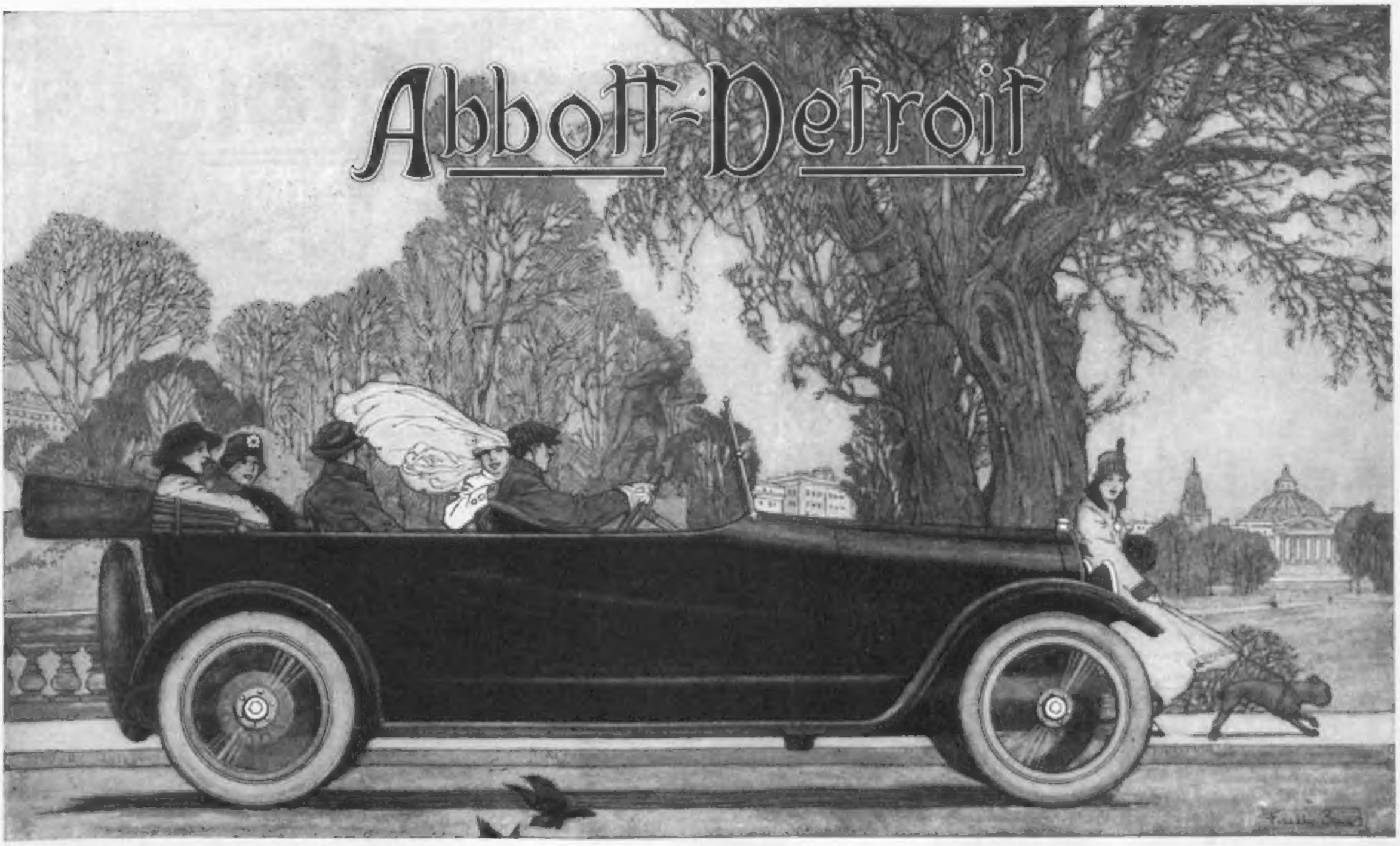

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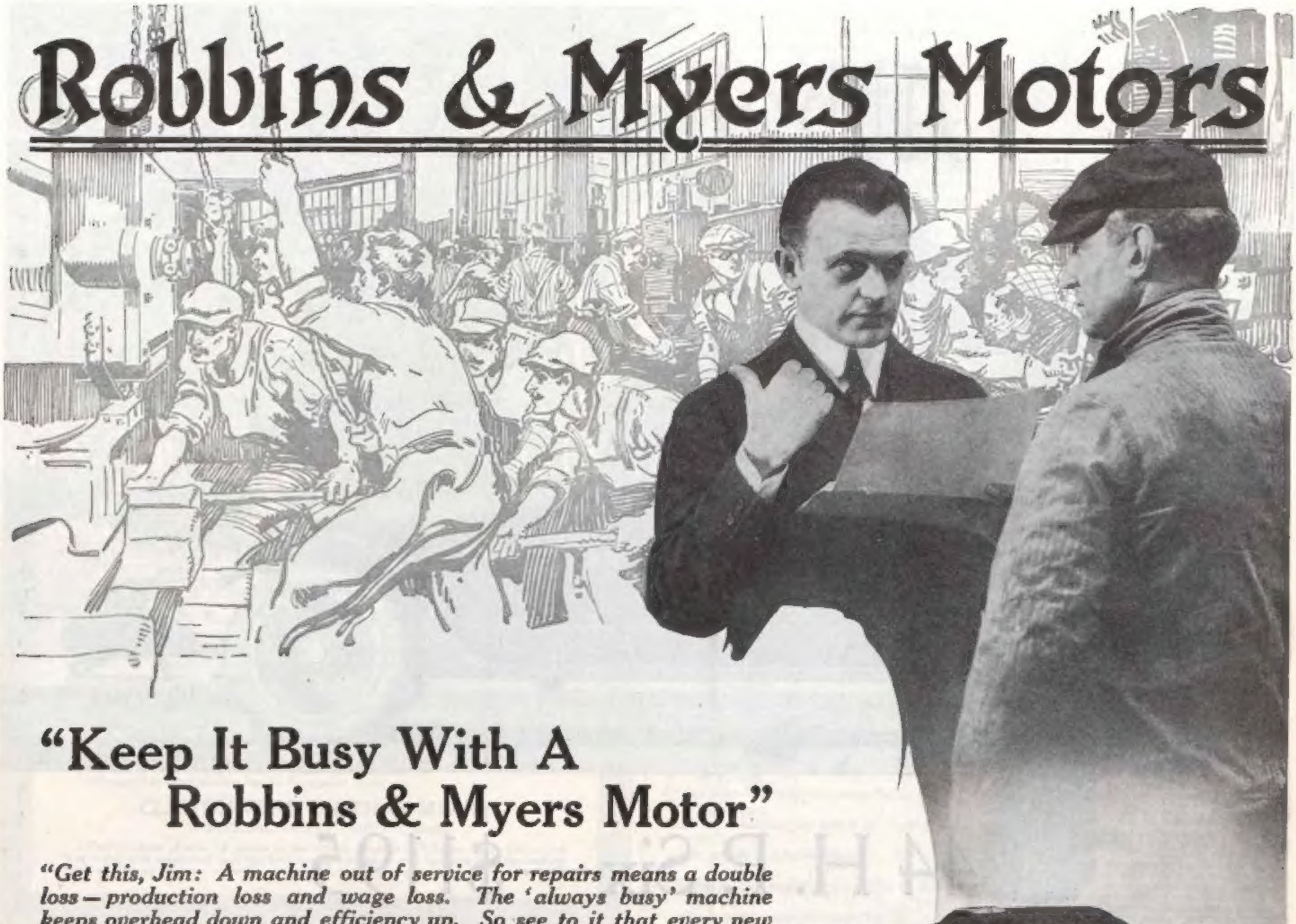


"Keep It Busy With A Robbins & Myers Motor"

"Get this, Jim: A machine out of service for repairs means a double loss—production loss and wage loss. The 'always busy' machine keeps overhead down and efficiency up. So see to it that every new machine is equipped with a Robbins & Myers Motor. Our records show that there's mighty little time wasted on motor repairs where machines are equipped with Robbins & Myers Motors."

There you have the paramount reason for the popularity of Robbins & Myers Motors—they keep machines on the job.

That is why the Factory Superintendent with production to sustain and reputation to maintain specifies Robbins & Myers Motors for his shop.

The name Robbins & Myers, on any motor, whether 1-40 or 25 horsepower, is a veritable guarantee of service.

It represents 20 years' successful experience in the making of motors for the home, shop, office, store and factory.

With this name as a guide any motor user can buy as "expertly" as the technical engineer. It is more than a *sign* of service; it is a *guarantee.*

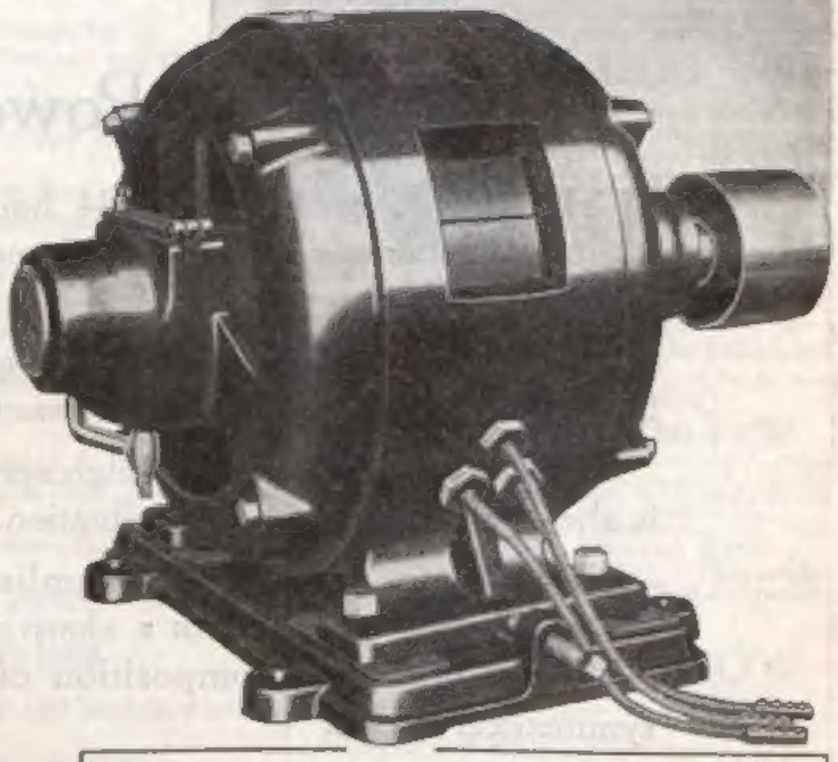
Every motor that bears the Robbins & Myers name must make good, or the manufacturers will.

Robbins & Myers Motors are the choice of fifty thousand power users and makers of motor-driven devices.

When buying any electric-driven machine you are assured of value and reliability if the name Robbins & Myers is on the motor.

The fact that the manufacturer equips his machine with a Robbins & Myers Motor is a sure indication of the high quality of his product throughout.

To manufacturers of such devices we will gladly submit sample motors for trial, and will quote on quantity lots. Special designs can be furnished adapted to any type of machine.



About Type "K"
One of the Newer R & M Motors

This is the latest of the Robbins & Myers Motor line, the new type "K" Polyphase Induction Motor.

Nothing complicated—just a stationary winding and a strong frame with two large, well-lubricated bearings which support the rotating element of steel and solidly riveted copper bars. Mechanically as simple as an ordinary shaft mounted in two bearings. Nothing to get out of order—no sliding electrical contacts.

Robbins & Myers Motors are made for operation on all commercial direct and alternating circuits.

To Manufacturers of Motor-Driven Machines: Ask our engineers to help work out your motor problems. No obligation on your part.

To Motor Users: Write for data on motors to suit your particular needs.

To Dealers: Write for bulletins, prices and discounts. Also ask us to co-operate in helping you close big contracts.

THE ROBBINS & MYERS COMPANY, Springfield, Ohio

New York Philadelphia Boston Rochester Cleveland Cincinnati Chicago St. Louis San Francisco

The World's Largest Exclusive Manufacturers of Electric Fans and Small Motors

California

Sunkist Lemons Are ALSO Good for—

The Teeth Put a tablespoonful of Sunkist Lemon juice in half a glass of water. Use with soft brush. Cleans the teeth and hardens the gums.

Manicuring Put teaspoonful of Sunkist Lemon juice in cupful of warm water. Removes stains from fingers and nails. Loosens the cuticle.

Shampoo After having washed the hair in the regular way, rub scalp with juice of one Sunkist Lemon added to cup of water. This thoroughly cleanses the scalp and leaves the hair soft and silky.

Cleansing Kitchenware Save Sunkist Lemon rinds from which juice has been squeezed and use to remove grease from pots, pans, dishes and sinks. Rub your hands with pulp side of rind after washing dishes. This whitens and softens the skin.

The Bath Strain the juice of two Sunkist Lemons and pour into a tub of moderately hot water, stirring vigorously. Cleanses, softens and whitens the skin.

Taking out Stains Moisten stained goods with cold water. Lay in the sun, squeeze on few drops of Sunkist Lemon juice. Let it dry and repeat till stain is gone. For iron rust and ink stains or mildew add pinch of salt. Only for white goods.

Whitening the Skin Wash with juice of one Sunkist Lemon in basin of water. Juice mixed with rose water whitens the skin. Mixed with glycerine it prevents chapping.

NO other fruit in the world is useful in so many ways as the lemon. Nothing else *combines* service

—as a healthful beverage;
—as a food acid and condiment;
—as a toilet perquisite;
—as a cleanser;
—as a stain remover for white fabrics;
—as a home remedy for many ills.

Nothing else can be used as a drink, food, soap, scour, bleach and medicine. No wonder the per capita use of lemons is increasing enormously—people are finding out how many things they are good for and how economical they are for all these uses.

People are beginning to buy *enough lemons.*

Be sure that *you* use enough lemons. To be certain of getting *good* lemons always specify *Sunkist* when you buy. They are the "select" fruit of California's finest groves. They are bright, juicy, full of acid, sugar and healthful salts—and they are "good keepers." But they are not expensive.

CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS EXCHANGE

Co-operative—Non-profit

Eastern Headquarters: Dept. A 98, 139 N. Clark Street, Chicago

Polishing Glassware To clean glass to a sparkle wash in cold water to which Sunkist Lemon juice has been added. Do not use hot water or soap.

1916 1847

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